

THE
LETTERS
OF
HIBERNICUS,

EXTRACTS FROM THE PAMPHLET

ENTITLED

"A REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF ST. MARY'S
PARISH, HALIFAX, N. S.,"

AND

A REVIEW OF THE SAME.

"Touch not the Lord's anointed."—PSALM CIX.

PLCTOU, N. S.

1842

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THE

NEW YORK

OFFICE OF THE

CLERK

IN THE

CITY OF NEW YORK

IN THE

PREFACE.

ON the news of the conduct of the Irish Catholic Schismatics of the Capital of Nova Scotia reaching the writer of the following Letters, he caused Meetings to be held in the County of Pictou, at which the following Resolutions were passed—and subsequently adopted in Colchester and Cumberland—which plainly shew that if the Irish Schismatics of Halifax are averse to Doctor FRASER because a Scotchman, they can find no Irishmen, or very few, in this part of the country to share in their unhallowed antipathies against the best of men, or to be partakers with them in their low, vulgar, and detestable antinational prejudices.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED AT MEETINGS HELD
IN THE COUNTY OF PICTOU.

At a Meeting of the Irish Catholics at the Mines, New Glasgow, held at Mrs. Chisholm's Hotel on the 23d December, 1841, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means to shew their disapprobation of the conduct of certain persons in the Capital of Nova Scotia, calling themselves Roman Catholics, who have most unfeelingly maligned and defamed their venerable and beloved Bishop's character, and to dis sever every tie and union with them, as well as with the Gibraltar Junta Catholics, either as Catholics or Irishmen, the following Resolutions were moved and adopted—

1. RESOLVED, That we admit and recognize no other Ecclesiastical Superior, possessing episcopal power in this Diocese, save and except the Right Reverend Doctor FRASER, and we are certain that a more humane—a more charitable, or better Bishop cannot be found in the entire world.

2. That we consider those who have rebelled against Bishop FRASER's authority no longer Catholics, and that we wish to hold no further correspondence with them, either as Irishmen or Catholics, as we consider them a disgrace both to their religion and their country.

3. That we care not what be the country of the Bishop's birth, whether England, Ireland, or Scotland, provided he be a good man—such as Bishop FRASER is; and defy his enemies to prove him to be anything else.

4. That we never knew kinder men or better Priests at home or abroad than the Scotch Priests are, and that we will allow no man or body of men to insult or malign them with impunity.

5. That we wish our minds to be made known to the Bishop, Vicar General, and the Priests and People of Nova Scotia on this head, through the medium of the public prints.

6. That the most Rev. Doctor MURRAY be solicited to lend his aid in putting down the confusion occasioned here by endeavouring to excite national prejudices which, if indulged in here, may prove of great damage to ourselves and families, and eventually end in the shedding of human blood; and that he will call the fomenters of it to order himself, or have it effected in the proper quarter.

7. That while we heartily despise and condemn the conduct of the Gibraltar Junta Catholics this year, we equally detest and reprobate the line of conduct pursued to our own Bishop here by a large portion of the Catholics of the Metropolis, who would, if they dared, treat him in a similar manner.

8. That the Bishop or Scotch Priests will not hold us accountable for their conduct, or as taking any act or part therein.

9. That we will, of our humble means, share the last farthing to see justice done to our Bishop, by sending Delegates to Rome or whatsoever means seem best calculated to effect the good purpose.

At a Meeting of the Irish and Scotch Catholics, held at Merigomishe on the evening of Tuesday, the 28th December, the foregoing Resolutions were adopted, and the following moved, seconded and passed unanimously:—

1. RESOLVED, That the motives which justify the Irish to reject a Bishop because a Scotchman will justify the Scotch to reject a Bishop if an Irishman.

2. That on the death of the present worthy Bishop, whom may God long preserve, an Englishman, through the mediation of Queen VICTORIA with the Pope may be appointed to the vacant See, whom the Irish, on the test of experience, will obey, and to whom Scotchmen will submit, as being appointed by the head of the Church.

3. That we, the Catholics of Merigomish, return our most sincere thanks to the Catholics at the Mines for the prompt and energetic manner in which they have come forward and done their duty on the present occasion.

4. That we all here, Scotchmen and Irishmen, will hold the bonds of charity unsevered no matter what they do in the capital.

At a Meeting of the Irish Roman Catholics of the Town of Pictou, held on the evening of the 30th December, in the Roman Catholic Chapel at Pictou, for the purpose of expressing their dissatisfaction at the conduct of a number of individuals of their persuasion, in the City of Halifax, relative to the character and jurisdiction of our present venerable and much esteemed Bishop, the Resolutions of the Meetings held at the Mines, New Glasgow, and at Merigomish were unanimously adopted, as also the following:—

RESOLVED, That we, the Roman Catholics of Pictou, return our sincere thanks to those of our Brethern at the Mines, New Glasgow, and Merigomish for the praiseworthy manner in which they have come forward and disavowed their concurrence in the proceedings of those individuals in the City of Halifax.

TO
CHARLES W. WALLACE, ESQ.,
PRESIDENT OF THE
HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF NOVA SCOTIA,
AND TO THE
RIGHT REVFREND, REVEREND, AND OTHER
MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY,
THESE LETTERS, &c.

ADDRESSED TO
RODERICK M'DONALD, ESQ.
EDITOR OF "THE PICTOU OBSERVER,"
ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY
A SINCERE AND DEVOTED FRIEND TO THE
ANCIENT AND HONORABLE
SCOTTISH NATION,
WHO CLAIMS THE HONOR OF SUBSCRIBING HIMSELF,
WITH ALL DUE SENTIMENTS OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM,
THEIR MOST OBEDIENT

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LETTERS OF "HIBERNICUS."

SIR,—

MANY persons are anxious to know the cause of the Ecclesiastical tumults that have lately arisen in the Catholic Church in the Capital of Nova-Scotia, and whether they are to be attributed to the fault of the Bishop, the Vicar-General, or the people themselves. If the Bishop and Vicar-General be what all impartial persons must admit them to be, zealous, pious and active in the discharge of their various duties, certainly the fault does not lie at their doors, and of course must rest at the thresholds of the people, who, from impulses worse than Satanic pride, ignorance of a manifold description, both practical and theoretical, a false notion of the true honours of a Catholic and Catholicism, which spurns the idea of having recourse to low and mean artifices or subterfuges to effect the conversion of those who are without the pale of the Catholic Church, as well as the inconsiderate and unmerited ambition to possess, in this Country, the same degree of confidence and respect in the minds of the Catholic Clergy that the ancient families do at home, who founded Monasteries, Convents, Hospitals, &c., have most grossly insulted the Episcopal authority, and invaded, and all but plundered it of, its most sacred privileges and inalienable rights. If the people are not in fault, why libel and defame the Bishop's character, as plainly to be seen in the pamphlet attached to these Letters, where Resolutions are drawn up, the most insulting in their tendency, not only to the Bishop and Vicar-General, but to all the Catholic Clergy of the Diocese, and even to the Catholic people themselves, if they knew the difference, and then say, "We have no fault to find with the Bishop; all we want, or desire is, that he should come and live with us,—we care not a rush what countryman he is, a Scotchman, Irishman, or Englishman,—we have no fault with the Bishop but one, and that is, that we can't force or compel him to live with us." That they now most grossly belie themselves in making these statements when they find

out that they can't belie the Bishop, is evident, not only from the Pamphlet, a Report of the St. Mary's Society in 1841, but also from the accounts given of the *tele a teles* of the fashionable upstart aristocracy of the day; but also from the language of the enlightened multitude who attended to hear the valedictory address of the learned and reverend gentleman, whose great love for religion, and a desire to be the first Parish Priest of the new Parish formed by himself in the Capital of Nova-Scotia, cheered him on in his untoward and unwary career against the Bishop and his Episcopal jurisdiction in this Diocese, to be seen at length in the letters of the Irish Catholic of Sydney.

It was the circumstance of their rejecting and opposing the Bishop's jurisdiction solely on account of his being a Scotchman by birth, and no other, that has caused HIBERNICUS to take up his pen, and to show that on the grounds of greater national independence, from facts evident in history, and the concessions of the best and most learned Irishmen that ever lived, that Irishmen could not reject a Bishop because a Scotchman. It was this attempt at the vilification of the Bishop's character from national prejudices that has caused HIBERNICUS to take Scotland for his client; and that he has advocated her cause to some effect may be concluded from the abuse vented on his head in all quarters by the disaffected to the Bishop's jurisdiction among the worst description of Irish Catholics in all directions.

If you hear dreadful roaring emitted from the calabuse, you may be sure that the Nigger-slasher does his duty to some purpose; and if you hear impious Irishmen abusing "Hibernicus" for defending the Bishop's character and that of his Vicar-General, you may rest satisfied that they consider him a formidable opponent; and when they execrate him as more Scotch than the d— Scotch themselves, that they confer on him the most esteemed favour imaginable. "But we insist upon it that we have no objection to the Bishop or his country; all we want is, that he should live in the capital of Nova Scotia, and that is the reason that we thought to depose him and to get another Bishop in his place, and this we must confess we did in an underhand manner, without consulting the Bishop, without whose consent no such appointment can take place, or his Vicar-General, or the Clergy of the Diocese, always consulted on such occasions. It could not be supposed that such great men as we are would consult an old Scotch Bishop on such an occasion, or his Vicar-General so sincerely attached to him, or the contemptible, in our eyes, Catholic Clergy of the Diocese. We wish to take the entire manage-

ment of the Ecclesiastical affairs of the Diocese into our hands, and to exercise, under the new Bishop of our own creation, Episcopal powers." You might as well attempt to pull the Sun out of the firmament, and to light a fir-bush in its place, as to disturb the Bishop, or to introduce a new one here without his consent, the consent of his Vicar-General and the Clergy of his Diocese. You must prove the Clergy here to be unworthy of having the nomination of their Bishop, which you would do if you could, before you can deprive them at Rome of their undoubted right, according to the canons and discipline of the Church, and usurp it to yourselves; and should you attempt in your unmanageable pride and ungovernable upstart insolence, to exercise episcopal jurisdiction, that you will be told truths you will not like to hear, "that your heads are fitter to do honour to an execution cap than to a mitre, and that the rope with which you would be hanged would be much better calculated to ornament your necks than the cord from which is suspended the pectoral cross, and that you are infinitely better qualified to grace a gallows than a pulpit, under which, no doubt, many of you would, long since, have made your last speech and dying words, had not poverty and wretchedness, and not over a very good name, driven you to this country, and caused you to leave your own for your country's good, but for the ruin and destruction of the Catholic Church, if in your power, here. Prouder and higher heads than yours have been brought low enough, and should you continue to oppose the Bishop and his Vicar-General, and the authority of the Catholic Church here, there is scarcely a doubt that upon one of these days you will be excluded from its precincts by Papal authority, and prevented from ever returning to it until the full amount of canonical penances be performed by you. Think, then, on the fate of Sodom and Gomorrha, and how Christ saith, "better for the cities of Sodom and Gomorrha, than for those who will not receive you." Reflect on the fall of Jerusalem, and why? because she slayed the Prophets, and those who were sent to instruct her. Bring to your recollection how Constantinople was almost swallowed up by an earthquake for persecuting, like you their sainted and holy bishop St. John Chrysostom, and if your hearts be not of flint, and your consciences of that sort that you would as soon cut the throat of a Bishop or Priest as that of a fatted calf or lamb, you will repent in time for your sad misfortune in opposing the Bishop's authority, and disobeying your most excellent Parish Priest, and for most grossly insulting all the Catholic Clergy of the Diocese, by usurping, in the rudest manner possible, without saying, "By your leave,

or with your permission," their most sacred and indisputable rights, the nomination of their own ecclesiastical superior or Bishop. Repent, then, in time, poor unfortunate Schismatics from the Catholic Church of Nova-Scotia, in the Capital of Nova-Scotia, before you go to that land from whence their is no return, and where nothing is to be witnessed but weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth—leaving to your children a malediction as a legacy, that shall descend to the fourth and fifth generation, and no doubt until the end of time. It is better for you to lament here, and weep for the rest of your days, than to burn everlastingly hereafter in the flames of hell. Do penance, then, now, "for now is the acceptable time, the time of salvation," to-morrow may come too late and open the vista of an awful futurity to your ruin. Begin this moment to repent, and date your conversion from the minute you read the preceding paragraphs, and inscribe in fleshy characters on your heart, *nunc incipiam*.—Now I shall begin, and I trust with all my heart that all will be right with you in time and futurity. But now it may with justice be said that I might as well attempt to add magnitude to a mountain with a pebble, or cause the sea to overflow with an additional drop of water, as to add additional grandeur or greatness to Scotland by anything coming from my pen. I am well aware of that truth; but did not the boy David kill the giant Goliath? and will not a wasp sting to death the greatest man that ever lived? Did not the little mouse in the fable extricate the lion caught in the net? and why might not "Hibernicus" rend in pieces with his pen the cobwebbed fetters with which a few daring and presumptuous upstarts thought to bind in durance vile a great nation, and thereby induce my poor and illiterate and unsuspecting countrymen into a belief that a native of old Scotland was not worthy to be their ecclesiastical superior in New Scotland, or Nova-Scotia, and thereby induce them to rebel against their lawfully and validly consecrated Bishop, the successor of the Apostles in this See, and thereby rank them in the same class as themselves and the ecclesiastical insurgents in Gibraltar last year, who were excommunicated by the Pope himself, the head of all the Churches. Let not this act, however, in which none of the ancient nobility or gentry had a hand, be considered the act of the Irish people. Let the culpable, and they alone, be impeached with it. Let those only who have contracted the odium of it, bear the burden of it; and thus, in the quaint language of Dr. Thorndike, "let the saddle be put on the right horse, and the guilty man alone be permitted to sit in it." Let Camden, Voltaire and Hume load my Country with

abuse. Let them deny that in former days she gave birth to Finne M'Cuils and Connans, &c., and, in more modern days, to Sarsfields and Wellingtons, &c., and it will not in the least offend me. Let others say that Ireland never produced a bard, a historian, or an orator, and I will not assail his ears with the names of an Ossian, a Carolin, a Moore, a Swift, a Stern, a Goldsmith, a Harris, a Ware, an Usher, a Grattan, a Curran, an O'Connell, or a Sheil, &c.; but the moment any one attacks the honour of his ancient religion, or of the venerable bones of his countrymen now mouldering into dust, that moment, pen in hand, he shall be ready to encounter the most crafty and insidious of his enemies, and either conquer or fall in the struggle. He is also determined to prove, from the best authorities in the Catholic Church, that the grand act of religious worship with Catholics does not consist in hearing eloquent sermons, listening to evening hymns, songs and canticles, but hearing Mass with attention and devotion, and that God is to be adored by acts of faith, hope, and charity, by prayer and sacrifice: He is also ready to prove that fastings, mortifications, self-denials, frequent communion, doing penance in sackcloth and ashes, are recommended not only by the most eminent fathers of the Church, but by Jesus Christ himself, and by the Prophets and Apostles of the New and Old Testament. He will also give numerous proofs to show why a Universal Church should make use of a universal language against those persons who, not having their upper lips shaven, are no longer Irishmen in point of law, and who wish that the penal law against the Irish language, should be also extended to the Latin language, and that nothing but the language of our task-masters should be made use of by us in our public liturgy. He is also willing to show the reasons for the use of images, holy water, lighted tapers, silence in the Mass, &c.; to explain all the ceremonies in the Mass which involve in their developement a knowledge of all the ancient and new Scriptures, and afford the most touching and heart melting subjects for the instruction and exhortation of the people, and leave it to the learned to decide whether he or the persons who say that sermons, hymns, &c., constitute the sole object of Catholic worship, have the best of the argument. He will also prove that lay persons have nothing to do with ecclesiastical affairs, that Christ never chose them to be his Apostles, and "they should go forth and bear witness," &c., and that this attempt to do so is contrary to the orders of Christ, who saith that "no one should assume to himself the order of the Priesthood, unless called like Aaron, for that he himself did not do so, but his Eternal Father who called him." He will

also show, from the page of history, that when laymen interfered with the Church, they brought ruin and destruction on it, and enriched themselves with its spoils, and that on the authority of the most learned men that ever lived. I will also undertake to prove that since the time that Christ whipped the buyers and sellers out of the temple, and that the Scribes and Pharisees entered into a council to betray Christ, a more infamous gang was never assembled in the house of God than the leading Schismatics in the Capital of Nova Scotia; and that if it be possible by lies, treachery, and falsehood to crucify again the Son of God, it shall be done on one of those days in the person of his Representative, the Bishop. He will also show that if laymen are allowed to exercise episcopal jurisdiction in this Country, the Catholic Religion will soon be at an end in it. He also expects to prove that their doctrines are no more Catholic than their schismatical errors, and are no more Irish than their crimes, now open to public view in the Pamphlet, a Report of St. Mary's, and this he is determined to demonstrate as clearly as any proposition in Euclid, or as any article of La Religion Geometrisée of the renowned Pascal. He is also prepared to prove that the interest of the Catholic Church is not to be advanced by human means, and that to say so is repugnant to the economy of redemption, clearly from the words of the Old and New Testament, from ecclesiastical history, from the decrees of general councils, and the declarations of numerous Popes, particularly from the words of the present Pope Gregory XVI, in his Encyclical Letter to all Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops and Bishops, dated Rome, August 15th, 1842.—“Embrace with paternal tenderness those in particular who devoted their minds to sacred studies, and to philosophical enquiries. Exhort them and warn them, however, against an imprudent reliance on the unassisted powers of their own minds, which might seduce them from the pathway of truth into the high-road of impiety. Bid them remember that ‘God is the guide of wisdom, and the director of the wise,’ and that without God it is impossible to understand the nature of God, who teaches men by his word to know Him. He is a proud, or rather a foolish man, who weighs in a human balance the mysteries of Faith, which surpass all understanding, or who confides in the deductions of his own intellect, which, subject to the common fatality of human nature, is necessarily weak and infirm. He also expects to be able to show that all the servants of the Church, pew-openers, organ puffers, bell-ringers, collectors, wardens, and electors, beadles, grave-diggers, shore-women, or they who wash the

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Church, &c., are dismissible, and ought to be dismissed like any other servants when they become impudent to their Pastors, or persons by whom they are employed; it being the Pastors, duty to rule and govern the Church, which he cannot do if he has not the appointment and removal of all the under officers of the Church, particularly of those who would excite a spirit of revolt or rebellion against it.

Whether the Letters of "Hibernicus" please or displease his readers, he is sure to be pleased himself. If the well-affected to the Bishop and his episcopal jurisdiction, as well as the Irish Catholic of Sydney, be pleased with them, most assuredly he will be pleased with them. If those who are opposed to both the Bishop, his Jurisdiction and Country, be displeased with them, most assuredly he will be highly delighted. By giving this as the first Letter in the Pamphlet it will serve as an introduction to the second and all the rest.

I am, yours,

HIBERNICUS.

SIR,—

THE Schismatical commotions now carrying on in the Catholic Church in the Capital of Nova-Scotia, if we can believe good and well authenticated authority, are a matter of deep-felt concern, and of serious investigation, to the Pope and his Cardinals, at this very moment, in Rome. We have laboured to the best of our power to investigate the cause, and to come to the source of so many evils to the Church of God, threatened to befall it in this our day in this portion of his Spiritual Kingdom and undoubted inheritance, purchased by the very last drop of his blood, shed upon the gibbet of Calvary. After the most serious and mature deliberation, and exact enquiry into all the circumstances connected with the affair, we have come to the conclusion that pride has fomented it, ignorance of a manifold description fostered it, a false idea of the true honours of a Catholic and of Catho-

licism confirmed it, and the blind ambition of attaining ends which never can be come at by the means taken to acquire them, has raised it to its present alarming and revolting point of attitude. Pride, it is evident, has had much to do with this affair, and if it had not, how does it happen that men would dare to obtrude themselves into the sanctuary of their God, the fate of Dan Core and Abiron and their adherents staring them in the face, and the words of St. Paul to the Romans open to their view, "Neither doth any man take the honour to himself, but He that is called by God, as Aaron was. So Christ also did not glorify himself that he might be made a High-Priest, but He that said unto him thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee." Pride, then, and nothing else than the same degree of pride that caused Satan to exclaim, "I will ascend on high and dethrone God," and which caused him and his rebel host to be buried under the burning surface of the blazing lake, has fomented this revolt against ecclesiastical authority in the Capital of Nova-Scotia. Ignorance of a two-fold description has encouraged and fostered this revolt;—ignorance of their duty to their Pastors, whom they are bound to hear as Christ himself, and who are termed by Divines the Church teaching;—ignorance of their duty, as lay members of the Church to be taught, and whose duty it is to listen attentively to the voice of their Pastors; and to obey it, and to follow him wherever he goeth; while it cannot be denied that false notions and ideas of the true honour of being a Catholic, and of Catholicism have lent their aid to support and strengthen these innovations in Catholic discipline, and to encourage and sanction these hitherto (save and except in Gibraltar last year) unheard-of attacks upon the episcopal authority in the Church of Nova-Scotia. Ignorance of what the real honour of a Catholic consists in, and the manner to secure this honour for the name of Catholic in the minds of Protestants, has tended not a little to this outbreak on the rules and constitution of our Church in the Capital of Nova-Scotia. Some persons think to raise themselves very high in the opinion of Protestants by means which must eliminate them from the threshold of the Catholic Church, and render them truly despicable in the eyes of Protestants. They think to convince the Protestants that they should not, on account of being Catholics, underrate their very slender and despicable claims to an equal share of intellect with them; that they do not hold these degrading doctrines of passive obedience to ecclesiastical authority that the ignorant and less informed sort of Catholics do, and cite their conduct to the Bishop and the Vicar-General, their Parish Priest, in

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corroboration of the truth of their assertions ; that they are not of that intolerant class of enthusiasts who retain a recollection of the penal code, and who would, in consequence thereof, shew anything like a feeling of distrust or disaffection to those whose ancestors were the framers of it ; and that although they must confess that these laws and statutes were very cruel, still that they most cordially forget and forgive everything of that kind, and that they are ready at any moment to join the right hand of friendship with them, and to exhibit their doctrines as they do their wares in the most fascinating and captivating forms. They even tell them that in fact scarcely any distinction exists, if the truth was known, between the doctrines of the Catholic Church and those of other religious denominations,—that Sermons and Hymns in their eyes—not the sacrifice of the Mass—formed the grand action of their religious worship.

Were I a member of the Protestant Church I would answer these jads according to their folly. I would procure Dr. Butler's General Catechism, and before I would put any questions, I would say to them—" You say you forgive us for the penal laws enacted by our forefathers: that is very kind of you; but who asked you to forget or forgive, or who cares whether you do or not? The injured man, if he be a good christian, we all know easily forgives, while the man who injures, if he be a bad christian, never forgives. If you forget and forgive from human motives, and not from the purest impulse of christian charity, and endeavour to make us believe that you are grateful rather than chagrined at the conduct of our forefathers in forming penal statutes against the religion you profess—if your forgiveness does not proceed from the impulse of christian charity—you must be the meanest and most servile creatures on the face of the earth: you are as degraded, in my eyes, as the unfortunate negro who is compelled to say, " tank you, massa," for every stroke of the *coup de beuf*, alias, cowhide, he receives, and guilty of as base sycophantic duplicity as a certain diplomatist not long since dead, of whom Louis the Eighteenth said, " If you were to kick him ever so hard on the *postea*, if it answered his purposes, he could laugh you in the face." You love the Protestants and the descendants of those people who formed the penal code, and you wish to convert them to your schismatical confederacy, but why not love and obey your Bishop which, according to the doctrines of the eleventh lesson of your Catechism, you are bound to hear and obey as Christ himself, and before you attempt to convert others first to con-

vert yourselves, recollecting the words of Christ, *Medice cura teipsum*—Doctor, cure yourself.

But you say the Mass is not the grand act of religious worship, and your Catechism, lesson 26th, says, "It is the first and most necessary act of religion, whereby we acknowledge God's supreme dominion over us and our total dependence upon him." And if you ever read the Council of Trent on this subject, you would know that you are bound to hear Mass under pain of mortal sin on all Sundays and kept holidays throughout the year, while you are not under similar penalties to assist at Sermons, Evening Hymns, &c. If you be good Catholics the doctrines contained in the catechism must be false, and if the doctrines contained in this catechism be really and truly the doctrines of Catholics you must be bad, very bad Catholics indeed.

Did you ever hear any of our great preachers? Did you ever read the sermons of Archbishop Tillotson, of Bishops Atterbury, Hoadly, Jeremy Taylor, Bedell, &c.? Did you ever read the sermons of Dean Kirwan, of Killala, who first officiated as a Catholic Priest and then as a clergyman of the Church of England, and of whose eloquence the immortal Grattan, speaking in the Irish House of Commons, said, "He shook one world with the thunders of another," and again, alluding to his not being advanced to the Bench of Bishops, he exclaimed, "the curse of Swift is upon him—to be born a man of genius and an Irishman and to have used it for the good of his country." Did you ever hear or read the works of the celebrated Protestant Primate of Ireland, Archbishop Usher, to whom the renowned Cardinal Richelieu sent his portrait set in diamonds, as a mark of esteem; and to whom the Archbishop in return sent a most beautiful pair of Irish greyhounds, which the cardinal received with every mark of deference for the donor, and which he ever afterwards as long as he lived caressed and took all possible care of.—This is the great Cardinal Richelieu of whom the Emperor of Austria, standing over his tomb, (to be seen in the Church of the Sorbonne at Paris,) exclaimed, "I would give half my Empire to have such a man to enable me to govern the other half." Did you ever hear of the celebrated Claude, who contended in a public controversy with the immortal Bossuet, the glory and ornament of the French clergy in his day, and who was so struck with the force and depth of his profound learning and erudition that he fell on his knees and invoked the aid of the Holy Ghost? Did you ever read the sermons of Doctor Hugh Blair, Minister of the High Church of Scotland, or ever

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take a peep at the works of Abbadie, of Mosheim, of Archbishop Jewel, Watson, &c.? Did you ever hear any of our great preachers in the Capital of Nova Scotia, and then let me ask what are your newly imported preachers to those or these great men whose names I have just now enumerated?—No more than the buzzing of a fly to the roaring of the lion, the whisperings of the gentle zephyrs to the thunderpeal which causes the vaulted roof of the heavens to re-echo its terrors.

"But we have never studied in a University—save and except you call a small college built behind a pigsty in a bog a University—we never went farther than the black bull in the 'Reading-made-easy,' or George and the Dragon, in the 'Child's New Plaything,' and we never ambitioned higher literary attainments than to be able to cry, in intelligible English, 'Freestone!—Black Turf!—six sods a penny!' in some neighbouring town or village: of course, then, it is not in our power to give an opinion much less criticise these great men now mentioned by you."

That is very true; but is it not very presumptuous of you to attempt to instruct us in our religious duties, who consider the most eminent men of the age—who studied in the first colleges here and in foreign countries—no more than fit to do that duty? Indeed if we saw you truly pious and religious—obedient to your Bishop and Parish Priest, the Vicar General—we could listen to you with pleasure; but when we see you aiming at the deposition of the one and the ruin of the other, we cannot help treating you with well merited contempt. But you want us to go over to you and to join your society, to enable you to fight with greater might against your Bishop and his representative the Vicar-General? 'Yes, we do. O! how our eyes would glisten with gladness if we saw you in the church, listening attentively to our matchless orator, and to see your mouths opening with astonishment at the volleys of eloquence discharged from the warlike instrument of his rhetorical arsenal—not unlike in shape or the material of its composition the weapon which Samson used when he slew and effected such destruction among the Philistines.' Did you ever hear of the Earl of Murray, natural brother to Mary Queen of Scots, who raised an army to defend the Queen which he turned on herself, and after making her resign her crown and imprisoning her in Loch Leven, afterwards defeated her in battle, and caused her to seek protection from her own subjects at the hands of Queen Elizabeth, who, after having detained her eighteen years in prison, subsequently ordered her to be beheaded in the year 1585, and "to exchange, I

trust," in her own words, the night before her execution, "a mortal for an immortal crown of glory." ? You are exceedingly anxious for us to join your schismatical society to enable you to depose the head of the Catholic Church in this country, and either to imprison him, like the Gibraltarites last year, or to banish him from it for ever; and you make use of the most barefaced lies to effect that purpose—representing your Bishop seventy-five years old and bedridden, knowing in your heart and souls, if you have any, that it was a falsehood. You want us to join your society and to share your shame, like the fox that lost his tail in a trap, and, not wishing to be laughed at by all the other foxes, advised them to take off their tails—you wish us to join you that when you are laughed at on account of your impotent attacks on the Bishop and Vicar General, you may have as many as possible to share the odium and disgrace with you. We have not lost the tail of our honour by attacking a good and a virtuous Bishop and his Vicar General, and we are determined we never shall. In future when you speak to us on this subject we will say, "Old Schismatical foxes, shew your tails," and laugh at you most cordially. Suppose we treated any article in your store with one half the contempt we have treated your religion, or used words conveying the same contempt for it as the words idolatrous, damnable, and superstitious, and publicly publishing it, how would you look? Would you open your lips to us? I am sure you would not. If you then thought as much of your religion as you do of your temporal affairs, you would not speak one word to us much less attempt to convert us to your schism. Let judgment, however, come from the house of God: convert yourselves first and then commence conversion with us. Obey your prelates, &c. If we wish to know your doctrine we can have more for three pence—what is contained in this Catechism—than you have in your heads; and if we want information on that head we know to whom to make our application—to the venerable Bishop himself or his vicegerent the Vicar-General—not to such scape-goats and scape-gallows as you are."

Were I a Protestant—and if I were I think I could be as kind-hearted and as liberal-minded as many of the most enlightened and philanthropic of that religious denomination—I would answer such fellows in the above manner, and I am sure I would have no reason to exclaim, "*Exeat Platter-faces, Clod-hoppers, Dog-trotters, Mitre-fighters, Priest-catchers, Pickpockets, Misers, Jack Ketches, &c.*" and if I had a musical instrument convenient I should most assuredly give

them an opportunity of beating time to the air of "The Rogue's March to the Hulk," as they should trot out of my house.

Nothing can be more revolting to the mind of a high-spirited and liberal Protestant than these cringing pretensions to an affected liberality, unasked and uncalled for—pretending to love our Protestant neighbours merely because they are Protestants, and because they were once our lords and masters, and formed penal laws to keep ourselves and our religion under—which is so generally the case with the would-be-seemingly pious Catholics, *alias* Schismatics, of a neighbouring city.

Independence of character will procure the respect of the greatest of enemies, whether they be men or women of a determined and straightforward character, under all circumstances. When Alexander the Great came to visit Diogenes, sitting in his tub, he was so taken with him that he told him he should grant him any request—even the half of his kingdom if he required it. "Stand aside," said Diogenes, "and do not deprive me of that which you cannot give me—the reflection of the rays of the sun." If he admired him before he made this reply how much more so after he made it may be conjectured from the reply of Alexander—"If I was not Alexander I would be Diogenes!" When Shane O'Neil stood before Queen Elizabeth and was accused of rebellion, she asked him who he was. "I am," said he, "an enemy to Queen Elizabeth, and subject to none;" and this reply secured him his life and a pension for the rest of his days. When Felim O'Rourke, Prince of Western Breifne, was brought before the same Queen for a similar offence, he refused to kneel down and kiss the hand of majesty. He was asked why he would not kneel down; he answered that he never was nor would be taught that ceremony. "Do you not," said one of the courtiers, "kneel down before the images of your saints?" "I do," said he, "but Queen Elizabeth, in my opinion, is neither a saint nor the image of a saint." "What favor do you ask of me?" rejoined the Queen. "That I may be hanged with a gad, after my own country fashion." The Queen, astonished at his undaunted bravery and manly independence of mind, immediately set him free. Sycophants and flatterers are always despised, whilst high-minded and independent men are always respected. They either get a *carte blanche* to say what they please, and are termed jesters or buffoons, at court, or are severely punished and banished from it. It was so in the court of France; if we can credit the

witty Erasmus, when on a certain occasion one of the courtiers discovered a certain animalcula on the king's garment, and took it off very gently, but the king insisting on being told what it was, he said it was a gentleman's companion, which so pleased the king that he rewarded him handsomely. A sycophant shortly after affected to render the same service to the king, and the king inquiring what it was, he replied that it was a flea—"That is a dog's companion," said the king, and ordered him to be severely punished. And now let me ask what are these fellows with treacle on their tongues and honey on their lips, who would induce Protestants to go hear Catholic Sermons, and to assist at Mass, but downright sycophants and parasites of the lowest and meanest order. Yes! it is the basest and meanest description of flattery to be endeavoring to procure favor with men whose forefathers, a few years ago, obliged us to conceal our own religious worship, and the place it was performed in from the Priest-catchers of the day, and compelled us, under severe penalties, to assist at their worship: by constantly inviting them to go and hear your wonderful and matchless preacher, while you are underhand carrying on a most iniquitous war against your Bishop and daily violating the principles of fraternal charity by giving scandal and bad example. If your great preacher be the man you say he is you might as well attempt to hide the sun at mid-day as to prevent his light of shining upon us. If he be not the great man that you say he is you might as well attempt to enlighten the world with a dark lantern as to force people to believe it. "But we are for great preachers, and nothing else." So you may, but your Catechism for fasting, praying, and alms-deeds, and excludes people from the Church who do not go to confession, and receive at Easter or thereabouts, and in death deprives them of Christ in burial. If we believe your catechism we cannot believe you, and if we believe you, we cannot believe your catechism; but we believe the catechism to contain the real and true doctrines of Catholics, therefore, we believe the catechism, and do not believe you, nor set the least value upon what you may be pleased to say on the subject.

"But we are the Catholic Aristocracy of this country, and the Bishops and Priests ought to treat us with the same degree of respect that the Bishops and Priests treat the Aristocracy in the old country." That cannot be the case for many a year in this country, and never, if you do not change your conduct in toto. The Catholic Priests here, as well as at home, are aware of the claims of the ancient families to respect and veneration from them—whose ancestors founded

convents and religious houses, and endowed the Church with Church Lands, &c. &c.—and to the descendants of these families, whether they be Catholics or Protestants, they are sure to pay all marks of respect and attention. If I take up the history of the Anglo-Saxon Church, by Lingard, the *Monasticum Anglicanum*, or Cobbett's History of the Reformation, I find not only the most noble and best families in England founding and endowing convents, but even the very kings during the Heptarchy of that country: thus, I find the King of Northumbria endowing the Church that St. Wilfred erected at Rippon; King Ethelred assisted at the dedication of the Church of Winchester, which St. Ethelwold performed, while Kenulf, King of Mercia assisted at the consecration and endowed the Church of Winchelcomb, and selected it as the place of his interment, and of his family for ever. In the History of Scotland by Adam Scott, by Archbishop Spotteswood, and by Dr. Robertson, we find Eugene, the 39th king of Scotland, founding a convent at Icolmkill, and his successors, Kings Fergus the Second, and Eugene the Second, richly endowing and patronising it. King Malcolm the third was also a great friend and the founder of many Monastic Institutions, whilst his son David, the sainted and anointed King of Scotland, gave nearly half the crown lands to the Church, which caused one of his descendants (James IV.) to say, "That although he might be a great saint, and one of the greatest benefactors to the Church, still he was the dearest sight the crown of Scotland ever saw or witnessed." In Ireland, on the authority of Dr. Burke, Bishop of Ossory, in his *Hibernia Dominicana*, and of Ware, and Harris, and of O'Halloran, and of Francis Grosse, Esq. F. S. A., we find Melachlin, King of Meath, founding the Monastery of Beative, towards the middle of the twelfth century—Malach, King of Ulster, about the same period, founding and endowing the convent of Mellifont, in the County of Louth, while we find the Cathedral Church and Chapel of Cashel, built by Cuillenan M'Cormac, King and Archbishop of Munster, and the O Connors, Kings of Connaught and of all Ireland, founding many convents and churches in their own province, and in all parts of Ireland. The various branches and descendants of these ancient and royal families were distinguished for similar acts of munificence to the church, and for their patronage of the clergy before as well as since the suppression of religious houses and Institutions. And now let me ask any intelligent well-disposed man, is it rational that a mere cobweb aristocracy of yesterday, who never entitled themselves by word, action or deed to the love and veneration

ration of the Catholic clergy, but who have done every thing to insult their feelings and that of their venerable Bishop, and Vicar General—by endeavouring to depose the one and malign the other—should lay claims like to theirs to the affection and respect of the Catholic Priesthood? They have not only invaded the rights and privileges of the Bishop and Vicar General, but have had the most unheard of audacity to usurp the undoubted privilege of the secular Clergy—to name their own Ecclesiastical Superior, with the approbation of the existing Prelate and the Court of Rome. At the election of a Bishop at home, so far from such fellows being allowed to be present, the first Catholic Lord or Nobleman would not attempt to stop in the chapel after the Mass of the Holy Ghost, *pro eligendo Episcopo*, was finished. Why then should such low characters as the plebians of yesterday—the Fuss-ball honorables of the day—be allowed to take such liberties with impunity?

We know our Bishop—we know our Vicar General. When the clergy go to their houses, they receive them with open arms, and convert their houses, should they be sick, into *Nosocomias*, or Hospitals, for their reception, and with saint-like humility attend to the wants of their sick beds. What have the insolent, upstart, and low-bred *ci-devant* aristocracy of the Capital of Nova Scotia done for the Catholic Clergy of Nova Scotia? Nothing; but whenever they could or wherever it lay in their power, persecuted, maligned, and defamed, and even have gone so far as to lay their sacriligious hands on the mitre itself, and to attempt to wrest the crozier out of the hands of the venerable Prelate who bears it. It is high time for the Catholic Clergy to exclaim, "*odi profanum vulgus et arceo*." Persons of a certain class and order of society must be taught to keep their distance. *In vanum fremuerunt gentes et populi meditati sunt inania adversus Christum et Dominum suum*. To no purpose have these wicked pagans meditated the destruction of the religion of Christ, and the annihilation of his very name—*Dirumpamus vincula eorum et projiciamus a nobis jugum ipsorum*. Let them exclaim—Now is the time to fitter their chains in pieces; and to reduce their degrading yoke to ashes, and to fling it to the winds of heaven.

It is then evident that pride, ignorance, inherent meanness, and a want of sense of the true honour of a Catholic and of Catholicism, as well as a desire to usurp privileges and honors which do not belong to them, have occasioned the complicated disease which now rages in the Schismatical confederacy opposed to the true interests of the Catholic Religion; and who,

to gain the smallest little triumph of momentary duration for their cause, lie like Parthians.—In the public papers, after endeavouring to deprive Doctor FRASER of his Episcopal honors, they substitute in their place old age and infirmity, to which, thank God, he is as yet—and I trust will be for many years—a stranger. Of the person or persons who have reported that the Bishop is seventy-five years old, and confined to his bed from indisposition, I will not hesitate to say, whether he wears the cowl of a monk or the fashionable riding-coat of the day—*Parthis Mendacior*—

A greater liar Parthia never bred,
Whether bare or Capuced his head.

Hoping, however, that they will in time, before they go to to that land from whence there is no return, repent of the evil they have endeavoured to effect by the foulest and basest means, the grossest misrepresentation, and save themselves in time and eternity from the most awful visitations of the divine wrath, is the sincere and heartfelt desire of, my dear sir,

Yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

SIR,—

THE conviction on my mind of my own incompetency to do justice to the subject, from the exalted rank and well known worth of the individual it concerns, and the expectation of its having been taken up by some abler pen has been the cause, notwithstanding the fullness and intensity of my feelings, of remaining thus long silent on the occasion. From the paragraph inserted in your esteemed and valuable weekly journal, it is evident that you and your readers are not altogether unacquainted with the subject. It relates to certain false insinuations regarding the jurisdiction of the venerated and beloved of all good men, the Roman Catholic Prelate of this Diocese, whose jurisdiction, from the intimations of certain newspapers, has been placed in the hands of a Foreign

Bishop, who of all men (although zealous in defence of his own) would be the last to interfere with the canonical rights of any other Prelate in the world. The Archbishop of Dublin is a man of too exalted a character either to covet or desire, much less to accept of what belongs to another ; and the intimation of his being capable of doing so—recalling to his mind the gospel maxim, "The receiver is as bad as the thief,"—will fill the aged and hoary-headed Prelate with a temporary confusion, and cause him to reject the odious imputation with a sinless indignation. It has been openly asserted that the people of a certain city, of their own authority, applied to the spiritual jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Dublin for Priests to attend to their spiritual wants, and that the Archbishop immediately complied with their request, and of his own authority sent out two Priests invested by him with jurisdiction to discharge the duties of their holy office in this Diocese. This statement evidently intimates what is false and suppresses what is true. It intimates that the people have without the concurrence or consent of the Bishop of Nova Scotia, wrote to the Archbishop of Dublin, and that he, without this consent or concurrence, or what might be termed application from the proper quarter, immediately acceded to their wishes, and, in the full plenitude of his Archiepiscopal power, granted them jurisdiction in a Diocese over which he has no control or connection whatsoever ; and suppresses what is true—that the application was made by the Archbishop of Dublin in language the most courteous, and which does honour both to the head and heart of that venerable Prelate. Nay, the Archbishop of Dublin, in his letter to the Bishop of Nova Scotia, most sincerely regrets that he could not prevail on the Priests, the object of his own choice—and who at first consented to come—to put their intentions in execution, while he expresses a heartfelt wish that they who were not of his own choice might fulfil the object of their mission, and meet with the approbation of his Lordship of Nova Scotia. The letter of the Archbishop can be seen, and it is a fact (and one fact, if we can believe the great La Harpe is worth a thousand arguments,) that with regard to the lay influence not one word is mentioned, which proves that the venerable Prelate of Dublin never did intend for a single moment to recognise the right of any portion of the people of this country to apply to him for spiritual guides, as their lawful ecclesiastical superior. He is too good, too just a man to be guilty of such an act. How would he feel were certain parishioners of Dublin to write without his approbation Doctor FRASER for

Priests to exercise jurisdiction in his Diocese. Let him make Doctor FRASER's case his own, and he shall have the reply in the universally admitted as well as known principle of natural as well as revealed religion—"As you would wish," &c. Nay, the writer of these few lines boldly and firmly asserts, and he yields to no man living in love, respect and admiration of the piety, learning, and numerous virtues of the Archbishop of Dublin, that the Archbishop of Dublin has no jurisdiction whatever in this Diocese—not even as much as the humblest Priest who possesses faculties—and he is confident were he to land on our shores, although he would be received by the Bishop of Nova Scotia and his Very Reverend Vicar General with open arms, he would not discharge the humblest duties of his ministry without the leave of the constituted ecclesiastical authority of the place or part of the country in which he should land. No ordinarily instructed Catholic admits any spiritual jurisdiction over their Bishop, in this country save that of "the head of all the Churches," (in the language of modern phraseology,) commonly designated by our hitherto unenlightened parentage, the Pope. Nay, it is boldly asserted, and without fear of contradiction, that numerous Catholics, under existing circumstances would court the crown of martyrdom sooner than acknowledge any other, and lay down their lives in support of their belief and conviction on this point.

But it is broadly intimated by men of the most enlightened minds and highly cultivated talents, (if we can believe their quondam companions,) to be found in every little town and village throughout the country in offices of the meanest and lowest servitude, that the venerated and venerable Bishop of Nova Scotia is not fit to discharge the high duties of his calling, and that the Holy Spirit which has appointed him to rule this portion of the Church of God has committed a most egregious blunder in naming him to his high office, and in appointing him to preside over so dignified and enlightened a portion of his spiritual inheritance.—*Quid facient magistri quando talia audent fures?*

If unbounded charity, universal philanthropy, great and extensive learning, a first-rate linguist, speaking many languages with ease and facility, entitle him to the rank of Bishop he cedes to no man in Nova Scotia, nay, to any man in any country in the world; and of this fact, many persons from personal observation—without high-flying pretensions to deep erudition or to what does not belong to them, but from their own good sense and sound judgment, and from what they

could hear and see on a late occasion in Pictou—are practically convinced. Nay, they who are most intimately acquainted with the Bishop, discover in every feature of his character the traits of a good Bishop, as given by St. Paul—"It behoveth a Bishop to be without blame, sober, prudent, hospitable, learned, temperate, modest, not avaricious," &c. Even the most inveterate and opposed to his religious creed should reluctantly admit—should they take the words of the ever-memorable Queen Elizabeth for their standard, "the countenance is the index of the mind,"—that he is a good and most excellent man, and exclaim, in the facetious language of the Poet—

"If to his lot some Popish errors fall,
Look in his face and you'll forget them all."

But he is a Scotchman, and a native of the Highlands of Scotland—*Quid Inde?*—therefore, he is not fit to be Bishop where there is a large congregation Irish, and who are opposed to his country and the land of his birth. This argument makes as strongly against our illustrious Governor as against the Bishop, and plainly shows what people would do if they dreaded the military prowess of Great Britain as little as they do the authority and spiritual supremacy of the Pope. But let us pursue the train of argument a little.—St. Patrick was, upon the authority of the learned Alban Butler, a Scotchman; therefore he was not fit to be the Apostle of Ireland. St. Palladius, the Apostle of Scotland was a Roman, and so was St. Augustine, the Apostle of England, therefore they were not fit to discharge the duties of their ministry. St. Peter, St. Andrew, St. Thomas, &c. were natives of Judea, and of course, on similar conclusions of popular logic, were not fit for their high destination in the different countries so foreign from the land of their birth. Conclusive reasoning indeed! But we must go to school again before we can admit such palpable, self-evident, logical deductions.

But, though the Bishop is a Scotchman, and a native of the Highlands of Scotland, his heart is formed of the purest clay of his native land, and his heart-strings have been woven in a frame of the finest and most delicate texture, which vibrate with peculiar energy to the calls of suffering humanity, in no matter what shape or form it presents itself—without distinction of creed or country. Yes, he is a native of the Highlands of Scotland, a descendant of the Highland Chiefs and ancient clans of Scotland, and possesses a mind as elevated above deception and duplicity, as impregnable to falsehood and delusion as the lofty mountains that gave him birth. He is a

native of Scotland, and a descendant of warriors who, through blood and carnage almost indescribable, preserved their ancient monarchy from the days of King Fergus, upwards of 300 years before the birth of Christ down to the days of King James, who united in his person a just claim to succession to the crown, not only of Scotland but also to that of England. Yes, he is of a race of men who never bent their necks voluntarily to the yoke of a stranger, or ever submitted to a disgraceful impost; to which circumstance the present Lord Mayor of the City of Dublin alluding, thus expresses himself—"They took to their mountains and to their claymores and resisted unto death the odious impost." Doctor FRASER is a Scotchman, and a native of the Highlands of Scotland, and if history speaks truth he has no reason to be ashamed of his country. He is Catholic Bishop of Nova Scotia, and were all the Catholics of Nova Scotia assembled together (I assert it with unshaken confidence,) were I to cry out in a loud and audible voice, "Long live Doctor FRASER, Bishop of Nova Scotia!" that the comparatively few negatives to such a proposition would be lost and become inaudible in the universal and heart-felt response of "Amen! Amen! again and again Amen!"

But the Bishop is a Scotchman, and no Scotchman should be allowed to officiate as a Clergyman in a country abounding with Scotchmen—in which more than half the Catholics are Scotchmen who speak their own ancient dialect and understand no other. This has been not only said but acted upon. —The young men of Scottish parentage, studying at the place which of all others should be the sanctuary of Christian charity and learning, are threatened to be insulted by an enraged populace; anonymous letters are written—their ecclesiastical gowns threatened to be taken off—and obliged, with hearts filled with the bitterest of disappointment, to return to the hearth of their parents, to impart to them their sad tidings, and to make them sharers of the burden of their grief. And is this foul charge to be stigmatized on the character of Irishmen? Forbid it truth, justice, and humanity. Irishmen have been taught to blush at the name of a M'Murragh in former days, and in modern times at the conduct of a Heppenstall, the walking gallows, and of an O'Brien, the infamous informer of '98; and no doubt every honest Irishman will feel the flush of just indignation kindling on his countenance who hears of the treatment of the young aspirants to the Priesthood, of Scottish extraction, and dissever every union, either as Irishmen or Catholics, with men who could act so unhalloved or unchristianlike a part.

"O! but it is the love of religion that causes us to act as we do." O yes!—it is the love of religion which even in an enemy discovers a brother that causes you to act such an ignominious and ungenerous part. O yes,—no doubt it was the love of religion which caused men in gone by days to murder each other for the love of God, to smash down the altars at which they once sacrificed, and to immolate with fire and faggot upwards of fifty millions of beings on the altar of religious discord.—See O'Leary's *Treatise on Intolerance*; and to make it, in the language of the same learned divine, a problematical question whether religion has done more good than harm to mankind. It was love of religion that caused three Priests to impeach the venerable primate Plunkett, in the reign of Charles the Second, with high treason, and to have him hanged, disembowelled, and quartered. It was love for religion, and zeal for its promotion that caused the Gibraltarites to send their sainted Bishop Hughes last year to prison, and to incur the severest censure of the head of all the Churches, and to obey, without delay, the peremptory orders of Lord Brougham that the venerable Prelate should be immediately set at liberty; and, no doubt, holy and extraordinary zeal has caused a well-intentioned people to raise their voice against their lawful Bishop and ecclesiastical superior in Nova Scotia. Be it so.

The venerable son of the lowly and humble St. Francis has by this time visited the Archbishop of Dublin, and in plaintive, melancholy accents, deplored the opposition to his zeal and pious labours made by the Bishop of the Diocese in the Capital of Nova Scotia. He has bewailed, no doubt, the opposition made by the Bishop to his incessant labours in the confessional, his uninterrupted visitations of the sick bed, and St. John Chrysostom-like exhortations to the people—often-times repeating and impressing on their minds that he would be torn to pieces sooner than see the Church divided, or the sheep of her fold scattered. He has, no doubt, told the venerable Archbishop that the Bishop of Nova Scotia was offended with him because he did not endeavour to support the dignity of his ministry by moving about in his easy car, clad in soft garments, so unlike those of his order, and swaggering at the levees of courts rather than in the discharge of the painful duties of the tribunal of penance, baptising infants and burying the dead, and similar drudgery, to which the Catholic Priests are bound, under the severest penalties of a temporal and spiritual nature, to discharge. He may show his testimonials of conduct from the people he has so much—will I say—injured,

rather than edified. But I have my misgivings on the subject, if the venerable Prelate does not exclaim, "There is something rotten in the State of Denmark!" We must wait, in the words of the Italian proverb, until we hear the two bells ring, or both sides of the story. It is an old proverbial expression, that a monk seldom praises the convent he runs away from, or the Bishop, from whose Diocese for reasons best known to himself, he is obliged to depart.

He will next visit the eternal city. If he enters it as a member of the order of St. Francis, he must, before he attempts to approach the sacred walls of the city of Martyrs, get leave from the General of his order. He must then be clothed in the coarse habit of the order of St. Francis, without hat, shoes or stockings, with sundals on his bare legs, his neck bared, attend to all the duties of his community, and practise (if not in heart, at least externally,) the virtue of humility, he will then, in the course of a few days, be called on to give an account of the object of his mission to Rome, and to explain his pros. and cons. before the sacred consistory of Cardinals assembled in the Propaganda on the occasion, who will view him lynx-eyed, and read with their looks the very thoughts of his heart. He will in all probability undergo a short examination in theology, church history and canon law; and on bringing a charge against his Bishop he will be bound to substantiate it on the clearest evidence. Nay, he will not be allowed to depart from Rome until matters on both sides are satisfactorily cleared up; and if it appears that the Bishop is not in fault, the British Consul, and his rights as a British subject will stand his best friends. No doubt but the splendid talents of the gentleman will dazzle the eyes of the Cardinals at Rome; they will wonder at his vast scientific acquirements, and inexhaustible fund of theological knowledge, and fearing that the rich specimens of eloquence with which he has been wont to set a certain city in a flame might set the Vatican on fire, they will redemand him until some forthcoming day to safe custody in the Castle of the Santo Angelo; but I trust not until he has lisped a prayer at the tomb of the chief of all the Apostles to have peace restored, and the vengeance of God averted from the heads of the people who have been the dupes of his wicked folly, and of the selfish objects of his ambition.

Trusting that you will give insertion to this document, which can offend neither the religious or political feelings of any upright man; and that it may be the cause of the well-affected their Bishop to take the most effectual method of tes-

tifying their allegiance to him, and to do all they can to avert the threatened stroke to religion and its interests,

I am, dear sir, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

SIR,—

THE Ecclesiastical commotions in the Capital of Nova Scotia have attempted but in vain to extend their influence with unmitigated fury through a portion of the country; and through the means of endeavouring to excite national prejudices—never to be tolerated in civil society—to obtain Irish partizans in the ungodly and antichristian work of literally murdering the character of their pious and venerated Bishop; but the attempt here has proved a failure, and has met with decided and determined opposition in all quarters. It has called forth a manifestation of feeling on the part of the Irish inhabitants with regard to the reputation of the highly injured Bishop, which does honor to themselves, and adds, if such a thing was possible, new lustre to the character of the venerable Prelate. The numerous instances of charity recorded of him, and his universally admitted acts of benevolence to men of all creeds, climes, and colors, would form a chain of eulogy that would do honor not only to the person who has elicited them, but even to the most renowned for sanctity, and whose names are written in the Roman Martyrology and the Lives of the Saints. The poor people exclaim, in their own artless but expressive phraseology—"What is the world come to? Is the Bishop to be insulted with impunity?" "Who, when he married me," says one, "and when I told him I was poor, took the marriage money and gave it to my wife, and told her to buy pins for it!" "Who, when he baptised my child," says another, "put money into the hands of my little children, and would take nothing from myself for his trouble or to pay the expenses of his journey!" "Who," says a third, "when I was cast away, and had nobody to look to

but the Bishop, who clothed me and supplied me with means to make out my friends; and am I now to be compelled, to see his public character assailed without being able to give him any assistance?" The universal voice here goes to establish that if the Bishop was a native of Kamschatka, or of the South Seas, rather than of Scotland, that he is a good man; and that the man, whether Priest or layman (that would attack his character would, if he had lived in the days of Christ, Judas Iscariot-like, have betrayed his Lord and Master.

Many are under the influence of an opinion that a large portion of the nominal Catholics of a certain city are not Christians at all, or at least what they profess themselves to be. If they are Catholics they must admit that the Bishop inherits the Apostolical powers by lawful succession, and by valid consecration. They must also admit that they are bound to hear him as they would hear Christ himself: Christ himself telling his Apostles, and in them (on avowed Catholic principles,) to their successors to the end of time—"He who heareth you heareth me, and he who despiseth you despiseth him that sent you. If any city will not receive you, take off your sandals and shake the dust of them at their doors, and better for the cities of Sodom and Gomorrhah, at the last day, than for these cities" (See St. Luke, chap. 10, St. Matthew, chap. 10.) And if they declare that on Catholic principles they are not bound to obey him or deny him to be the successor of the Apostles, I positively and unhesitatingly assert, that they are no Catholics, and that a worse, by far, fate awaits them than has befallen Sodom and Gomorrhah—reserved only for those who refuse to receive the Apostles and their successors, while a dreadful alternative must await their persecutors and those who load them with abusive and disgraceful epithets. These persons should be induced, if possible, to take up their bibles and read the second chapter, fourth book of Kings; and to reflect on the fate of the two and forty boys who mocked the Prophet Eliseus, and called him "bald head," and if their hearts be not as impervious to Christian feeling and as incredulous of the threatened menaces of heaven as the people before the flood, they will repent of the evil they have done, retrace their footsteps, and do penance sitting in sackcloth and ashes. They ought, in the opinion of some of the poor people, to send the Bishop to prison, as they did this year in Gibraltar, which they would do if they dare. Like the viper biting the file, they have showed their teeth where they could not bite. "What a terrible thing it is," exclaim others, "that poor people when they get a little money do not know how to

behave themselves. We have never known the real gentleman at home, whether Protestant or Catholic, to treat the Clergy as we see them treated here. Were any low upstart, and who else would attempt to do it? to insult a Bishop or Priest in the old country, the first nobleman would avenge the insult; and if not almost ring the nose off the incautious delinquent, make his brawny back and shoulders resound most sweetly to the well-timed music of the horsewhip. It is only here where the Catholics are poor and mean-spirited, that such a thing would be attempted on the exalted character of a Catholic Bishop,—a Prince of the Catholic Church—who would be received with homage and respect in the first court of Europe; and who, were he to visit the Palace of St. James, would be received with marked attention by the Queen of the British Isles and of these Colonies, our Sovereign lady Queen VICTORIA.

The Scotchmen here listen to everything said against their bishop with characteristic resoluteness and undisturbed minds. They consider him surrounded in a tower of strength, formed of his own many virtues, and impregnable to the assaults of the vilest and bitterest of his enemies; and sneer with contempt at the stigma attempted to be cast on their country. Scotchmen never refused to obey a Bishop because an Irishman. They loved and even to this day cherish the memory of Doctor Burke, an Irishman, and the first Bishop of this Colony. And are Scotchmen to be told that Irishmen will not obey a Bishop because he is a Scotchman? "But we want a Bishop who will preach in English to us; we do not understand Gaelic, and the Bishop generally preaches in that language." True it is that our Bishop generally addresses his congregation in the Gaelic language, because the generality of the people understand no other, but it is false to say that he does not preach in English when he perceives only a few are present who understand Gaelic. It is no treason to speak Gaelic; I never heard of an Act of Parliament against it, while we could point out many, even in the reign of Harry the Eighth, preventing the Irish language to be spoken, under the penalty of £6. 13s. 4d. for each word spoken, and the beads ordered to be bid and the word of God preached in English. (See 28 Henry VIII. cap 15.) We rather hear our Bishop preach in our own language than in the language of the taskmasters of any people in the world, no matter how respectable. They object to our Bishop because a Scotchman? Why did they not object to English Bishops before and at the time of the Reformation because they were Englishmen? Were not George Brown,

A. B. of Dublin, Edward Staples, Bishop of Meath, Lancaster of Leighlin, and Traverso of Ferns, who conformed at the time of the Reformation, Englishmen and Irish Bishops? and we never heard that the Irish murmured at their appointment or refused to obey them. "But they were appointed through the influence of the Crown with the Papal court, and we dare not refuse to obey them." Be it so. Irishmen in former days obeyed English Bishops because they dare not do otherwise, and now-a-days, because the iron rod of despotism no longer hangs over their heads, refuse to obey a valid, lawfully consecrated Bishop because a Scotchman; and must Scotchmen, who never admitted any foreign tyrant or potentate to interfere in the nomination of their Bishops, obey Irish Bishops merely because they are Irishmen. They say they will have no Bishop but an Irishman. And why? because they are morally sure that the Queen will not use her influence with the Papal Court to get an Englishman appointed to the See—to whom they would submit as their forefathers did before, with all willingness and most profound submission. We, Scotchmen, will obey any Bishop appointed to rule over us by the Pope, and obey him as our lawful ecclesiastical superior; but we would think it hard of his Holiness to remove our ecclesiastical superior because a Scotchman and send us another for no other reason but that he is an Irishman. We are also of opinion that he will not approve of the treatment of our young men of Scottish parentage, studying for the Priesthood, obliged as they were to fly from what should be the sanctuary of christian charity and learning in the depth of winter, to avoid the fury of an enraged Irish populace, or much admire the Government or Governor of such an ecclesiastical establishment.

That the Irish are well inclined to obey the powers that be, look at how they treated last year, at Gibraltar, the Pope's excommunication with them, and the threatened ecclesiastical censures, and how soon they obeyed the peremptory order of Lord Brougham, and set the captive Bishop free.

Must Scotchmen, who never learned to bend their necks to the yoke of a stranger in their own country, (and if they did, take up the history of one hundred and nine sovereigns of Scotland, and show me time and place,) be taught, in a foreign land, to prostrate in the dust before the spiritual despotism of a people who, according to their own accounts, have passed nearly seven hundred years in slavery, and who have only just escaped from worse than Egyptian bondage? The newly emancipated Irishmen here share with us only equal privileges

and equal rights, and should not, in a country like this, where more than half the Catholic population are Scotch or of Scotch extraction, aver that they will not have a Bishop because a Scotchman. Is not a Scotchman, descended from the Highland chiefs and clans of Scotland—a race of men unconquered and unconquerable—as good a man as the fearful and timorous bondsman of any country newly made free, and, slave-like, exulting in their new-born freedom? A Scotchman, descended of a race of heroes who would rather die than clank the chains of a captive, is not fit to be a Bishop among Irishmen, and where so large a portion of the people are Scotchmen! And are Irishmen, after ages of persecution and sorrow, and who have been tutored in the school of servitude alone worthy of governing Scotchmen, and of being advanced to episcopal honours among them?

It requires more than ordinary Christian fortitude and patience to bear the degrading insult to their character and country. The decision, however, of this important question, involving interests so dear to Scotchmen, will be given in the proper place and by the proper authority—an authority to which Scotchmen bow with deferential respect, and by whom they are sure their claims to equal honors with their Irish Catholic brethren will not be disputed.—*Cedant arma togæ.* Were it to be decided by the force of arms, Scotland, from the experience of former times, would have little to fear; but insults over which she has no control lose much of their asperity from being met with christian patience.—*Quod nefas est corrigere patientia levius fit.*

It is also expected that if the proverbially enlightened inhabitants of a certain city should send an emissary to the episcopal residence, that on his wild goose chase he will not fill the highways and byeways with his disagreeable cacklings—bespattering and calumniating the Bishop's character in every direction; and that he will not, on his next excursion, give reason to his friends in the Capital to be convinced of the truth of the old phrase—"Send a goose to Dover and it will come a goose over."

It is true there is no danger of his being tossed in Sancho Panza style, in a blanket, or of his ears being molested in the slightest degree, or of his locks being doffed in a style not perfectly in accordance with the latest London or Parisian fashions; yet there is every probability of his getting a few raps on the knuckles that will hold him up to popular scorn and derision, and humble him somewhat in his own opinion, notwithstanding the high and exalted notions he entertains of

himself. He may tell the people of Pictou that the tiara bows most obsequiously to his nod, and that the papistical powers are at his disposal—that before six months, he will have a connexion of his own family seated in the episcopal chair of Nova Scotia, and numberless other such like Tomfooleries, and, it may be, get some people so absurd as to believe him, and to look upon him as a second Jack the Giant Killer; but “*sat verbum sapienti*,” still lips betray much wisdom, and if he be not a full bred idiot or an incorrigible fool, he will adopt a different line of conduct from that lately pursued by him, should he ever again revisit this country on a similar excursion.

But will the Priests of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton be silent on this occasion? Will the Bishop of Prince Edward Island see this aggression on the episcopal character, at the threshold of his door, and not lend his aid to put down the insurgents? Will the Very Reverend the Vicar General remain inactive and not communicate with the Clergy of the Diocese on the alarming crisis of ecclesiastical affairs? Will the venerable Pastor of Dartmouth be not stirring? or will the learned Parish Priest of Liverpool rest easy on this occasion? Will the Reverend Messrs. Meighan of Guysborough, Quinan of Tracadie, Drummond of Sydney, and the M’Keagney’s of Cape Breton, refuse to lend their assistance to suppress the threatened encroachments upon Episcopal jurisdiction, and to quell the religious fury of an enraged Irish populace, who endeavour to rescue the crozier from the hands of its lawful occupier, and to tear the mitre from the brows of the venerable prelate who bears it? Will they not endeavor to extinguish the flame of discord occasioned by a few selfish, ambitious Priests, who seeking the completion of the views of their own aggrandisement, have set the metropolis in an uproar and sowed the seeds of discord far and wide, to the great detriment of their poor Irish countrymen, to be found in all parts of this country? It is even a fact that, to exalt himself in the eyes of the public, one of them, at a public entertainment, impeached the Clergy of Nova Scotia with criminal ignorance of their duties, and kindly volunteered his services to palliate for their deficiencies, from the nature of the causes that occasioned them: the newness of the country—the dearth of such eminent men as himself, &c.—But his own ignorance, and his ignorance of the learning and talents of the clergy of Nova Scotia, was the cause of his becoming, no doubt, their learned and able apologist. This distinguished luminary of the Church of Christ should have known that there are Priests

here who studied with distinction in Italy, France, Spain, &c., and in comparison to whom he would be as a rushlight helping the sun to shine; and common sense and ordinary good manners should have taught him that to impeach any man with ignorance, not alone the Priesthood of the country, is an outrage on the feelings of the person or persons scarcely to be born with, while Mr. Pope, in rather forcible language, assures him that

"A moral, sensible, and well-bred man,
Will not offend me, and no other can."

The seeming insulence of this imputation has been pardoned by the Clergy of Nova Scotia, in consequence of the goodness of his intentions, and his own universally admitted ignorance. A poor apology indeed to make for him—that he knew no better. A jaundiced eye views every object that presents itself as yellow, and a man presumptuously ignorant looks on all men as ignorant as himself. Indeed the Clergy of Nova Scotia looked upon him as the Gil Perez of his order, and would gladly give him, on his promotion to merited elevation, the title "Monsieur Le Grand Ignorant—the Prince of Dunder-heads!" The Priests here have looked on him and his worthy *confreere*, now also at a distance from Nova Scotia, as the two most ignorant ecclesiastics that ever were in this Province; and indeed they would not dispute their claim to the right of inscribing on their foreheads, if they had any apartments to let in their upper stories, "Unfurnished lodgings to let—inquire below!" Their conduct alone would be sufficient to convince ten thousand persons that a little learning is a dangerous thing.—"Drink deeply or not at all of the Hysperian spring."

Although the Priests of Nova Scotia are not skilled in Pantomimorism, Ventriloquism, Merryandrewism, or any of those elegant accomplishments that would render them fitting buffoons to amuse a company, still they are not ignorant of the duties of their profession, and possess a degree of knowledge by no means despicable, and would prove, to the no small discomfiture of the unwary assailant of their literary reputation, the truth of the words emblazoned on the Arms of Scotland—"*Nemo me impune lacessit.*" The Clergy of Nova Scotia, with their Bishop at their head, yield to no Bishop or body of Clergy in the world of the same number, in deep erudition and a knowledge of the various polite languages of Europe, which many of them speak with ease and facility; although the lame, the blind, *et hoc genus omne* of a neighboring city may be taught to believe the contrary, and because

certain persons are ignorant of modern languages themselves would gladly cause their acquisition in others to be despised, verifying the old adage "*Quod nesciunt spernant*." To hear some of them bluster and talk big of themselves, you would think them far superior to the Bishop himself in classical and theological knowledge, and capable of instructing him; but not one of them, abstracting from his Episcopal dignity would dare attempt to encounter him. They know that the Bishop is an ocean of theological knowledge, and that, were they to encounter him on the main of moral or speculative theology, they might rest assured of being shipwrecked. On hearing them vaunt of their superior learning the bragadocios spoken of by the Poet must irreluctantly occur to the mind—"Stipheelumque, Bromumque, Antimachumque, Helimumque, Securiferumque, &c."; and the fable of the little mice in council, who came to the resolution of putting a bell about the cat's neck, but could get none to execute the perilous office must be recalled to mind. Many would be anxious to shiver a lance with the Bishop in his absence from the field of literary warfare, but when he is present shew me the man fit to undertake the perilous task, *et tu mihi eris magnus Apollo*. Indeed, I will confess, that a man capable of meeting the Bishop on such an occasion would be a *rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno*.

Let the voice of the Clergy and People of Nova Scotia be raised on high—consisting of Irishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, Indians, &c.—and will it not reach Rome as well as that of the venerable Monk of the Order of St. Francis, who, at first a seeming renegade to his own order, has now become a willing aggressor on the episcopal rights of the Prelate under whose sole episcopal jurisdiction he was placed. Cannot the Priests of Nova Scotia send a Representative to Rome, and cause the Papal throne to fulminate her anathemas against the Gibraltar Junta Catholics of this country as it did last year to the real inhabitants of that unfortunate city, and either cut them off entirely, like rotten branches from the apostolic tree, or reduce them to submission? Direful diseases require direful remedies. True it is that the chief agent in this good business is gone away, and his chief deputy is at a distance from the Province, but has not the dignity of the Priesthood and Episcopacy been infringed on, and have not worthless laymen attempted to sieze the reins of ecclesiastical government? Let the Bishop, the Vicar General, and the *élite* of the Clergy meet and adopt measures to chase from our shores the wicked fiend that this year has done so much damage in the

Church, and to prevent him of ever returning here. Let the illustrious Lord Falkland be consulted. He knows the worth, honour and integrity of our good Bishop; and should he communicate with the Home Department, the Ministry, through the influence of the Hanoverian Ambassador at Rome, could easily put an end to these proceedings,—which seem as if determine to take their rounds in the British Colonies, and harass and disgrace the well-affected members of the Church of Rome.

In all probability, the prime agent in all these evils has got a good pandying by this time from the Archbishop of Dublin for the manner he has learned his last lesson; and that he has got a new one, with severe injunctions to learn it better than the last, &c. No doubt he has been advised by him to go to Rome and shut himself up for the rest of his days in a convent; and to do penance for all the scandal he has brought on the Church of Nova Scotia. And if he has been counselled to return to Nova Scotia, it must have been to make reparation for the disedification he has given. On these and no other conditions has he been recommended to go to Rome, or to revisit Nova Scotia; and should he refuse to do so, his refusal may be attended with difficulties he little anticipates. If he was not as ignorant of Church discipline and the canons of the Church as the dupes of his delusion, he would have known that no private Priest or people, without the consent of the Bishop could divide a Parish, and that the Bishop, not the people, has the right of establishing parishes and appointing Parish Priests. If a violation of canon laws and an assault on a Bishop's character,—(which, if he had been of noble extraction, and had inflicted on temporal majesty, would cause a certain block to be laid upon a block)—entitle him to respect at Rome,—and if a complaint against his Bishop be considered a suitable New Year's gift to his Holiness, there is no doubt of his being presented with a Cardinal's hat, and invested with "the purple." Should these high claims to distinguished honors at Rome meet with a different reception there, (awful, dreadful thought!!) there is not the smallest shadow of probability that we will ever see him more in this country, and that in a short time his memory shall perish from among us.

His ignorance of his duties as a Priest, and of the very outlines of canon law, as well as false friends, is the very cause why he may exclaim now, and at a more distant period of time, "O save me from my friends, and I will protect myself from my enemies."

That the Gibraltar infection, now raging in the Capital,

may not spread its baneful influence to the small towns, where some bad subjects for such an epidemic are to be found, being already not of over-strong constitutions, is the sincere and heartfelt wish of

Yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

SIR,—

THE good effects of the letters inserted in your valuable public Journal have been sensibly felt here, and have elicited sentiments of gratitude from the poor Irish laborers of the liveliest and most enthusiastic description, which occasion them to look on you, from the part you have taken in making known their sentiments with regard to Scotchmen, as one of their kindest and best benefactors. Many of them, after being driven from the land of their birth by heartless and grasping landlords and grinding agents of their own religious communion, have found here kind and indulgent employers, either Scotchmen by birth, or of Scottish extraction. In fact all the Irish Catholics in Colchester and Cumberland derive their means of support from Scotch employers; and heartless must these people be, and free from every sentiment of generous sensibility for their countrymen in this part of the country, who would endeavour to excite prejudices in their minds against them—to view them on apparently well-founded grounds of suspicion. It is a well attested fact, that not only Scotchmen but people of all countries look on the Irish people as the most attached to the ancient faith, its pastors and its institutions. What then must be their feelings, when they see them (notwithstanding the almost insurmountable barriers that religious feeling throw in the way,) evincing national prejudices of the darkest hue, and rejecting one of the most blameless of men, the very Bishop, because a Scotchman. It is equally true that an attempt has been made to impress the Scotchman with a conviction, that a spirit of malevolence and of anti-Scotch hatred exists in the minds of

Irishmen. But let it go forth to the world that these men have nothing to do with Scotchmen, and who, wishing to satisfy their anti-christian hate and rancour to their Bishop and lawful ecclesiastical superior, care not what wrongs they may inflict on their poor countrymen in different parts of the Province, and cause them to be viewed with diffidence and distrust by their once good and indulgent masters.

"But we, great Irish folk of the metropolis, want to have nothing to do with Scotchmen in ecclesiastical or temporal matters." Neither do we, Scotchmen, want to have anything to do with you, and whether you choose to quit the Catholic Church and Province of Nova Scotia, or to remain in them, are matters of perfect indifference to us. "But are not we, Irishmen, far superior to Scotchmen?" If bending your necks for centuries with the tamest servility to the yoke of a stranger, makes you superior to Scotchmen, you are vastly their superior. And if you have any doubt on this head, why do you so oftentimes at your public and festive meetings thus express yourselves—

"Other nations have fallen, but thou art still young,
Thy star is but rising whilst others have set—
'Tho' the darkness of slavery hath hung round thee long,
'The full moon of freedom shall shine o'er thee yet.

If an avowal made by the greatest of Ireland's patriots, that the Irish at home, from the wretchedness of their condition, are entitled to no better name than white slaves—worse used than the black slaves of Demerara—be a proof that Irishmen are superior to Scotchmen, then indeed Irishmen are vastly superior to Scotchmen; for no Scotchman was ever known to call his countrymen white slaves. In these days they would as soon as in the days of the immortal Wallace welcome their sons to a gory bed or victory, and were a foreign foe to invade them to-morrow exclaim—in language equally blood-thrilling and enthusiastic as in former days—

"Now 's the day and now 's the hour,
Now the front of battle lower,
See approach proud Edward's power,
For us death or victory!"

What Scotchman ever addressed his countrymen in language breathing servitude like unto this—

—"Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
Who would be free, himself must strike the blow?"

Never! never! Such epithets would fill the breasts of

Scotchmen with abhorrence, and cause them to reject them with disgust. Such courage-inspiring "strains as these they like to hear tingling in their ears—

"By oppression's woes and pains,
By our sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!"

Scotchmen are never known to ask did Saint Paul carry a loaded pistol with him when he went to preach the gospel, or did he bring a good cargo of swandrops and gunpowder to exact remuneration from those who would not receive his instructions. Scotchmen never wept over the blood of the widow's son, slain in tithe battle. They glory and exult in the blood spilled in the valleys and mountains of Scotland in resisting the odious impost of tithes; and that although at the time of the Reformation the great majority of the people embraced a voluntary change in their religious sentiments, no "pike or gun religion," in the language of Butler's *Hudibras*, was enforced upon them. The women of Scotland would not allow it, much less the men of Scotland; and of this truth Janet Geddes is an illustrious instance: for when the Church of England Dean ascended the pulpit to preach, in the Church of St. Giles, Edinburgh, A. D. 1637, she took up her stool and flung it at him, exclaiming—"What the de'il, does the fause loon think to say his black Mass at my lug?" Her conduct threw the congregation into such confusion that with difficulty the Chancellor and Magistrates could restore peace. Stones were thrown at the windows from without, and the window sashes broken in, so that with great difficulty the Bishop and Dean escaped popular vengeance. The women, then, of Scotland, to say nothing of the men, would not bear with what Irishmen have borne, do bear, and must bear for a long period yet to come. Scotchmen never lost voluntarily their independent monarchy; and if King James VI. of Scotland had not united in his person a legitimate claim to the Crowns of England and Scotland, King Fergus would still have a successor to the throne of Scotland and Scotland would have been an independent kingdom. Irishmen, of slavish propensities, do well when they speak ill of Scotchmen, to do so at a great distance from where they reside, lest the indomitable Lion of Scotch independence and freedom might give a roar that would make them shake to their centres, and frighten them, with dangerous precipitation, into their holes

and lurking places. At least Scotchmen would advise them, that when they speak ill of them to do it behind their backs; and should they wish to strip Scotch students of their ecclesiastical dresses, to be at least fifty to one Scotchman, and thus afford them an opportunity, when they speak of the perfidy and baseness of Irishmen, to exclaim—"The greater the cowards, the crueller the devils!"

—To what good purpose can this conduct of the Squirearchy tend—this endeavour to excite national prejudices? In the city it may enable certain persons to throw off some of their bile and malice—in venting their rage on the heads of the Bishop and inoffending people of his county, and bring ruin and destruction to the homes of many of the poor Irish in the country parts—to sever the links of friendship between them and their Scotch neighbours—create family dissensions where intermarriages between Scotch and Irish exist, &c. &c.

"But it is love for religion that causes us to oppose our Bishop.—We think the Bishop should reside in the capital of the Province—the capital of the Province should be the seat of the Episcopal See."

Love of Religion! Bah! What love of Religion could men have who abuse and load with disgraceful epithets, the undoubted successor of the apostles in this diocese? We are too well aware of what the love of religion has done in by-gone days to pay any attention to these hypocritical and fanatical assertions. The metropolis of this country is not the Bishop's See, and if it be, shew me papal authority for it. Prescription in the old country is against it. Are not the chief Sees of France, England, Ireland and Scotland—Lyons, Canterbury, Armagh, and St. Andrews?—which are not the metropolises of the respective kingdoms just named.

"But we wish the Bishop to reside in the metropolis, and we are angry at him that he does not."

But do your wishes constitute a canon law to bind the Bishop, and would not the least manifestation of anger or resentment justify the Bishop to make use of the Gospel liberty with which the Church has invested him in the words of Christ, "When they persecute (that is, insult or slight) you in one city, fly into another."? The Bishop could, if he pleased, reside in any part of the Diocese he thought proper, and hold the Parish of the Metropolis—appoint to it an Administrator as the Bishops in Ireland do to the Mansal Parishes—dissolve the Committee on the authority of the Pope's Brief to the Right Rev. Doctor Hughes, and live solely on the voluntary oblations of the Parish—a decision in which a great majority

of the people would most gladly coöperate. As Bishop he is not bound to discharge the duties of a Parochial Clergyman; he could, in his private chapel officiate, and never, save on the occasion of administering the sacrament of Confirmation, appear in the public Church. And this he could do, although he wishes to do otherwise and acts the part of a most laborious Parish Priest, in perfect accordance with the canons of the Church, and the received usages of the Catholic Church in Catholic countries.

"But who would manage the funds of the Church?—Who would support the Priests?"

Who supported the Church and its Priests in the hills and mountains of Ireland, when Mass was obliged to be celebrated before the rising of the sun?—The Great GOD, who promises to be with the Church until the end of time, and the piety and goodness of the well affected Catholics. Let the Priests then throw themselves on the bounty of the people—let voluntary collections be made at the Chapel-doors on Sundays—let the Pews be removed from the body of the Church, and time will tell whether the people are willing to do their duty or not, and to support the Church and its Pastors in honorable independence.

"But the Grandees will never agree to that arrangement; they will desert the Church, and go where they will meet with respect and distinction worthy of their elevated rank and dignity."

If they hang by such tender ligaments to the branch of the Apostolical Tree, in my opinion the sooner they drop off the better. If they are kind and charitable to the poor, and benevolent to their pastors, way will be made for them, and a place of distinction given them, as in the old country. If not they will be permitted to take their rank among the poor people; and should they quit the Church, the Church will have no reason for regret, although the pastors should not be inclined to exclaim, in the language of the angry parent at the departure of his unruly son—"Joy be with you," &c.

It will not appear extraordinary that a few illiterate and presuming characters should be found in country towns and villages, who profess themselves to be distinct species of Catholics from those found in the old country—where the rich and poor equally respect and venerate the Priestly character, and who aver that they are another description of Catholics altogether, who set the authority of the Priest, and the laws of God and of his Church at defiance, and who, if they are not allowed to intermeddle with ecclesiastical matters and do

as they please, they will quit the Church altogether. Neither will it appear wonderful that such characters should, for worldly interest, traffic with the principles of their faith, and endeavour to revive the ancient order of Priest-catchers—long grown into disuse in Ireland, and suppressed by Judge Mansfield about the year 1765 in England.—The Honorable and Right Rev. Doctor Talbot, coadjutor Bishop to Doctor Chaloner, Bishop of Debra, and grand uncle to the present Lord Shrewsbury, being the last Priest or Bishop tried for celebrating Mass in England. The lowness of their birth and the rudeness of their education, must plead their best apology when they have the audacity to substitute their own whims and caprices on the most important subjects of ecclesiastical discipline, in place of the sage and wise decrees of the Church. That these things should happen, and that such characters should be found in remote settlements from the capital of the Province, where Catholicism has only of late made its appearance, is by no means surprising; such occurrences will never excite ideas of wonder or astonishment in the minds of men versed with the haughty pride of ignorant, self-sufficient persons, who, when they get up a little in the world are, in their own estimation, on the summit of the wheel of earthly greatness; but that in a town which boasts of a spirit of Catholicism, and a regard for the religious observances of the Church, should be found men to dispute the titles of a validly ordained Bishop, and successor of the Apostles, as their lawful superior, is truly astonishing. A City which can boast of an uninterrupted ministry of Catholic Priests during the last 60 years, at least, and which has of late received the benefit of light sufficient to enlighten all the nations of the earth that hitherto sat in darkness and the shadow of death—lights calculated to enlighten every man that cometh into this world. No doubt they have told the people, in the words of St. Ambrose, that “Emperors have no power to rule in the Church of God; and that an Emperor belongs to the Church but is not head of the Church. Palaces belong to Emperors, Churches to the Priesthood,” but to no effect. No doubt the conduct of St. Ambrose has been often held up to their view, when he told the Emperor Theodosius not to attempt to cross the threshold of the Church, his hands stained with blood; and the answer of the Emperor has been also frequently repeated—“St. Paul was a sinner, and afterwards became a vessel of election.” To which St. Ambrose replied, “As you imitated St. Paul in committing sin, so also imitate him in doing penance.” No doubt they have been told that St. Ambrose would not allow

the Emperor, on his doing penance, to set inside the railing, saying that the people made Emperors but not Priests, while he gave him a place of precedency outside the railing. They have been told also, no doubt, that so far was the Emperor from being offended with St. Ambrose, that when he went to Constantinople the Patriarch Nectarius requested of him to be seated inside the rails, which mark of attention, he declined, saying, "St. Ambrose has taught me the difference between a Bishop and an Emperor, while Nectarius teaches me the difference between a Bishop and a Bishop." We also find Theodosius, the younger, and Valentinien, (See Code Theodosian, and end of the Acts of the Council of Ephesus,) thus express themselves—"We, whose duty it is to carry the sword and to walk surrounded by armed men, lay aside our arms on entering the temple of God. We throw aside our diadems, the signs of imperial dignity, and having made our offering at the altar, we again return to our place among the people." At the Council of Nice, Constantine the Great would not be seated until all the Bishops had first sat down, and until ordered by them, from motives of respect towards them. Charlemagne, to render the Pope and his successors independent, conferred upon them the ecclesiastical states they now possess; while King Cloris of France raised the Bishops to the highest pitch of earthly greatness, to add weight to their decisions on ecclesiastical matters. And this laudable custom we see adopted at a later period, and still retained in the greatest countries in the world. The submission and respect of Charles V., Emperor of Germany, to the laws of the church are too well known to be mentioned here. He died, wearing the habit of an humble monk, in a convent of the Estramadures in Spain. Louis XIV., like another Theodosius, allowed himself to be reproved for his unchristianlike excesses by the Christian preacher, and when the guards drew their swords to cut him in pieces, the monarch exclaimed, "Monsieur l'Abbe Bourdaloue has done his duty, let us do ours."

Emperors and Kings, then have been taught to obey the Bishops and preachers of the Catholic Church, and not to rise up against their authority, much less have they attempted to name Parish Priests or to divide Parishes, or in any respect to usurp their holy offices. Even in our days, two remarkable instances in point have occurred.—When the Bourbon family was restored to the throne of France, the Parish Priest of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, in which stands the Palace of the Tuilleries, was a great favorite of Buonaparte's; the Family wished him to be removed, and to have Monsieur l'Abbé Manning,

who attended the Queen Maria Antoinette the night before her execution, and administered to her the last rights of the church. but they did not compel him to resign the Parish; they first got his consent, then that of the Archbishop, who transferred him to the Parish of Thomas d'Acquin, where he remained until he was advanced to the bench of Bishops. The other instance regards Cardinal Fesch, Archbishop of Lyons, Buonaparte's uncle—he was obliged to leave France, with all his family, at the time of the Reformation, but did he resign his archbishoprick? No, he did not. He kept it until his death, which occurred about two years ago;—oftentimes repeating, during his exile, that no power on earth could deprive him of his Archbishoprick, and that humble as he was, he expected at a future period, to occupy an humble place under the thrones of St. Photinus and said Ireneus, in the kingdom of Heaven.

If, then, Kings and Emperors could not—would not—be allowed to usurp Episcopal functions, to divide parishes, appoint Parish Priests, or remove Bishops or Archbishops, how can it be supposed that the poor people of Nova Scotia could effect it?

“But we wish to have an Irish Bishop, and we have been told that, if we apply at the Court of Rome we shall get one. We have also been told that an Irish Student is more respected at Rome, than a Scotch Priest or even Bishop.”

No doubt but you have been told so; but your informant must have been either grossly deceived himself, or he wished to deceive you. Is it not the greatest mark of favor that the court of Rome can confer on the particular church of any country to raise any of its members to the dignity of Cardinals? Did you ever hear of an Irish Cardinal? I am sure you never did; although you have heard of Pope Adrian, an Englishman; of Cardinals Woolsey, Fisher, Pole, Howard, Weld, &c. You have also heard of Cardinal David Beaton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, and also of the late Cardinal York, nephew to Queen Ann, also a Scotchman by descent. When such marks of favor as these just mentioned shall be conferred on Irishmen, then and then only will I consider them to be esteemed at Rome as much and more than Scotchmen. It is also publicly reported, but not believed by the most credulous Irishman, that the interest of the Hierarchy of the United States has been solicited for the purpose of dethroning our Venerable Bishop, and that the people of a certain city, like King Dermot M'Murragh of old, had recourse to Foreign powers to satisfy their spirit of malice towards the Bishop,

and with Dermot McMurragh-like pride, who in procuring his own vassalage secured that of his country also, boast that they wish to subject themselves and the Priests and people of this Diocese to a foreign ecclesiastical authority. If such things be true, Irishmen cannot exclaim with the renowned Bayard, "*Tout est perdue sauf l'honneur.*" But are these the thoughts that should occupy the minds of Irishmen in a foreign country? The groans of the gibbets of '98, of the pitched caps, of the pickettings, and of the Riding-house, still dingling in their ears, the scenes of poor wretches sent out to the country to be executed still fresh in their view. Is this the time I ask—Ireland struggling for Independence and her own legislative government—for Irishmen to concentrate all their forces in attacking a pious and holy Bishop of the Catholic Church. For although the words of the poet who wrote an appropriate inscription to be inscribed on a silver gift to be presented to O'Connell, might induce you to think that Ireland is free, she is far from it—

"Through centuries of penalties and pains
One series—still the Irishman in chains,
Himself prescribed, his wife, his child, his sire,
A crime his locks, his garb, his tongue, his lyre.
O'Connell comes: his chains fall off—he's free—
And millions shout "O'Connell!—Liberty!"
Long may you exert your generous mind,
To serve England, Ireland—all mankind."

The energies of the people should be directed to a nobler object than that of persecuting a Bishop, which cause all the friends of Ireland to blush, and all good men to cry "Shame."

Trusting that you will publish these few lines, and make it known to the world that if some Irish Catholics in Nova Scotia are traitors to their church and Bishop, thousands will be found to execrate the horrid deed.

I am, dear sir, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

SIR,—

It is universally admitted by all persons acquainted with the character of Irishmen, that there is nothing they glory so much in as having preserved their ancient faith, and in having received it without spilling a drop of Christian blood; the joy that beams on the countenance of every Irishman on the Anniversary of their Patron Saint and Apostle Saint Patrick, and the throbs of gladness with which their souls seem to be enraptured while they hear his praises proclaimed and the annals of their faith recorded from the pulpit of God, more than sufficiently authenticates this fact. What grief, then, must it not occasion to all Irishmen true to their religion and country to witness the foul deeds lately carried on in Gibraltar, in New York, and lastly in the capital of Nova Scotia? In Gibraltar last year the descendants of Irishmen and Irishmen imprisoned their sainted Bishop Hughes because he would not commit the horrid crime of simony, and make exorbitant demands for the administration of the sacraments, in accordance with their views; while Irishmen and their descendants are at this moment doing all they can to villify and injure the character of the learned and most zealous coadjutor Bishop of New York, because he insists that the poor Irish children should get a Catholic education free from sectarian influence. The good inhabitants of the capital of Nova Scotia, Irish or of Irish extraction, are not idle spectators of their conduct, and seem to rival them in acts of atrocity to their venerable and venerated Bishop. From Gibraltar Doctor Hughes states, that he is amply compensated for the horrors of imprisonment by the increased affection and attachment of the numerous well-disposed portion of his flock. Doctor Hughes, of New York, is also amply compensated for the insults and disgrace thought to be heaped upon him by certain leaders of the Catholic body by the following Resolutions passed at Tammany Hall about the commencement of last month:—

“*Resolved*, That those misguided men who basely deserted the sacred cause of humanity, education and religion—who were blindly led to barter their conscience for party or for place—to sacrifice the dearest interests of their ill-fated offspring at the dictation of wily and worthless demagogues, who proved so utterly recreant, in a matter partly spiritual, to those solemn obligations ever subsisting between a Pastor and his flock—are deserving of our utmost contempt.”

“*Resolved*, That viewing with inexpressible disgust the outrageous demeanor, the insolent vituperation, the coarse and

vulgar tone of familiarity regarding persons and things sacred adopted by those unworthy individuals who have so far degraded themselves as Irishmen, disgraced themselves as Catholics, and dishonored themselves as Freemen—by participating in or otherwise sanctioning the infamous Meeting convened at Tammany Hall, 'To rebuke censure and denounce the conduct' of our reverend Bishop—we hereby solemnly pronounce them deserving to be stigmatized with our sternest reprobation."

The Bishop of Nova Scotia alone is the only Bishop left without the solace of having to say that even a small portion of the people of a certain city have become more attached to him in consequence of the storm of revolt raised against him, and that although many had rebelled against his episcopal authority numbers were found most cheerfully to submit to it, and in the strongest and most forcible manner that language admits of, to reprobate and condemn the conduct of those who had the sacrilegious audacity to outrage or insult it. Doctor Hughes, of Gibraltar, is well known at Rome as the most distinguished preacher of his day in Dublin, and as an eminent Professor of Philosophy and Theology in that City. Doctor Hughes, of New York, is also known at Rome as the most distinguished controvertist of the Church of the United States—his controversy with Doctor Breckenridge having been translated into Italian and presented to the Pope. Doctor FRASER is not only universally admitted the best Gaelic scholar and preacher in that language now living, but was also a Professor of Theology in Spain, where the present Archbishop of Dublin received his ecclesiastical education—as well as the late lamented Primate of all Ireland, Doctor Curtis, and the never-to-be-forgotten Doctor Doyle—and is, no doubt, much better known at the Papal Court than some people think. What a triumph will it not be to him, to have his name associated with these two inestimable men not only before the Pope at Rome and the Consistory of Cardinals but before the entire Catholic world, in endeavouring to suppress the inroads of popular aggression on the episcopal authority, and in suppressing the daring outrages of the ringleaders of an enraged and impious populace, who have the effrontery to nickname themselves Catholics and Irishmen. It would not be unworthy the most sainted Prelate that ever lived to have his name handed down to posterity associated with the names of the venerable martyrs, Primate Plunkett of Ireland, and Cardinal Fisher of England; neither will it be considered by Doctor FRASER a small tribute of respect to his memory, to

have his name associated with the Bishops Hughes of Gibraltar and New York, in combatting the attacks made upon their sacred characters by men the most infamous of the human race, and in supporting with them the rights and privileges of the Church of God. The Priests of Nova Scotia, and thousands of its inhabitants, are certain that sooner than allow any such encroachment or infringement, Doctor FRASER, like another Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, would suffer martyrdom, and permit his brains to be dashed out sooner than allow it.

Irishmen delight in reading the ecclesiastical history of their country, and tracing up every circumstance connected with it to the days of St. Patrick. It gives them particular delight to read the lives of the first Bishops of the different Sees, and the uninterrupted succession of Bishops in each See not only to the coming of the English, A. D., 1171, but also from that period to the time of the Reformation, to be found in Ware's and Harris's *Lives of the Bishops of the Irish Church*. But of all things, they take a particular interest in the history of the Irish Church from the period of the Reformation to the present day. So far from being offended with meeting the name of an Italian Primate of Ireland, or a French or Spanish Archbishop of Dublin in the history of Ireland, they feel particularly pleased at its recurrence, and evince the greatest anxiety, not only to know the particular circumstances of his life, but what cause occasioned him to be appointed to an Irish Bishoprick. They gladly throw a curtain over the conduct of Doctor George Brown, the first reformed Archbishop of Dublin, of Doctor Hugh Curwin, his successor, who also reformed in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and their three associates, Doctors Edward Staples of Meath, Lancaster of Leighlin, and Traverse of Ferns; and while they thank God that they were not Irishmen by birth, seem more anxious to drop a tear over their lamented fall than to censure their conduct. It gives them peculiar but melancholy delight to read the lives of Dermot M'Hurly, Archbishop of Cashel, cruelly martyred for not resigning his archiepiscopal jurisdiction and receiving it from Queen Elizabeth, of Doctors Kelly and of Doran, one Bishop of Killalla, the other of Down and Connor, who suffered most cruel deaths with all the constancy of martyrs for the same cause. The long confinement of the most Reverend Doctor M'Creagh, Primate of all Ireland, is read with wonder and astonishment.—It is recorded of him that after suffering twenty years imprisonment in the Tower of London, for the same cause, he was subsequently poisoned;—while the celebrated

Irish ecclesiastical Historian, Doctor Burke, in his *Hibernia Dominicana*, tells us that during Queen Elizabeth's reign, fourteen Irish Bishops died in exile—some after having been dreadfully tortured on the rack before they left the country. Irishmen read with melancholy pleasure the conversation of King James the first, of England with Doctor Andrew Knox, first Bishop of the Orkney Islands, and afterwards Bishop of Raphoe,—the Bishop requests of King James permission to exercise greater rigour than that hitherto used even in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and assures him that it will have its effect in reforming the Irish people; to which the King replied, "My Knox, the task is a most difficult one—if it were not, how is it that for seventy years England has laboured in vain to attain that end? However, try what you can do, and believe me I shall remain your friend."

Two things are now certain—that England, until the days of King James, could do nothing in reforming Ireland; and it is also certain that Doctor Knox did not succeed in attaining the object of his mission. During the latter end of the reign of King James the first and at the commencement of the reign of Charles the first all the Irish Sees are filled up. The Archbishops of Ireland in the days of King Charles the First were Doctor Hugh O'Reilly, Primate of Ireland, and Archbishop of Ardmagh, Doctor Thomas Fleming, Archbishop of Dublin, Doctor Thomas Walsh, Archbishop of Cashel, and Doctor Boetius M'Egan, Archbishop of Tuam. During the wars of Cromwell eleven Bishops are said to be martyred. Doctor Matthews, the learned Bishop of Clogher, was hanged with the reins of Cromwell's horse—no rope or halter being convenient, and its being considered a work of the greatest importance to be on the spot put into execution. During the reign of Charles the Second all the Sees are again filled up. Charles the Second had the misfortune to sign the death-warrant of Doctor Oliver Plunkett, Primate of all Ireland, and never forgave himself. During the reign of King James the Second it is needless to say that Ireland was Catholic. After the Battle of the Boyne, 1790, the Bishops were obliged for a time to betake themselves to the *locis refugii*, or to quit the kingdom; while in the year of our Lord 1715 we find almost almost all the Dioceses again supplied with Bishops, as at the present day.

It is then evident that the Irish people, on the authority of King James, did not reform the first seventy years. The immense sums raised by Charles the First and Charles the Second by way of subsidies, generally termed "recusant

money," prove that they did not abandon the ancient faith during the seventeenth century. (See Doctor Curry's *History of the Wars of Ireland*, Plowden's *History of Ireland*, &c. &c.) And I think a man would have strong faith who would visit Ireland and see her Catholic millions, and say she abandoned it during the last century. The old Irish people whom we saw ourselves, took delight in telling us how Doctor Plunkett, Bishop of Ardagh, perished of hunger in the woods; how Dr. Gahagan, Bishop of Kildare, lived in the huts of the poor cottagers; how his predecessor, Doctor Leverous, of the same diocese, taught school, and passed for a poor schoolmaster.—It was he, on the authority of Harris, who preserved the then only existing heir of the now Duke of Leinster family, six of his uncles having been executed. With delight our grandparents, now no more, and who have died since the commencement of this century, have showed us the rocks and fields in which they heard mass before the rising sun in their early days, and told us of the good Protestant families who protected the Priests, and who used to aid in disguising them. Of the many little pranks they paid off when a Priest-catcher made his appearance in the country. Although only the same price was set on the head of a Priest and the head of a wolf by law, large sums were given for their arrest. Sometimes the good Protestants would ask the Priest-catcher how much would he give them for the body of a Priest, and they would shew him where there was one, and, when they got the money, they brought him to the grave where one or more Priests were interred; and how, if he asked to get his money back, threatened to cudgel him with a good stick or otherwise abuse him. Although these good old stories lost all the graces of novelty, being so oftentimes told by talkative old age, they did not fail to produce excellent effects—an intercourse of good fellowship between the Catholics and the descendants of these Protestants who in the days of persecution protected their clergy. It also inspired that love for the ancient religion which so manifestly displayed itself on a late occasion at Dublin,—when a solemn High Mass was chaunted in the Cathedral Church of Dublin, to give glory to God for the triumph of liberal principles in the election of a Catholic Lord Mayor—the first, it might be said since the Reformation. On this occasion his Grace the Archbishop assisted in splendid Pontificals and chaunted the Gospel; while Doctor Miley pronounced a glowing eulogium on the inviolable attachment of the Irish to the ancient faith under the severest trials and most dreadful persecutions recorded in history since the days of Nero Cali-

gula or Vespasian ; while if anything could interrupt their feelings, it was the conduct of Irishmen in the Colonies who are now beginning to occupy the places once held by the Pharaohs, Antiochuses, Herods, Heliogabolises, Clodiuses, Dyonisius, &c. and seem to vie with them in devising plans to persecute the Catholic clergy and church. Gibraltar, New York, and the capital of Nova Scotia furnish themes for lamentation and regret.

"But its all for the love of Religion." In the name of wonder what love of religion could men have who knowingly and willingly slander and villify the Bishop's character? Such love for religion as certain persons have had for their country, when in order to serve it by disposing of the superabundant population, they shot the poor peasantry like dogs, and declaring at the same time that nothing was so beneficial to health as a little salutary blood-letting ! Love of Religion causes them to persecute the Bishop!—and this is believed in the capital of Nova Scotia !! In the country, they say it is the effect of party spirit and hate growing out of the late elections, because the Bishop did not dance attendance on the wishes and caprices of certain individuals. Others say that it has been occasioned in consequence of an ill will towards the Bishop for making certain laws relative to Catholic Marriages for the real benefit of religion, but which have not met with the approbation of certain high up folks, who, although they have no objection to join in a Rosary themselves, or to read their beads, have no anxiety to hear their little grand-children lisping an *Ave Maria* or a *Salve Regina Cæli* ; and on this point the motives of the Irish and Scotch Catholics in different parts of the country are decided, while the Cits are considered by them the dupes of hypocritical and designing men, *alias* Love of Religion men. Other people say it is the effect—and, in all probability, with no small share of truth on their side—of consummate ignorance and total indifference to their duty as men or christians, and the worse than Satanic pride of ill-bred upstarts.

What love of Religion could the man have who would openly assert, on the authority of a Priest whom he named, at a public meeting, with tears in his eyes, that the Bishop ordered the ecclesiastical gowns off the Irish Students to put them on the Scotch Students, who were only fit for the plough; while the Reverend gentleman alluded to, two Sundays afterwards, contradicted the statement publicly in the Chapel, and denied that he or the Bishop ever said so !

I suppose, for the good of Religion, we must believe that

each of these gentlemen told the truth; although the logical axiom says, "When two propositions contradict each other only one can be true." Indeed for the good of Religion and the honor of old Ireland, we could wish to give this affair what, in the language of Schoolmen, is called a *transeal*.

The liar, however, on this occasion, whether he wears the black robe of a Lawyer or the Priestly cassock, is to be found between the Bar of the Court House and the Altar in the Temple of the living God. Our Catechism says, "No motive whatever can excuse a lie;" and St. Augustine says that "a venial sin should not be committed for the entire world." Perhaps "Love-of-Religion" men hold it as one of their doctrines that it is no harm to tell a lie for the love of Religion, and that on such an occasion no attention is to be paid to the words of Holy Writ which says, "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."

As for Students and Priests being only fit for the plough, that is an old, hackneyed, and threadbare imputation—well worthy of being uttered by a descendant of an old Drummer or Fifer in the wars of Cromwell, and not too good to proceed from the lips of a "Love-of-Religion man." I am sure that the son of an Irish or Scotch Ploughman is as fit for the church as the descendants of the Butlers, the Butchers, the Kitchen Scullions, the Smackwells—now termed Maxwells, (see Doctor Doyle's Letter to Barry Maxwell, *alias* Lord Farnham)—of a Court any day. Dean Swift would throw no reflection on Irishmen or Scotchmen for being ploughmen or the sons of such; for when the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland wished to see the original inhabitants of Ireland, he conducted him down to the Coal Quays, and called out "O'Connor, O'Rourke, O'Neil, M'Dermott, M'Laughlin," &c. &c; on their answering their names, he said, "There are the descendants of the Kings and Princes of Ireland."

The Scotch Students, Priests and Bishops are taken from the same walks of life that the Irish Students, Priests and Bishops are taken. They glory in being descended from Milesius, son of Heber, King of Spain, and of the successive Kings and Princes of Ireland; while Scotchmen boast their descent from the same Heber, and from King Donald, the first christian king of Scotland, and rejoice to be considered sons of King Donald, (M'Donald signifying the son of Donald.) They also vaunt of their being descended of the Highland Chiefs, and ancient clans of Scotland, and laugh to scorn the man who, taking advantage of their now humble occupations as ploughmen or agriculturists, would dare to

tamper with their claims to royalty and ancient greatness. In former days christians were considered as only worthy of being devoured by lions and other wild beasts : in our days of modern refinement the descendants of one of the most ancient christian nations in the world are no longer considered fit for the Church, and are consigned by the would-be-ecclesiastical despots of the day to the plough. This ungenerous aspersion levelled at the humble parentage of the Scottish and Irish youths, aspirants to Holy Orders, could be flung with equal force and truth on the proudest coronets of Great Britain, if we can believe Lodge's *Peevage*, and the best works on modern Biography ; for among them are men found not the least distinguished for anti-Catholic hate and rancour, the immediate descendants of Weavers, Portrait Painters, Blacksmiths, Fishmongers, and Row-de-dow men. The greatest statesmen and warriors that ever lived were of humble parentage. Was not Oliver Cromwell in his early days, a poor Brewer ? Was not Buonaparte the son of an humble lawyer in Corsica ? while we find the celebrated Catharine of Russia raised from the humble occupation of a bar-maid to the dignity of an Empress. In the Church we find Pope Adrian, who handed us over to the tender mercies of the English, the son of an English labourer, Cardinal Woolsey, Prime Minister of England in the days of Henry the Eighth, whom Shakspeare calls " a Butcher's Cur," the son of a Butcher at Ipswich ? Was not Pope Sixtus Quintus the son of a Swine-herd ?—This is the Sixtus Quintus of whom Henry the Fourth of France jocosely said, " There are only three great men in the world—Pope Sixtus Quintus, Queen Elizabeth and myself ;" while the reply of the celebrated orator and Bishop Flechier, who was the son of a Tallow chandler, to the Cardinal Prince and Archbishop of Besancon, who reflected on his birth by asking him how did it come to pass that he, who was only the son of a Tallow-chandler, should express an opinion on a Theological subject different from his, who was born a Prince, to which Flechier replied, " If you were the son of my father instead of being an Archbishop, you would be now dipping candles !"

The children of humble but honest parentage should not be discouraged from aspiring to the highest honor, either in Church or State. The young men, of Scottish extraction, after being consigned to the plough, called on their way home, to the writer of these lines, and, although he has seen thousands of students, he solemnly protests that he never knew nicer behaved, more modest, or better conducted young men. He even thinks that in Propaganda, where he has been, and

where forty-two different languages were spoken, a better selection could not be made for the Priesthood. It is true that they may not know how to make a most magnificent bow on entering a drawing room, or to dress themselves in first rate dandy fashion; it is also true that they may not know how to bedimble their faces with fascinating smiles, well practised at the looking glass, and that they are totally ignorant of the newest and most approved modes of setting wife-traps; but this deficiency is supplied by an honesty and integrity of heart, a soundness of judgment, and a dignified simplicity of manners which he trusts, at a future day, will render them an ornament and credit to the Church of God. He is sure and trusts, that not only their own Bishop, but the Bishop of Quebec, and the Superiors of his Seminary will be of the same opinion. Wishing them every blessing, long life, health and prosperity, the writer begs of them to recollect, when they exchange the ploughshare of the Agriculturist for that of the Gospel, frequently to think of the words of Saint James—"If any man putteth his hand to the ploughshare of the gospel and looketh behind him, he is not fit for the kingdom of God."

I have written much more than I at first intended, and trust that although the Schismatics from the Church of Rome in the Capital of Nova Scotia, commonly known by the name of "Love-of-Religion men," will pay no attention to it, it is anxiously hoped that others will look to themselves in time, and merit by their conduct on the occasion a just claim to the character of true-born Irishmen attached to their ancient creed and country.

I am, dear sir, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

SIR,—

THE conduct of certain individuals of a certain City to the venerable Bishop of this Diocese has afforded subject matter of deep-felt consideration, and of serious investigation to many thinking persons, well disposed to the Catho-

lic religion in this part of the country. In fact they have come to the conclusion, "that the persons alluded to are totally ignorant not only of the nature of the episcopal character and the character of the Bishop himself whom they seem so anxious to criminate, but also of their duties and the station they should hold relatively to the Episcopal character."

All well instructed Catholics hold that the Bishop, as successor to the Apostles, succeeds as lawful heir to all the powers which Christ had conferred upon them, when he said, after he changed bread into his body, to be broken for them, and wine into his blood of the New Testament to be spilled for many to the remission of their sins, "As often as you do these things ye shall do them in commemoration of me." Catholics admit that the powers which Christ conferred on his Apostles when he breathed on them and said, "Receive you the Holy Ghost,—whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins you shall retain they shall be retained," are still handed down in the church through the means of the sacrament of Holy Orders of which the Holy Order of Episcopacy forms a distinct sacrament. They also hold that the Bishops of the Catholic Church succeed to the mission and powers of the first Apostles by valid and lawful consecration; and also to the powers which Christ conferred on his Apostles when he said, "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth: go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe whatever I have commanded you, and behold I shall be with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." These powers were not only conferred by Jesus Christ himself on the first Apostles, but by them conferred upon others whom the Holy Ghost had ordered to be separated unto him: "And as they were ministering unto the Lord, and fasting, the Holy Ghost said, 'Separate unto me Saul and Barnabas for the work whereunto I have taken them.' Then they, fasting and praying and imposing their hands upon them, sent them away. So that they being sent by the Holy Ghost went into Seleucia," &c.—(Acts, 13 chap.). It was the conviction on the mind of St. Paul that by this holy ceremony he inherited the apostolical powers that caused him to proclaim himself an Apostle, a Preacher, and teacher to the Gentiles. Yes, it was this conviction that caused him to say of the consecrated elements of bread and wine, "The chalice of benediction, which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ?—and the bread which we break, is it not the

partaking of the body of Christ?" And, again, "Let a man try himself, and so eat of this bread and drink of this cup; for he who eateth or drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself—not discerning the body of the Lord." St. Paul not only received these powers himself but conferred them upon others: "Neglect not the grace that is in thee—that was given thee by prophecy and the imposition of the hands of the Priesthood."—*Tim.* 1 Epis., 4 chap.; and, again—1 chap. 2 Epis.—"I admonish thee to stir up the grace that is in thee by the imposition of hands. At another time he tells him to impose hands rashly on no person;" and, writing to Titus—1 Epis. 1 chap.—"For this I left thee in Crete—to ordain Priests to all the cities as I have appointed thee." It was the conviction on the mind of St. Paul, with regard to every Priest possessing apostolical powers, that caused him, writing to the Hebrews, to say—"Every High Priest taken from among men is ordained by men in the things that appertain to God, to offer gifts and sacrifice for men;" and again, Heb. 13 chap.—"We have an altar of which they cannot eat who serve the tabernacles."

Not only do we find the Apostles themselves receiving the apostolical powers from Jesus Christ, and then handing down these powers to their immediate successors, but these successors consecrating and appointing Bishops. Thus, St. Ironeus tells us, that Linus and Clement were consecrated Bishops of the See of Rome by St. Peter and St. Paul; while Eusebius and other ancient monuments inform us that St. Mark was first Bishop of Alexandria, and was succeeded by Anianus, &c. &c., and thus from the days of the Apostles down to our days we have a constant succession of validly and lawfully ordained pastors, possessing the apostolical powers, and lawful heirs and inheritors of those powers. Not only does the Church of Rome hold their doctrine, but the Church of England and the Episcopalian Church of the United States of America, and seem as anxious as we are to support and to maintain this doctrine for us.

The Church of England holds and maintains that, at the time of the Reformation, the apostolical powers were handed down from the ancient Catholic Bishops who possessed them to the newly reformed Bishops, through the connecting link of a validly, at least, consecrated Bishop Doctor Barlow, who consecrated Doctor Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury in the days of Queen Elizabeth, from whom all the rest of the reformed Bishops derive their apostolical powers; and although Catholic Divines have demanded repeatedly when, and where,

and by whom Doctor Barlow was consecrated, never have the Church of England Bishop been found to deny the necessity of having these powers handed down from, or that they exist in the Catholic Church. Although Catholics have disputed the authenticity of Parker's consecration in Lambeth Palace, and have asked who were present on the occasion, and what is the reason that the registry of his consecration could not be produced for forty years after it was said to have taken place: although Catholics constantly object to the members of the Church of England that Queen Elizabeth was obliged to supply, by her royal authority, whatever was deficient in the ordaining of Deacons, Priests, and Bishops—which evidently shews that at that time a deficiency was admitted to exist: although the Church of England admits the validity of the ordinations and consecrations of the Church of Rome, while the Church of Rome rejects those of the Church of England—ordaining absolutely and not conditionally the Ministers who return to her fold—and cite lengthened passages from the learned Le Brun—one of the most able writers on the liturgies of the different churches—who does not hesitate to state that the learned writers who have written in favor of, or against, the validity of the consecrations of the Church of England have caused interminable litigations on that head: although a high authority of the Catholic Church, now no more, is said, when he was asked his opinion with regard to Anglican ordinations, to have replied, “Nothing is certain but the certainty of the uncertainty of the certainty of these ordinations: notwithstanding all this, still the Church of England has never denied our claims to these powers or that the validly and lawfully ordained Bishops of the Catholic Church are heirs to the Apostolical powers. Nay, on their claims to the Apostolical succession of Parker, through Barlow, (whom they assert to be a validly consecrated Bishop,) they do not hesitate, in their form of ordering Priests, to say—the Bishop laying his hands on him who receiveth the order of the Priesthood—“Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a Priest in the Church of God, now committed to thee by the imposition of our hands; whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven and whose sins thou dost retain they are retained; and be thou a faithful dispenser of the word of God, and of the Holy Sacraments. In the name of the Father,” &c; and again, at the consecration of a Bishop, the presiding Bishop and Bishops present, laying their hands on the head of the Bishop elect, the presiding Bishop says, “Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a Bishop in the Church of

God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.—Amen. And be sure to stir up in thee the grace that is given thee by the imposition of our hands; for God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, of love and soberness."

If, then, not only the Catholic Church holds that her Bishops possess the apostolical powers, but even the Church of England exercises these powers, which she claims to have derived in the person of the first consecrated reformed Bishop Parker, through Barlow, from the ancient Catholic Bishops, as absolutely and with as great a degree of certainty as to her possessing them, as if no doubt or difficulty had ever arisen on that head; if, then, the Church of England admits these powers to exist in the Church of Rome, and claims from her the tradition of them, although disputed, how much more so should not Catholics admit and acknowledge these powers, where no dispute or doubt exists on the minds either of Catholics or Church of England men with regard to her possessing them? Is it not, then, evident that if Catholics do not admit these powers, or act as if they do not admit their existence—as they have done of late in a certain city—that they do not know or are not acquainted with the nature of those powers which our beloved and venerated Prelate possesses as successor to the Apostles on the most indubitable and indisputable titles?

They must also be ignorant of the Bishop's character, which in itself forms an epitome of all the virtues which our beloved and venerated Prelate possesses, and which, according to St. Paul, should adorn a Bishop's character. He is chaste, prudent, hospitable, &c. He is more perfect than even St. Paul seems to demand, for St. Paul says, a Bishop should be the husband of one wife, but our Bishop is like St. Paul himself, and, as St. Paul recommends all men to be unmarried, he has no wife. His charities and his labours as a Parochial clergyman know no bounds. His character as a man, abstracting from his episcopal character, may be given in the words of the Poet—

"He is the noblest work of God—an honest man."

Nay, the writer of these lines would pledge his life for it tomorrow, that in Nova Scotia a character so depraved would not be found, for any sum that might be offered him, as to impeach the Bishop's character with anything like a serious offence; although, in the days of St. Athanasius, persons were found to accuse the sainted Prelate with murder, and to pro-

duce, as it were, the hand of the murdered man to corroborate their evidence;—although the jailor's daughter, m. Dioghe's, was found to accept a large sum of money to accuse the venerable Primate of Ireland, Doctor M'Creagh, who would not admit the spiritual supremacy of Queen Elizabeth or accept of ecclesiastical jurisdiction at her hands, with a heinous offence, no sooner was she brought into court to give evidence against him and beheld his saintly and apostolical countenance, than she fell down before him, and confessed her guilt;—although an Anna M'Garaher might have been found of late days to impeach with similar guilt Ireland's greatest champion in the field of religious controversy, and who was proved to be not only a perjurer but worse—the great O'Connell repeating on the occasion the memorable words of Shakspeare—"There are three things not to be depended upon—the tames of a wolfe, the soundness of a horse, or the oath of a prostitute;"—still it is positively asserted that no individual in all Nova Scotia could be found to appear in the public courts to impeach the venerable Bishop of this Diocese with the smallest offence. They know too well the exalted worth and character of the venerable Prelate and the estimate set upon it in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton to attempt it. And were the person who pens these lines to form an opinion of the sentiments of the judicial bench with regard to our Prelate from the sentiments lately expressed in his presence by one of the most enlightened and distinguished for reputation of that body, great indeed would be the hardihood and matchless the effrontery of him who would undertake to discharge the odious task.

But a Priest has been found to do so, and is on his way to "the head of all the churches" to perpetrate the unhallowed act of falsely criminating his Bishop. We all know that fact. Who is ignorant of it? But is it not also true that many a man dug a pit for another and fell into it himself? The accusation will do credit to the Bishop at the Court of Rome: it will shew that he knows the canons of the Church with regard to episcopal jurisdiction and observes them; and that he will not let Priest or Laymen infringe on his prerogatives as Bishop, by dividing Parishes themselves and appointing Parish Priests.

The good gentleman is gone, no doubt, to "the head of all the Churches," but not until he sets the Parishioners in a flame, leaving themselves to put it out while they wait in vain for his return, like the fool sitting on the banks of a river waiting for the waters to flow by until he would pass over to the opposite bank.

"But we will not let the odium of accusing the Bishop of what he is not guilty fall upon one man. We will share the disgrace with him.—We will imitate the conduct of certain Grand Jurymen in a county town of the old country, who, when the high sheriff could get no person to discharge the office of hangman, all of them took hold of the rope and put it about the man's neck, and shared with him the disgrace. We will all in a body share the odium of villifying the Bishop's character, and prevent one person of being solely accountable for it."

But was not the Sheriff called a hangman, and the twelve Grand Jurymen twelve hangmen, and their children pointed out to this day as the descendants of hangmen? Take care that if you all discharge the disreputable office of Priest-catchers or Bishop-catchers, you do not be branded with the odious appellation expressive of your crime, and that your children's children be not pointed at as the descendants of the first inheritors of the ignominious cognomen.

The people who have claimed to themselves the exercise of episcopal powers, and who have attempted to villify the Bishop's character, are not acquainted with the nature of the episcopal character or the respect due to it. The Catholic Church is a spiritual kingdom established by Jesus Christ, possessing a spiritual independence with which she does not allow Emperors or Kings to interfere—telling them that Christ never said to them "Go teach all nations," &c., but to the Apostles and their successors. She also holds that the ecclesiastical authority resides in a body of pastors established by Jesus Christ, which she terms the Church teaching—the episcopal body united to its chief, the Roman Pontiff. The Bishops are appointed to govern the different portions of the Church of God; and not the people; and each Bishop could now exclaim, in the words of St Paul, with as truth as St. Paul himself, "For Christ, therefore we are ambassadors; God, as it were, exhorting by us."—11 Cor. 5 chap. But do we not read in ecclesiastical history that the people at different periods of the church, named their own Pastors? Yes, we do; but always with the consent, approbation, and confirmation of the Bishop. It never was insisted upon as a right by the people to nominate their pastors: it was a request on their part acceded to by the Bishop; and it is even certain that if the persons who have so unfortunately distinguished themselves for a spirit of revolt against their Bishop had waited for the natural demise of their present most excellent Pastor, or until Divine Providence, in its all wise and adorable

decrees should dispose of him otherwise, and then applied to the Bishop he would willingly and cheerfully accede to their wishes and nominate the person whom they so anxiously desired. But as things now stand, they have nothing to do but lay down the arms of revolt against the episcopal authority, and to trust to the Bishop's clemency, and not to his justice. It would be desirable that these misguided people would read the fate of Core, Dathan and Abiron, and two hundred and fifty of their adherents who obtruded themselves in the sanctuary of the Lord and usurped the right of discharging the Priestly functions—the earth broke asunder under their feet, and opening her mouth, devoured them, and they went down alive into hell, and the earth closed upon them. Oza, for only touching the Ark, was struck dead upon the spot; and King Jeroboam (3d Book of Kings, chap. 13,) only stretches out his hand to lay hold of a prophet of the living God, and his hand fell shrivelled by his side. They would do well to read again and again St. Luke, chap. 10, and Matthew, chap. 10, and contemplate the sad fate of those persons who would not receive an Apostles, and reflect on what must be the punishment of those who persecute and calumniate them.

The Church during the approaching season of Lent, makes use of these words in the Post-communion of the Mass—*"Humiliate capita vestra Deo,"* &c.—*"Bow down your heads to God, and encourage your children—after the manner of the Ninivites of old—to do penance sitting in sackcloth and ashes."*—Would it be too much to expect that the persons who have usurped the discharge of the office of a more sacred ministry than that of the old law—who have touched, with profane intentions, that which is more sacred than the ark of the covenant, the depository of the episcopal power—who have stretched out their hands, not to arrest but to assassinate the character, not of a Prophet, but of a High Priest of the New Law, and who have not only refused to him but sought to deprive him of his high office; would it be too much to expect that they would bow down their necks to the Lord, and by fastig and prayer—sitting in sackcloth and ashes like the Ninivites of old—mourn over the threatened calamities to themselves and families to be anticipated from these words—*"Better for Sodom and Gomorrha on the day of judgment than for these cities who do not receive you."*?

That Irish Catholics and the descendants of Irish Catholics in Nova Scotia, would imitate the example of their ancestors and countrymen at home in respecting and venerating the episcopal character, and that, like them, they would abstain

from interfering and intermeddling in what solely concerns episcopal jurisdiction, is the sincere wish of

Yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

SIR,—

I perceive by the latest accounts from the Capital of this Province that much good has already been achieved by the letters which you, with the characteristic independence of your country, had the manliness to insert in your public journal.

Many of the people have confessed, on reading them, that until then they did not know what they had done when they opposed the Bishop's ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and that sooner than form a schism in the church, or be reputed schismatics, they would willingly suffer the loss of all they possess. Many of the poor people thought, that in order to form a schism with the Church of Rome, change of rites and ceremonies was at least necessary. On this point they have been most grossly deceived; for the best ecclesiastical historians inform us "that during the life-time of Henry the Eighth no change took place in the rites and ceremonies in the Church of England," and that only a few words, on the authority of the great Le Brun, are found in the Litanies to denote a schism, namely "From the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome and all his detestable errors, good Lord deliver us:" and still England was pronounced and deemed a schismatical church by the Church of Rome for the space of fourteen years before the death of Henry the Eighth. It is true that the Greek Schismatics differ only in rites and ceremonies and want of due obedience to the papal authority from the Church of Rome, but the Priest who, on his own authority, would either omit the received usages or ceremonies of the Roman ritual and introduce new forms of worship, and persist in them, after due notice from the Bishop, would be most justly considered a Schismatick.

Some of the poor people are sincere penitents ; others, although externally they appear most penitent, are suspected for a want of sincerity ; and it supposed by many that their manifestation of contrition proceeds from the conviction of their cause being hopeless and ruined, than from a truly contrite and penitent heart. In the hope of doing these last mentioned personages an essential service, I will ask them, as if present, a few questions—and in their name reply to them—which I trust will be attended with the most beneficial results.

My good friends, would you—or men of your humble rank and station in society—if you were at home in Ireland, presume to obtrude yourselves into the apartments or notice of your Bishop, by attempting to dictate to him how he should govern his Diocese? Would you undertake to dictate to him how he should divide the parishes of his Diocese, or the persons he should appoint as Parish Priests? Neither would you, I am confident, be so rash as to tell him that no person should be promoted to Holy Orders without first obtaining your approbation? I am sure that, so far from attempting such a thing, a remote thought of it would not enter your minds ; and if you did, such conduct would be without a precedent. My opinion is, that were you to attempt to dictate to a Bishop at home, he would tell you, in a grave and very solemn tone of voice, “ My good friends, I never interfere with your business, why should you interfere with mine ? ”—It has been oftentimes remarked by men the most observant on these matters that they who are aptest to interfere in other men’s business are frequently very liable to forget their own.—Go home, therefore and mind your own business, and let me mind mine.” I do not say that at the end of the staircase you should have reason to think that you got a broad hint to be off, but, most assuredly, you would not be treated with the same degree of facetiousness with which Dean Swift is said to have treated a certain Knight of the Thimble, who came to controvert certain passages of the Apocalypse with him.—The Dean, anxious no doubt to get rid, if not of a dangerous rival, at least of a very troublesome one, asked him did he ever read of the Angel in the Apocalypse with one foot in the sea and the other on dry land, and whose head touched the heavens, to which he replied, “ To be sure I did.” “ Will you be so kind as to tell me how many yards of cloth it would take to make a certain article of dress for that angel which I shall term ‘ inexpressibles ? ’ ” asked the Dean. “ To which the good-natured fellow replied, “ I cannot tell.” “ Go home then,” said the Dean,

"and learn your own trade first, and then come back and teach me mine."

"Indeed, sir, we must confess, that at home we would not take the liberties with a Bishop we have taken with Doctor Fraser. We have been there taught to know better things than to attempt to dictate to, much less to command a Bishop."

And why, then, take such liberties with the Bishop of Nova Scotia? Does he not possess the episcopal character as well as they do? Is he not their equal in all respects—equally learned, pious and charitable as they are?—indeed, if we can believe those who are judges on such subjects, he yields not a whit to any of them. Why, then, did you treat him as you have done?

"We thought, indeed, we could gain our ends without any difficulty or our wicked designs been discovered; and now, that we have lost all hopes of succeeding, we are very sorry for what we have done."

If these be your apologies they do you no credit any how. One is the apology of a convicted thief, who will tell you, if you ask him why he committed the robbery for which he is condemned, "I thought I would not be detected;" the other reply brings to our minds the words of the celebrated French assassin Cartouche, who, on being sentenced to be broken on the wheel, deplored and lamented the last murder he committed. Upon being asked why he lamented so much the last murder and shewed so much indifference to the other murders, he replied, "For the last do you not see me condemned to die a most frightful and cruel death?"

"But, sure, the great gentleman backed us, and urged us on to what we have done."

Did you ever hear of the gentlemen in the the old country insulting a Bishop or a Priest?—and if you did, please tell me when and where? You will admit, no doubt, that Lord Falkland is a gentleman of the highest standing in society—a gentleman by birth, family and fortune—and no doubt you have been informed of the dignified and courteous manner he treated all the Catholic Bishops that visited the capital during the past year. George the Fourth, of England, was considered one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his day, and no doubt you heard how he received the Catholic Bishops during his visit to Ireland in 1821; and perhaps (although it is not supposed a matter of fact,) that you have read Eustace's Tour in Italy; still you might have heard how the same King, when Prince of Wales, visited Rome, and, like all distinguished

was introduced to the reigning Pontiff, Clement the Fourteenth, known from his writings by the name of "Pope Gan-genelli." All preparations were made to receive so distinguished a visitor; the Pope was solicited to dispense with the oriental ceremony of kissing the cross on his slipper, which was immediately acceded to. The young Prince was informed of the arrangements, but positively insisted that he would not dispense with any of the ceremonies, particularly that of kissing the cross on the slipper. On being introduced to the Pope he fell on his knees and went through the usual ceremonies; the young Duke of Buckingham, who was present, remained standing and looked sternly at the ceremony going on, when the Prince perceived it, and told him to go on his knees. The Pope perceived the embarrassment occasioned between a reluctance to comply with the Prince's wishes and a fear to disobey them, and immediately afforded him an opportunity of honorably releasing himself from his difficult position, saying to him in a most paternal manner—"Go on your knees, my child, and receive my blessing—an old man's blessing can do you no harm." The young Duke immediately complied; and both the Prince and Duke left the Pope's apartment highly pleased and delighted with each other.

See, then, that not only Catholics but persons of the highest birth, and Protestants, have been taught and have paid the greatest deference to the dignitaries of the Catholic Church, which you not only refuse to pay but even insult, and, as much as in your power lies, endeavour to trample under foot.

You have, no doubt, heard of two unfortunate Clubs that were within the last century in existence in Ireland—one named the "Hell-fire Club," the other the "Connaught Blazers." The members of these societies, so distinguished for their courage and recklessness of life, were of the first families and the highest blood in Ireland. It is true that they were not distinguished either for piety or sanctity—for their names savour of the reverse—but still there was a law amongst them, depraved as we have been told they were, "That no person should insult a Priest or Clergyman of any description;" as they could not have what is termed gentlemanly satisfaction—their hands being bound. It is also said that if any one did so he was expelled from the society, and if he attempted to obtrude himself again, received the contents of the dog-lash—now-a-days termed, by sporting gentlemen, a flogger. Many instances of their love for the Catholic Priesthood are recorded—and it is even related that duels were fought by some of them with some of their near relations merely on

account of their claiming it as a right to have it in their power to show how much more than others they patronized and protected the Catholics and Catholic Institutions ; but, at any rate, one thing must be indisputably admitted—that they were gentlemen of the noblest blood in the old country, pretended to no religion, and still they loved, protected, and fostered the Catholic people and Clergy—while your great gentlemen of low blood or no blood, as they are, profess to much religion—being all “Love-of-Religion men”—harrass not only the second order of the Clergy, but the head of the Catholic Church of Nova Scotia, the Bishop himself.

“But, sure you know we were poor people in the old country. We were in the habit of doffing our hats to every village tyrant, and saying to him, “Please your honor,”—a phrase as servile as “Massa” in the mouth of a colored man ; and sure when such great men came to our houses, and seemed to put the care of their souls into our very pockets, we could not but feel proud and complimented. We are sure our poor mothers, when they rocked us in the cradle, never thought that we would be so honored before our death as being noticed by such great gentlemen.”

I admit all you say. Every word of it, I must confess, is in perfect accordance with truth. But that does not justify your attack on the Bishop.

“We thought that the great gentlemen we so much honored and feared should and ought to be honored by the Bishop too, and that, if he would not do so, the blame should not be laid at our doors. Neither did we think that Scotchmen were such people as we now know them to be, or we would not for the world act as we have done.”

Know, then, that Scotchmen are not only great people now but always were ; and that the Romans of old who conquered—it might be said—the world, could not conquer them ; though they endeavoured, by running or building a wall between the River Tyne and Eden, in Cumberlandshire, and between Forth and Clyde, to keep them out of their British possessions. How then could you, a race of poor, servile, and enslaved people think to frighten the Bishop and the descendants of such warlike heroes ?

“The gentlemen told us we could do so, and we wished to appear very great in the eyes of the world at large, particularly of our poor friends at home, who, if they heard we could dispose and make Bishops at our will and pleasure, would imagine that we could fight windmills, and that we were greater than kings.”

You have been greatly deceived. These "great gentlemen" thought to make cat's paw's of you, to make you believe that it was a love of religion caused them to oppose the Bishop, when it was nothing but spite and malice arising out of elections, and from the salutary laws made by the Bishop to prevent the Catholic Religion of passing out of certain families, who, although they did not wish to forsake it themselves, had no desire that their posterity should possess it; and of this truth you could easily be convinced by looking around you, and a little practical observation. My opinion is that your "great gentlemen" have very little religion, if any at all. If they had they would not be so unlike what you call the real or high blooded gentlemen, in the old country, as to have meddled with or molested a Bishop, or any of his Clergy. They may be called "gentlemen," but, in my opinion, they belong to that class of gentlemen the "old gentleman" belongs, and well worthy of being classed with the Messieurs *Chevaliers du grand Chemin*, gentlemen knight's of the King's highway. You read the fable, no doubt, of the ass that clad himself in the lion's skin, and frightened all the beasts of the forest almost out of their lives, but when they discovered that he was an ass he was first belabored and then became an object of ridicule and mockery to them all.—You have clad yourselves with the lion's skin but no one has either feared or dreaded you, and you are now objects of mockery and scorn to all the good Catholics of the Province, and of hatred and contempt to all your poor country people, whom you have thought so much to injure.

But you have spoken ill of the Scotch people, and that behind their backs too.—Very honorable! Now let me ask you if Field-Marshal M'Donald, of distinguished celebrity under Buonaparte, was present, or a regiment or two of Scotch Greys—such as so bravely distinguished themselves on the plains of Waterloo—would you abuse and insult the Scotchmen as you have done?

"Oh, indeed we would not—we know better things than that—for, if we did, we would be cut to pieces on the spot."

Do you not know then, that detraction is one of the greatest crimes you could commit, and considered such by the Catholic Church; and that St. Augustine had these words written in large letters in his refectory—" *Si quis vult absentum rodere amicum absit a mea mensa* :"—

"Who would an absent friend malign
Shall be no guest no friend of mine."

" Indeed we know we have acted very badly, and are sorry for it. We were led into the snare by bad company that calls its members gentlemen; but, we trust, if God forgives us, never to be guilty of the like again, We also thank you most sincerely for the pains you have taken with us.—*Adieu.*"

I am, dear sir, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

[FOR THE ACADIAN RECORDER.]

Messrs. English & Blackadar,

A writer in the *Pictou Observer*, of last week, has asserted that the Catholics of this city "are unanimous in their manifestation of bad feeling and hostility to their Bishop." This, Gentlemen, is a sweeping assertion, and calls for some reply. If the silence, under present circumstances, of the friends in this city of the venerable and highly respected Bishop of Tanen, the Reverend Doctor Fraser, has led the writer in the *Observer* to think so, I hope these few lines will remove such an erroneous impression. The friends of that truly Apostolic Prelate are not disposed to cause any unnecessary excitement; but should it at any future period be necessary that an expression of opinion should be given by the parishioners of St. Mary's, as to his immaculate character, and saintlike virtues, it will be then shewn where the majority is: it will also be then seen that they are what they always have proved to be, (with a few exceptions) a body prepared to bow with christian humility, to the spiritual authority of the Church, and to respect the sanctified office of him "through whom the spirit of the Holy Ghost descends upon them." There are not I am positive, at this moment to be found in this city fifty Catholics who are even disposed to oppose his Lordship's spiritual jurisdiction, or to shew any disrespect to his person or country. It is not necessary for my purpose, at present, however, to enter into any detail of circumstances, to prove to the public, and

to the writer alluded to, that the above remarks are correct. But I send you my name as a guarantee, that I am prepared, at any time, if necessary, to shew that writer, that his charge against the majority of the Catholics of this city, is (I trust on his part unintentionally) unfounded.

VERITAS.

Halifax, February 24th, 1842.

SIR,—

IN reply to the foregoing letter, which appeared in the *Acadian Recorder* of the 26th instant, the writer in the *Pictou Observer* begs leave most respectfully to request of the writer of that letter to call to mind the promises he has made of justifying the Catholics of Halifax from having any act or part in the late scandalous and malevolent attacks against the jurisdiction and episcopal authority of the Right Reverend Doctor Fraser. He even trusts that he will effect his object, notwithstanding the great and almost insurmountable difficulties thrown in his way; for, although he may differ from the writer in the *Pictou Observer* with regard to his opinion of the conduct of the Catholics of Halifax, he respects the manifestation, on his part, of love and respect for the venerated and venerable Bishop. The writer in the *Pictou Observer* trusts, that notwithstanding the following Resolutions—passed at a General Meeting of the Parishioners of St. Mary's, (which includes all the Catholics of Halifax,) held in the School Rooms of the Parish, 14th November, 1841—that VERITAS will gain his point, and prove to the learned world that the Parishioners of Halifax are free from any participation in the wicked doings against the Bishop, and that they not only respect and venerate his character but admire and approve of the manner he administers the spiritual concerns of the Diocese:—

“On motion of the Hon. M. Tobin, senior, seconded by Mr. T. Kenny—

“Resolved, That the Rev. Mr. Dease, on his arrival in Dublin, be requested to place himself in communication with his Grace the Most Reverend Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, and the other dignitaries of our Holy Religion, in

Ireland, and, after a fair, candid, and full statement of our condition and necessities, be guided by their counsel and advice, as to the most effective mode of accomplishing the purpose of submitting to the Holy See the circumstances of this Parish—its requirements, its resources, its wants, and the expedients for our relief; and that such further consideration of our claims be humbly and dutifully solicited as will tend to replace the temporal and spiritual interests of our sacred faith in this country upon a basis of support and improvement commensurate with that love for our Church and desire for its security which has ever characterised the Catholics of this Province.”

The Chairman declining to put the above Resolution from delicacy to his Lordship, and which the Meeting fully appreciated, it was offered by the Secretary, (L. O'Connor Doyle,) and passed unanimously.

“ On motion of Mr. T. Kenny, seconded by Mr. Malony—

“ *Resolved*, That Copies of the proceedings of this Meeting, with the Petition to and answer from the Bishop, and the letter and address to the Rev. Mr. Dease, and the Report of the Committee, be transmitted to his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishops of Quebec, Boston, Montreal, New York, and Charleston, with a request that his Grace and their Lordships will be pleased to exert their interest with the Holy See to remedy the evils of which we complain.” Passed unanimously.

“ On motion of Mr. Thomas Ring, seconded by Mr. R. Cunningham—

“ *Resolved*, That a letter expressive of the obligations we owe to his Grace for the kind interest which he evinced in the selection of the Clergymen which his Lordship sent at our request to this Parish, and of unmingled regret that their situation here has been rendered so uncomfortable as to cause the withdrawal of one, and the possible retirement of the other, be addressed to his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin.” Passed unanimously.

To the third Resolution the writer in the *Pictou Observer* says, it is a downright falsehood that the Archbishop of Dublin sent Clergymen out here at the request of the Parishioners of Halifax, and gives his Grace's letter to Doctor Fraser in corroboration of his statement of this fact—

" DUBLIN, 26th May, 1839.

" My dear Lord,

" I am at length, after various disappointments, enabled to execute the important commission entrusted to me, of sending out to your Lordship's aid two respectable Clergymen.

" When I had the honor of writing to your Lordship on the 28th of last November, I had secured the consent of two, but their vocation was not strong enough to resist the solicitations of their temporal friends to remain nearer home; I have latterly engaged two others—whose services promise to be efficient—the Rev. Richard O'Brien, and the Rev. Laurence Dease; the latter gentleman is a regular, but he has received the consent of his superiors to place himself entirely under your Lordship's jurisdiction. I have divided equally between them the sum of £100, which your Lordship deposited with Messrs. Wright & Co. for that purpose, and they are preparing to sail with the least possible delay.

" I avail myself of this opportunity to assure your Lordship of the very sincere respect with which

" I have the honor to be,

" My dear Lord,

" Most faithfully yours,

✠ D. MURRAY.

" P.S. The Rev. Mr. O'Brien seems well calculated to take charge of the education of youth in the Seminary."

To the Right Rev. Doctor FRASER.

With regard to the motives which have occasioned the silence of the Catholic Parishioners so long on national prejudices the writer in the *Pictou Observer* intends to be silent until he sees VERITAS's reply, which he trusts will be given, not by a decimal fraction of the people—a one seven-thousandth part of the Catholic population—but by a whole number, lack fifty, of the members of the entire body of Catholics, crying out, "Viva Doctor FRASER—long may he live to glorify the Church of Nova Scotia, and to exercise ecclesiastical jurisdiction among us; and down, down for ever with his enemies, the grossly malevolent, stupidly ignorant, and wicked-hearted Schismatics of Halifax." Trusting that Mr. VERITAS will see this letter, and give it an immediate and satisfactory reply, is the sincere wish of

Yours, &c.

A WRITER IN THE PICTOU OBSERVER,

alias

HIBERNICUS.

P. S. The writer in the *Pictou Observer* begs leave to add that after a decision comes from the Court of Rome, or that the news arrives that the subject of complaint has been treated with contempt in that quarter, he will hold no correspondence with VERITAS or his friends ; he will look on them as cowardly soldiers coming into the field after the battle was won or irretrievably lost, and for ever remain confirmed in his opinion of the worthlessness and irreligion of the people of Halifax.

SIR,—

IN my last I mentioned some of the causes urged by the poorer classes of the Irish Catholics of Halifax for joining their more wealthy leaders in their unrighteous attack on the character of the Bishop. Some of these unfortunate delinquents, or rather aggressors on episcopal authority, are true penitents ; others are not so sincere in their demonstrations of contrition as could be wished for ; whilst others persevere and glory in all the harm they have done, are doing, and anticipate that they shall do. They boast that they have sent to Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin—to assist them in dethroning the Bishop—and to the Pope himself, the “ head of all the Churches ;” while they do not deny that they have solicited the assistance of the Hierarchy of the United States to aid them in obtaining the end of their unholy warfare. Nay, so sure are they of success that they have already hoisted the flag of victory. But time, and time alone will disclose the issue of this nefarious undertaking. The writer knows too well the elevated character of the Archbishop of Dublin to imagine for a moment that he will accede to the wishes of such men. “Dignity and elevation of thought is stamped on his very brow ; and bespeak it Reason’s Temple, the Palace of the Soul. Were a person to ask me to give him an idea of the dignity and calm serenity that reign in imperturbed tranquillity on his brow, I should answer him in language attributed to Louis the Eighteenth, when asked to give a description of the countenance of Abbé Edgeworth, the Irish Priest who attended his brother, Louis the Sixteenth, to the scaffold—“ Form an idea of the countenance of Saint Michael, the

Archangel, and then you will have the best idea that I can impart to you of it." Indeed it could be said of it what the Empress of Austria is said to have said of the countenance of Pope Pius the Sixth, "*Non e piu bello que santo*,"—Its beauty does not exceed its sanctity. Of this Pope, Buonaparte speaking, said, "His intellectual endowments would have enabled him to fill the throne of an Alexander or Phillip of Macedon with immortal fame." And well indeed might he have said so, for when he offered him, in prison, the French white cockade, with a pension, he refused them in language breathing piety and resignation worthy of an Emperor, "I acknowledge no uniform except that with which the Church decorates me. You have power over my body but my soul is beyond your reach. I want no pension—my crozier for a walking staff, and a light covering, is enough for me, who am soon to expire in sackcloth and ashes. I adore the hand of the Most High, who punishes the shepherd for the sins of the sheepfold. It is in your power to burn and destroy the habitations of the living and the monuments of the dead, but as for our religion, it will be after us as it was before us, and will continue till the end of time." On another occasion, the Emperor sent to him a message that he would gladly confer on him any favor he demanded, an avowal in downright contradiction with the state of imprisonment to which he was subjected. His Holiness gave the following answer, characteristic of his mighty mind, "Give my thanks to the Emperor, tell him that I only wish him to remember an old man in prison; and as to my wants, I will thank him very much if he sends me a needle and thread to fix the buttons on this old dress I wear."

What will be the answer of the venerable Archbishop of Dublin to the emissaries of the Schismatical confederacy in the capital of Nova Scotia, on requesting of him to aid them in the unhallowed work of dethroning a brother Bishop, I will not presume to surmise; but, should they offer him gifts and presents on the occasion, I err very much if he does not reject them in words similar to those of the Trojan chieftain—"*Timeo Danaos donaque ferentes*."—

"From men schismatic I confess I dread
To accept, much less demand, needle or thread."

"But the Pope has been petitioned."

So he was last year by the Gibraltarites, after he addressed to them a most courteous reply, they refused to obey his orders while they yielded most implicit obedience to the mandates of Lord Brougham: Will he again, this year, expose

his expostulations to similar contempt? I doubt it much, and though he upholds the conduct of his predecessor, St. Gregory the Great, who lived in the sixth century, "that the gospel is not to be preached with a cudgel," still he must admit that the sceptre of the Queen of the British Isles has great influence in bringing refractory subjects unto due obedience to his papistical authority and episcopal jurisdiction. Lord Brougham has only to cough his disapprobation and that of the Queen at the conduct pursued towards Doctor Fraser, Bishop of Nova Scotia, and all will be peace and tranquillity in a moment. And should the illustrious Lord Falkland make it known that all Priest-catchers and Mitre-fighters, whether they be laymen or ecclesiastics should be debarred from his levees; and that neither honors, titles, leaves nor fishes should be given to such characters, they would soon become as meek and as mild looking as tame wolves, and as harmless as toothless old tigers that could not bite.

It is also said that they wrote to the States for ecclesiastical auxiliaries to enable them to carry on the unholy warfare. Why did they not, Murtagh M'Murragh like, go or send to England?

"Oh, England is in possession of the Colony of Nova Scotia, and holds the hearts and affections of the people as if in a balance. She has no desire for her subjugation, such as it is reported Henry the Second entertained with regard to Ireland in the days of M'Murragh. Neither could we expect our hopes to be realized in that quarter from their conduct in liberating the captive Bishop of Gibraltar last year."

What the intention of the United States may be to this country we will not presume to state, but all I hope for is, that should any undue intrusions be made from that direction on our civil or ecclesiastical liberties, that the Irish and Scotch Catholics will recollect the noble example of fidelity and loyalty set them in Upper Canada a few years ago, and resist to the last all encroachments on their rights as British subjects and Roman Catholics. England, on the occasion alluded to, admitted of her obligations to Doctor M'Donald, Bishop of Upper Canada, for the undeviating, and not exceptionable (even in a single instance,) loyalty of the Irish Roman Catholics in that Province. Let her fling the mantle of her protection over the Catholic Bishop of Nova Scotia, and in the love, esteem and fidelity of his people they may be sure to find an insuperable barrier to future aggressions on the rights and independence of British subjects.

"But will the Pope appoint any man to this See whose prin-

ciples, from the influence of early education, might be inimicable to monarchical government, and raise just surmises in the minds of his temporal rulers of his questionable loyalty, and although well fitted to be a Bishop under a Republican government, not at all suited to a monarchical form of Government, like ours?"

Do you think is the Pope less inclined to give to the British Throne the same security now and similar assurances of his good will towards it as several Pontiffs did before him, as attested in their records. One of which, Pope Pius the Sixth, in a letter addressed by his authority and command through Cardinal Antonelli, dated Rome, June 23, 1791, to the Irish Bishops, and which contains the following words of Pope Benedict the Fourth, used on a former occasion when writing to the English Bishops:—"The Vicars Apostolic are to take diligent care that the missionaries behave on all occasions with integrity and decorum, and thus become good modes to others; and particularly that they be always ready to celebrate the sacred offices, to communicate proper instruction to the people, and comfort the sick with their assistance; and that they by all means avoid public assemblies of idle men, &c. The Vicars themselves are particularly charged to punish in such manner as they can, but severely; all those who do not speak of the government with respect."

In fact, a person would imagine that the days of the Crusades were renewed—that in placing the mitre on the head of a Scotch Bishop the Saracens had taken possession of the Holy Sepulchre, and if Jerusalem is not now to be delivered, a work of as great importance to the interest of Religion is to be achieved: the Mitre—the emblem of Episcopal jurisdiction is to be rescued from the hands of a Scotch usurper of its rights and authority, and to be placed upon the brow of its rightful occupant, a Sainted Erigena, or the free-born son of the Independent States—famed for their love of Liberty and hatred to Negro Slavery!

One would imagine that another Peter the Hermit had arisen in our days, in the person of a Franciscan monk, to solicit the aid of foreign Courts and Republics to effect the good work. No doubt but modern Godfries de Bouillons, Ugo il Grandes, and Raymondos de Toulouses will be found among the *Il popolo non vulgo* of a certain city to rescue the holy spoil from the hands of its present usurper. No doubt the spirit of prophecy was dormant for a long time, or the mighty deed would have been long since foretold; otherwise we should have at least as much intimation of it as Monte-

zuma is said to have had of the arrival of the Spaniards, when he said—(See Dryden's *Fairy Queen*.)

" Old prophesies foretell our fall at hand,
When bearded men in floating castles land."

I hope the admirers of the unholy work of unfrocking a Bishop, as Queen Elizabeth would term it, will have no occasion to say how—

" In the glorious achievement, with forty thousand men,
He first walked up the hill and then—walked down again."

It is also a subject of serious contemplation where a Poet will be found to celebrate the magnanimous deed—whether a Tasso or a Peter Pindar must arise from the grave to celebrate the glorious exploits of these illustrious and, no doubt, victorious combatants. It is expected that no modern poetaster will attempt, in Hudibrastic style, to celebrate the deed—

" They agree in nothing but to wrangle
About the slightest single fangle,
Or to make the rabble judges
Of all their secret piques or grudges,
In which, whosoever wins the day,
The whole profession's sure to pay."

As an Irishman, anxious for the honor and glory of my ancient religion and country, I can find no words in the English language sufficient to convey my sentiments of contempt and abomination of their conduct, and must have recourse to an ancient Irish phrase to give imperfect utterance to what I feel—"Morrugh faske driv gu laur."

But will the thousands of Irish, Scotch, French, Indian, &c. Catholics lie dormant and make no exertion on the occasion? Will they resemble the Apostles Peter, James and John, who slept while their Lord and Master sweated drops of blood in the garden of Gethsamini. Let the chief agents in the business be pointed out, and their names, shrouded in black, be given to such papers as are alive to the interests of so large a portion of the people, and are willing to make the Press what it ought to be, the terror of all would-be petty tyrants. Let the women as well as the men lend their assistance; there are forty out of fifty thousand Catholics to back them. Let the women read the history of Judith and Esther, in the sacred volume, and that of Joan of Arc and Janet Geddes, in modern profane history, and, no doubt, the aggression on the mitre of

Nova Scotia will be soon stayed, and the honor of Ireland saved. Above all things let the Bishop, Priests and people take the most effectual means to prevent the occurrence of such a disgraceful scene at a forthcoming period of time. Should any persons dread that they should become the victims of want, from offending their customers and employers, let them read the words found in the thirty second and thirty third Psalms—"Behold the eyes of the Lord are on them that fear him, and on them that hope in his mercy. To deliver their souls from death, and feed them in famine. The death of the wicked is very evil; and they that hate the just shall be guilty. The Lord will redeem the sons of his servants; and none of them that trust shall offend." And should they die martyrs in the cause, their praises at least shall be justly celebrated in the words of the British Poet, Cowper—

"Patriots have toiled, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense.
But fairer wreaths are due, tho' never paid,
To those who, posted at the shrine of truth,
Have fallen in her defence.

—Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim—
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth—
To walk with God—to be divinely free—
To soar, and to anticipate the skies!
Yet few remember them.

—With their names
No ~~word~~ embalms and sanctifies his song;
And ~~history~~, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates, indeed,
The tyranny that doomed them to the fire;
But gives the glorious sufferers little praise."

That this tedious letter may have a good effect on those for whom it is intended—that the hitherto indifferent to what is going on before their eyes may be roused into a spirit of activity—and that all good Catholics, particularly Irishmen, will make every exertion to secure the independence of the Catholic Mitre of Nova Scotia, and thus consult not only for their own honor but for that of their religion and country, is the sincere wish of

Yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

Sir,—

GIVE me leave to congratulate you on the happy results attendant on your giving insertion in your valuable Journal to the numerous communications you have received from this part of the country, concerning the unhallowed and unchristianable proceedings towards our Bishop and the church of which we are members now carrying on in the capital of Nova Scotia. It is mainly attributed to your giving publicity to these documents, and the establishment of the Temperance Society amongst us, that we have not had, ere this, a waste of human life as well as of human blood.

Emissaries, whether sent forth from the capital or of their own accord, having passed through this country, endeavouring to excite feelings of rancour and disaffection towards our Bishop, of the most malevolent description. They have adopted most extraordinary means to effect the object of their unhallowed undertaking: scattering tracts, containing various communications with the Bishop and the people of the great city, and with the people of the great city and other Bishops, both on the new and ancient continent. They have had recourse to all kinds of artifice to gain their point: they feel the greatest love for religion and its interests—extol in unmeasured terms the learning talents and zeal of the men who have occasioned all these ecclesiastical disturbances, and villify and degrade to the utmost the Bishop's character, and all those who seek to discountenance their proceedings. One of these men has been traced to the neighbourhood of Antigonishe, where he is universally admitted to be one of the worst and most infamous characters in the country.

The poor Irish people here will not give a night's lodging now to any person without first enquiring how he is affected towards the Bishop. It is needless to say that none of these cowardly would-be assassins of the episcopal character ever attempt to unload themselves of any of the burden of their vile and infamous detraction at the doors of Scotchmen; they are somewhat too ripe for that; and, although they know what their conduct richly merits, they do not seek remuneration in that quarter.

The poor people are quite puzzled here with regard to these great men of ecclesiastical renown in the city. They ask are they such great men as they are described to be—such scholars—such preachers—such saints as they are reported to be far and wide; and if they be, why so unlike the great, truly learned, and universally admitted great preachers, Priests and Bishops at home, and whom they had known in the old country.

It is not indeed a very pleasing task to be obliged to undecieve them; still, it becomes an imperative duty to do so, and to assure them that in no one respect, as teachers, preachers, or laborious missionaries, are they entitled to the high encomiums set forth in their behalf by the enemies of the Bishop and his episcopal authority. And this we aver with regard to the very best of them, without fear of contradiction from competent and impartial persons, appointed to adjudicate the question. To say nothing of the duties or labours of a missionary Priest, generally, or at least oftentimes, concealed from the public eye, we will speak of his public duties as a preacher, and boldly and confidently assert that he is not acquainted with the manner of delivery, style of composition, or the mode or manner of producing the effects which are invariably attendant on good preaching. And this I shall undertake to prove to the satisfaction of any competent or impartial person, with regard to the very greatest of the claimants to pulpit honors.

"Well, what do you say to his manner of delivery?—Is it not excellent? and is not his composition inimitable?—the effects truly grand and apostolical?"

I deny all! With regard to the science of declamation, he knows nothing at all about it. He does not know how to place his hands in accordance with the prescribed rules of that most graceful and difficult of arts, if we can give credit to those persons who have written on the subject, and who were universally admitted as perfect adepts in its acquirement. Indeed, to see his extravagant and uncouth performance in that way in the pulpit, the idea of a deer sporting with the shadow of its horns, reflected from the tranquil waters of an unrippled lake, must unhesitatingly present itself to our imagination; or a certain animal, the female of which in Ireland is called the poor man's cow, bounding on the hard rocks, or on the brink of some frightful precipice in his native mountains, seemingly anxious, by many a ludicrous position of his body, to court death itself. His composition bids defiance to all the powers of criticism: for all the rules of composition for pulpit eloquence are laid prostrate in the dust. No division of parts—as the French preachers observe—no features of exordium, narration, explanation, argumentation, confirmation, or peroration are discernible in the entire outlines of the rhetorical portrait; and this might be left to the decision of a mere tyro in the school of rhetoric. The virginal virtue of modesty, redolent with the charms of chastity—that sweet smelling flower, in the language of Massillon, in the garden of our God—is totally rejected, or rather repudiated, by the

eminent modern orator. And, indeed, to look at him in the pulpit, you would imagine that you beheld all the passions mentioned by the poet working for superiority, now exulting, now raging, now trembling, and again fainting :

“ Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined,
Till once, 'tis said, that all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired;
While each (for madness ruled the hour,)
Would prove his own superior power.”

One passion alone is wanting, and the least influence of it seems to be rejected—the passion of the meek and humble Jesus—who, like a lamb was led to the slaughter, like a sheep under the shearer, not opening his mouth : who, when he was accused opened not his lips, nor even uttered a word in his own defence. In fact, to see the illustrious orator in the pulpit, you would think that he covered his countenance with an iron vizor or a treble plate of brass ; while you would imagine that you read in visible characters these words depicted on his distorted countenance : “ Be astounded, you groundlings, did you ever hear such eloquence as that before ? But that is nothing to what is to come on—wait a while, and I promise you I will give you something to talk of, and what you will not forget in a hurry.”

And what are the fruits of these pulpit exhibitions ? What might be expected.—They are not the fruits of the ministry of a preacher of the gospel of peace—which are joy, peace, patience, benignity, goodness, mildness, modesty, &c.—but rather that of a minister of iniquity, the fruits of whose ministry, St. Paul (Gal. 5 chap.) terms enmities, contentions, wraths, quarrels, dissensions, sects or schisms, envy, &c.; and indeed were you to see the people after one of these edifying lectures you would imagine that you saw persons of a certain class in the old country, returning from the pugilistic arena, each cheering the champion of his country or party, rather than people coming out of the house of God, impressed with the solemnities of the mysteries at which they had assisted, and awed into reverential meditations by the nature of the divine revelations they had heard explained, and the heavenly truths that had been laid open to their view. In fact, we have no doubt that numberless gloves would be scattered at the doors of the other churches of the city had not a conviction been impressed on the minds of the people that no literary champion would be found to compete, much less to contend with him. But are the fruits of his learned harangues the fruits of peace?

I deny it. Can any one, speaking of the effects of his apostolical labours, exclaim, "How beautiful are the footsteps of those who preach peace, and establish its blessings among the people of God."? I defy any one to say so. You may call them preachers of peace, but I say they resemble more a pair of Sampson's foxes escaping from the corn-fields of the Philistines, and carrying fire and flame on their tails through the people of God, setting them into confusion and disorder in every direction. Yes, you may call them bright shining stars in the temple of God, but people as wise as you are, and as anxious for the welfare of religion, consider them blazing comets with fiery tails, spreading combustion and desolation in every direction, and communicating ruin and destruction to every object that come in contact with them.

We do not pretend to be great judges of pulpit oratory ourselves, but our want of knowledge on that head can be supplied by books. A piece of pulpit oratory to be perfect should possess a warmth of character which should breathe through the entire discourse and animate its conversation. The action should be various and emphatic, without appearing studied or outrageous; the voice should be full and melodious, and the utterance successively solemn, earnest, melting and impassioned, without the least appearance of affected modulation. The glance should be piercing, the countenance austere and commanding, while the whole delivery should be in perfect unison with the evangelical style and spirit of the discourse—which should bear strong impression of vigorous original conception and glowing zeal, illuminated by sound judgment, and a perfect knowledge of human nature. Above all things, a modest diffidence of his own oratorical powers, and a want of capability to do justice to the subject should be discernable to all; and this never fails to interest the most learned in favor of the preacher, and the success of his undertaking—this assertion being borne out by facts of too illustrious a description to be disputed or called into question. On a late occasion, during the pontificate of Pope Leo the Twelfth, one of the most distinguished preachers, (now a Cardinal at Rome,) is said to have been so overpowered either by the greatness of what he felt on the subject he discussed or by the splendor of the audience that surrounded him, that, seeing he could not proceed with his discourse, he descended from the pulpit, and prostrating himself at the feet of the Pontiff, he exclaimed, "He who exalteth himself shall be humbled;" to which the Pope replied, taking off his *Soli Deo* and placing it on the head of the preacher—by which act he raised him to the dignity of

Cardinal—"And he who humbleth himself shall be exalted." It is no proof of the extraordinary prowess of a pulpit orator to say that the people are delighted or enchanted with his discourse. It is rather a proof of the contrary, if we can believe the authority of Louis the Fourteenth, King of France, who, when asked his opinion of Massillon, whom he styled King of Preachers, replied, "I have heard many preachers and was pleased with them, but I have never heard Massillon but I was displeased with myself."

If I could hear the people of a certain city faulting themselves after a sermon, without praising the orator to the stars while they seemed perfectly at peace with themselves, then indeed I might be inclined to award him the justly merited meed of praise, and to rank him as high, if not higher, as a pulpit orator, than any of his, at present injudicious, and by no means qualified on such a subject to give a decision, admirers.

"But, sir, we consider him the first preacher of this or any other age. St John Chrysostom, who was called the golden tongue of eloquence, was far inferior to him. He far exceeds St. Bernard in the sweetness of his enunciation, of whom it was said that the words dropped from his lips sweet as drops of honey from the honey-comb; and St. Augustine was no more than a wretched pigmy compared to a huge giant, when put in competition with him when he flings the thunderbolts of the gospel at the existing vices of the day."

But who has raised him from the very humble walks of an ordinary speaker to the highest summit of earthly fame as an orator?

"Who did so? Did we not do it ourselves? Who else do you think would take the pains or trouble of doing so, or would lose their time in such an unprofitable undertaking? We have placed him as a Christian orator on the highest pinnacle of pulpit eloquence. We maintain and hold that the greatest lights that the world ever saw were only extinguishing tapers to him—a mere nothing but a firefly on a summer's eve compared to the meridian sun in the full blaze of its glory. You may talk of your holy Ambroses, blessed Bernards and sainted Chrysostoms, and vaunt their praises to the skies; but we hold and maintain that they were nothing but mere schoolboys playing with satchels when put in competition with our matchless orator. As for Massillon, Bourdolon, Fenelon, Bossuet, &c., they should not be spoken of or their names even mentioned on the same day, much less on the same occasion with his. He is the greatest light that the present or gone-by

world ever saw. In fact he is the wonder of wonders, and the greatest wonder that the wondering world ever wondered at."

But by whom has he been raised to so high a pitch of elevation—to the tip-top turret of the temple of pulpit oratory?

That question was asked before, and we answered it in plain, intelligible language—we ourselves have raised him to his eminently distinguished rank and justly merited renown.—Do you think we are not capable of doing so? The fact speaks for us that we have done so, and 'one fact is worth a thousand arguments.' "

But pray what authority has formed you into a faculty of theology, entitling you to confer degrees. I never knew before that the Catholics had an Academy of Sciences and Belles Lettres in the Capital of Nova Scotia, possessing such extraordinary powers, and if there was, where are teachers qualified to fill the literary departments of the establishment? Indeed if there was a Temple of Dunces erected in the Capital of Nova Scotia, many students and professors worthy of filling the highest chairs or stations in the establishment could be easily procured. It is not so easy to found a University as it is to establish a Corporation. Men of experience in the world, and good common sense will suit the one, while men of great and extensive learning are required for the other.

"But, to be candid with you, it was nothing but a species of indescribable insubordinate pride that caused us to raise him or at least to endeavour to raise him or to make the world believe that he was so raised in our estimation. We must confess that we are ignorant and uneducated, (our parents having no means to educate us in our youth,) and that our ignorance has been imputed, indeed very unjustly, to our religion. It is also the opinion of our dissenting brethren that if we were somewhat more enlightened than what we are, that we would not be Catholics at all. And, indeed, this is a truism, for we should have long since gone over the other way, as may be fairly concluded from our late conduct in the metropolis, only that a conviction on our minds that our vulgar and uncultivated habits would only furnish butts of laughter to the members of the different creeds of the other religious denominations. We also know that our money procures for us a certain degree of ascendancy among the poor Irish, and that were we to change our religion, (and that supposes we have some to change,) we would be called apostates and totally despised by them. It is evident, then, that we had more reasons than one why we should wish to raise him so very high in public estimation. We had but very little anxiety to raise him, but we had great

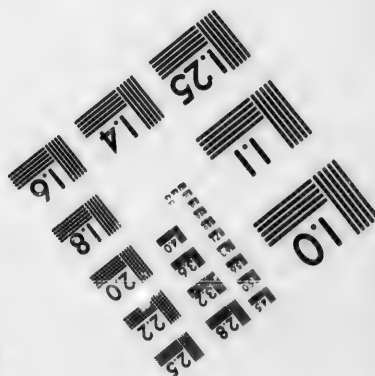
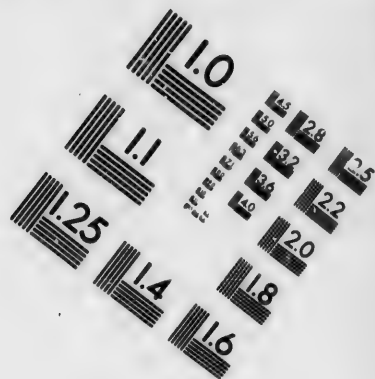
and mighty ambition to raise ourselves ; and we thought by puffing him into consequence we might puff ourselves also. To be sure we knew well he was not the great man we let on to believe he was, but was it not a very pleasing thing to us to hear it said as we went along, " The Catholics are not such beasts as we thought them to be—did you hear the great preacher they have got ? He is admitted by all a great man, and they themselves say that he is as great as the Pope, if not greater ; at least they admit him to be the greatest man that is now or ever was in their Church.' "

Yes, I know you have puffed him up in the eyes of the public from motives of shallow-minded, empty pride ; but, in doing so, were you not guilty of a very great act of injustice and deception, to endeavour to make the world believe that he is vastly superior to so many of the excellent ecclesiastics of this diocese, who far exceed him in every respect, both as to sound judgment on subjects of profound erudition, and a knowledge of the various branches of polite literature. Have we not a Roman Doctor of Divinity in this diocese who speaks his own language with all possible ease and facility, the English language, and the Italian language—the most beautiful of all—termed the language of birds ? Have we not many other eminent men, who studied in Italy, France, Spain, Lower Canada, &c., by far his superiors, not only in learning, but even in common manners and good breeding ? Place this great man, I will not say by the side of such great men as the Most Rev. Doctors Crolly, Murray, and M'Hale, but beside the Rev. Messrs. M'Guire, the celebrated controvertist, M'Cauley, the first science scholar of the day, Cowper, universally and deeply read, or Miley, the first pulpit orator in Dublin, and ask me what does he look like. A mere nobody or nothing—not even as much as a glittering bubble on dark waters, which first sparkles and then bursts. But what is he when put in competition with Bishops Scott, Murdoch, and Gillis, of Scotland, with Doctors Lingard, Wiseman, and Bains in England, with Cardinal Boland, Bishop Fressinous, or Monsieur L'Abbé Rosín, in France, with Cardinal Metzozante, who speaks forty two different languages, and of whom Lord Byron said, " He is the greatest wonder that the ancient or modern world ever saw, with Cardinal Mai, the greatest classical scholar of the age, with Cardinal Michara, the first of Roman Preachers, and considered the best speaker now living, of the Italian language ? You cannot say ? I will then answer for you. He is just as worthy of being compared with these enlightened men as the twilight is to the meridian

sunshine—the *ignis fatuus* or Will o' the Wisp, to the great luminary only. When ranked with these men he resembles nothing more or less than a wooden effigy placed among golden statues. And the idea of making him one of the great men of the Church—what the French term "*Un des grande hommes du Christianisme*"—is too absurd and ridiculous. The Catholic Church counts and is contented within her pale the greatest and most august character that ever lived—the Emperors Constantine, Charlemagne, Otho, Charles the Fifth of Germany, and Napoleon Buonaparte, Emperor of the French; the greatest of Kings—the Clovises, the Pepins, the Edwards of England, the Donalds, and Saints Fiacre and David, of Scotland, and St. Cormick, King and Archbishop of Munster, in Ireland, &c. &c.—The greatest artists, the Michael Angelos, the Raphaels, and Le Bruns; the greatest of Generals, the Bayards, the Howards, and Turennes; the greatest astronomers and philosophers—Gregory the Thirteenth, who measured time as if in a balance, Christopher Columbus, who discovered America, Galileo, who invented the solar system, the Pascals, the Walmsleys, and Des Cartes; the greatest of Poets—Pope, Dryden, Tasso, Ariosto, Dante, Ossian, Carolin, and the celebrated living Poet Moore; to say nothing of O'Connell, Sheil, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Du Petrin Thenard, &c.—And now let me ask any many of common sense, is the great Novascotian Orator worthy of being ranked or named among such great men? I will defy any man of any pretensions to talent, to answer in the affirmative. He is worthy to be named among them at most in the quality of a lackey, or in the humble capacity of a "*decretieur des souliers*," anglicised a "shoe-black."

The people of the Capital of Nova Scotia fell down before him, and worshipped with all the homage of heartfelt veneration and respect, as the presiding deity of the arts and sciences, and in whom all the attributes of great learning, unexplored regions of science, and unexampled specimens of oratory were concentrated. In doing so they did very little honor to themselves or their little acquirements; while the poor creature who allowed himself to be duped by their sycophancy should have long since, if he were not flattery-proof, shared the fate of the frog in the fable, who thought to swell itself into the enormous, for it, dimensions of an ox, and burst. In paying the tribute of their unbounded praises and unfeigned prostrations of homage to the shrine from whence the shadow of a man of greatness is not reflected, they have acted more absurdly than the Pagan people that we read of, who sacrificed





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an ox to a fly. Although I should be the first to condemn theatrical exhibitions, and to recount the words of Tertullian with regard to a Christian woman who went to see a play acted by the Pagans, became possessed of a devil, and being exorcised by the Priest of the Church, the Priest, in the language of the ritual on exorcism, asked the evil spirit how dare he take possession of a Christian, he answered boldly, and said, "I found her in my own house, which I style the theatre;" still, I would unhesitatingly admit that more tender feelings of philanthropy would be excited by seeing the tragedy of *Des Orphelins des Chinoises*—which drew abundant tears from the eyes of the France audience, when first acted at the Theatre de l'Odeon, at Paris—than a hundred such sermons as we have heard from the learned pulpit orator; and that performance of the tragedy of George Barnwell would frighten more people from the commission of crime than all he should say in a month of Sundays; while Dean Swift's last speech and dying words made for Mr. Ebenezer Twizzle, and supposed to be pronounced by him at the place of execution, has reclaimed more and brought them back from the paths of vice than all the sermons he ever preached or will preach, were he to live to the age of Mathusalem.

Indeed, were he to take up one of the larger Catechisms and study it well, or some French *Prones*, and endeavour to instruct the poor, he might do some good; but no good can be done by endeavouring to act the part of a court preacher where there is no court—and if there was, he might be sure he would not be permitted to preach. What a pity it is that people would not take a lesson from the sage old proverb which saith, "*Haud sutor ultra crepidam*,"—"The cobbler should not go beyond his last."

As for his classical acquirements we cannot say much; but, if we could believe his late bitterly lamented and departed friend, they are not of the most resplendant description. On the authority of the same learned friend, the inquisitorial production which more than once has figured in our papers was a mere plagiary from Doctor Wiseman, and which his great love for the reputed author, and the honor of the literary reputation of the Church most anxiously (although he told it to numbers,) labored to conceal.

I have no great predilection for an old garment, borrowed or not borrowed, and I am of opinion that any article of dress after being worn two or more years becomes threadbare, and that all sap and substance becomes wasted away in that time by the action and counteraction of heat and cold. And I am

also of opinion, that a piece of dry metaphysical disquisition, after being worn out of the minds of the people, makes a very graceless appearance on its second exhibition to public view, prefaced with a word—the mighty name of the supposed compositor—and the more so, as it did not get a second invitation, and came unasked and unsent for, and heartily unwelcome to many.

A name is a preface, I admit, on many occasions, and the strongest recommendation a work could have : thus works on the human understanding, on the sublime and beautiful, and on astronomy, would bear the stamp of the highest authority by having the names of Locke, Burke, and Newton prefixed to them ; but what weight could our learned friend's name add to any work, except it be an essay on trash, or a treatise on absurdity. I must confess were he to lend the great authority of his name to a work on "Informing," that the captivating charms of such a name would throw a halo of glory around the production; and if it was not read by persons of the finer feelings and more delicate order of human beings, there would be ample compensation for the loss by its being literally devoured and eaten as if alive by the compilers of such works as the Newgate Calendar, Lives of Noted Robbers, Highwaymen and Sea Pirates, &c.

As for a certain newspaper I am not inclined to say much, but if one half of what we have heard be true, about the manner they treated the descendant of that race of men that was termed Hiberniore's Hibernis, and his wife, an Englishwoman and a convert to the Catholic Church, with two female children, the grand actors in the drama must have hearts, not of flint, but of tigers or vampires, and of them with confidence I shall assert—having the royal psalmist to bear me out in what I predict—"He who loveth iniquity hateth his own soul: the death of the wicked shall be most direful: the desires of the wicked shall perish—in a little time the place where they stood shall be trackless: I saw the wicked man exalted like the cedars of Libanus ; I passed by for a little time, and his place was not to be found." Indeed the people are begin'ng to view its patrons and contributors with suspicion, and already are they beginning to perceive the head of the serpent of schism protruding its revolting features through its columns, and of their own accord approach it with a seizure of alarm and fear, while the better informed cry out, "*Gelidus anguis latet in herbia*,"—"Beware of it, lest the poisonous serpent it envelopes should bite you."

As for the College, we all regret bitterly to see it on the

brink of destruction; and if something be not done in time it sinks not to rise again, in all probability, for a long time. The Scotch say, "Why pay taxes for the endowment of a college where our children will not be admitted, or must, if they enter it, run away from it." Indeed, in gone-by days, people could say with truth that the aspirants to a liberal education sought for it in Ireland—"Siquisquis studio legendi permotus fuerat ivit in Hiberniam;" but now Scotchmen by descent and natives of the soil—Novascotians by birth—shall seek for it in vain at the hands of Irishmen in a College in Nova Scotia that they were chiefly instrumental in establishing, and whose Superior receives a large salary from the taxes paid and earned from the sweatdrops of Scotchmen.

We also fretted much to hear how the youths of the humble classes were treated, and how they were, from fear of the cat with nine tails induced to run wild through the country in all directions, while the children of the high-up-folk, although richly deserving it were never allowed to smell, much less come in contact with Monsieur La Birch. Indeed it put us in mind of the urchin mentioned by Gil Blas, who was educated with a young Prince, whom the master had orders not to strike or correct, while the poor concomitant of his studies got his own share of correction to the full amount, and what the young Prince ought to have received with an interest bordering on usury.

How these things will end we cannot say, but although we fear it, we trust not badly. One of the signs of the zodiac, *Ursa Major*, has disappeared; *Scorpio*, from the signs of the times, will soon follow his example, for "forthcoming events casts their shadows before them," and *Capricornus* will, I trust, be confined to the boundaries of his own Parish to perform his evolutions and revolutions there. I think if there was an overseer or superintendant placed over him, and if he was necessitated to account for a certain portion of his theological treatises, monthly, he would not cause so much confusion in the Capital of Nova Scotia as he does, with what St. Paul would call "Old Wive's Fables," but what we term, in more familiar phrase, "Miss Molly-like conversations."

"What is well begun is fully half done."—"All is well that ends well;" and I trust that the Bishops, Priests and people of Nova Scotia will look to the state of ecclesiastic affairs in time, and before it is too late, and support their own dignity—the dignity and independence of the Church—the continuation of the College under wise and experienced superiors—and, above all things, we wish that precautions will be taken

with the great orator of the day, to prevent his becoming as great a disgrace to religion as his friend and namesake was to human nature.

Yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

Sir,—

THE universal attachment of Scotchmen to their religion and country, and the recklessness of life they betray when either seems to be in danger, will create, no doubt, sympathies for others similarly devoted to their father-land, and the ancient faith of their fathers, and procure insertion for this letter in your valuable, praiseworthy, and independent spirited public journal—an indulgence so often already experienced, and I trust not too much trespassed upon. In viewing the history of my country I think the most unrelenting and frozen-hearted would be thawed into compunction, and be induced to shed a tear over the wretched portrait of calamity, misery, and distress it presents to his view.

Before the coming of the English among us, Ireland was divided into five small kingdoms, each having its own petty king, who constantly warred with each other, and filled the country with devastation and bloodshed. So true is this fact, that about one thousand Englishmen, well armed, arriving in the harbor of Waterford, A. D. 1171, soon made themselves masters of the entire kingdom, without any apparent disposition to resistance on the part of the inhabitants, and then and there established the iron yoke of their authority which from that day to this the Irish have never been able to shake off,—however much they may bluster about their indomitable courage on the field of battle, and much boasted of intrepidity in the midst of the fight, so beautifully portrayed and brought almost under our own eyes in a neighboring city, by the undaunted valour displayed by the descendants of these great men in the noble attempt of ejecting from his episcopal throne the meek and truly apostolical Bishop of the Diocese, for no

other cause than that, he is a Scotchman and not an Englishman by birth!

No doubt but the thrones of Ireland were occasionally filled by men as eminent for their sanctity as others were for their profligacy and vice, and this fact can be ascertained from the circumstances which led to the invasion and subsequent subjugation of that country.—Tiernagh O'Rourke, King of Western Breifne, absented himself from his home on a pilgrimage to Lough Dearg, while Murtagh M'Murragh, King of Leinster, taking advantage of his absence, eloped with his Queen. The other Kings having come to the resolution to be avenged of the insult offered to royalty by his adulterous conduct, determined to engage with him on the embattled plain, and to make him, by a forfeiture of his crown and kingdom, to atone for his profligate conduct. He betakes himself to England—thence to Caen, in Normandy, where Henry the Second was himself in person carrying on a war against the French, and on condition of receiving aid from him to be avenged of his brother Kings, lays his crown and kingdom prostrate at his feet; and to this event, and no other, is to be attributed the subjugation of Ireland to British rule, or misrule.

It is then evident, from this sketch, that Ireland was the victim of sorrow and affliction, of civil wars and discord, before the coming of the English; and it is equally true, and must be admitted, that the sceptres of her Kings were as oftentimes wielded by the hands of wicked and flagitious men as by those of good and virtuous monarchs.

If Ireland was wretched before the coming of the English, her wretchedness became a hundred-fold greater on their arrival amongst us. National prejudices were carried on to the highest pitch of excitement, and they terminated in proscribing the manners, language, customs and dress of the ancient Irish, and forbid them to be used under the severest penalties, as may be judged from the following statutes passed during the reigns of Edward the Third and Henry the Sixth. The following was passed A. D. 1367, at Kilkenny, which makes "all alliance by marriage, nurture of infants, or gossipred, with the Irish," high treason: "And if any man of English race shall use an Irish name, Irish language, or Irish apparel, or any other guise or fashion of the Irish, if he have lands or tenements, the same shall be seized till he has given security to the Chancellor to conform in all points to the English manner of living; and if he has no lands or tenements, his body to be taken and imprisoned until he find sureties as aforesaid." The second statute that I quote is taken from the statutes

formed in the Parliament held at Trim, A. D. 1447, and enacts "That if any man be found with their upper lips unshaven for the space of a fortnight, it shall be lawful for any man to take them and their goods, and ransom them and their goods, as Irish enemies." If an Englishman chance to kill a mere Irishman, he had only to pay two-and-sixpence and he was pardoned, because the deceased was a mere Irishman, and not of free blood; and to this degrading and blood-tinged statute, which was in existence even in the days of James the First, of England, the Bard of Irish wrong alluding, thus expresses himself—

"O had'st thou lived when every Saxon clown
First stabbed his foe—then paid half a crown;
With such a choice in thy well balanced scale,
Say, would thy avarice or thy spite prevail?"

These dissensions eventually produced, as might be expected, the greatest wretchedness in Ireland, and well might we exclaim, in the prophetic language of inspiration, speaking of her indescribable woes—"With desolation is she made desolate." An English writer who lived in the days of Queen Elizabeth, by name Raphael Hollingshead, adds his testimony to the above sad recital of her woes—"Land itself which, before the wars (of Chieftain rivalry) was populous, well inhabited, and rich in all the blessings of God—being plenteous of corn, full of cattle, well stored with fruit, and sundry other good commodities, is now become waste and barren—yielding no fruit, the pastures no cattle, the fields no corn, the air no birds, the seas—though full of fish—yet to them yielding nothing; finally, every way the curse of God was so great, and the land so barren, both of man and beast, that whosoever did travel from one end unto the other of all Munster—even from Waterford to the heart of Limerick, which is about six score miles—he should not meet any man, woman, or child, saying in towns or cities, nor yet see a beast but the very wolves, the foxes, and all other like ravenous beasts."

And all these disasters have befallen Ireland long before the Reformation, when Ireland and England were Catholic, and professed the same religion in common with each other—just as the Scotch Catholics in Nova Scotia with the Irish, whom the latter, now residing in the capital, so unjustly and ungenerously wish to persecute, and to realize by their conduct the scene that is recorded of a colored man in the States, who having been well cowed in the morning for some trifling indiscretion, was determined to be avenged, not of his master

in propria sua persona, but at least of his property, in the shape of oxen, which he belabored to a shocking degree, exclaiming, "Massa cowhided me this morning and I will cowhide you now, when Massa does not see me."

The Irish white slaves newly made free in the Capital of Nova Scotia, having been well lashed for centuries by their English masters, wish now to have revenge, not on their quondam slave drivers, (such a thought would not presume to approach the back-doors of their noddles,) but on their inoffensive Scotch neighbors, whom they would gladly treat as Sambo treated the oxen, had they not exhibited the *noli me tangere* of Scotch independance and bravery on their horns, and made the poor Hibernico Catholico white slaves run as they often made to run before their Massas Englishmen with frightful precipitation, shameful discomfiture and loss of life; and having cleared the fields of many a cowardly and talkative antagonist, they only exclaim, "Deprive the vulture of his feast and no wonder he screams."

Poor things!—what a pity! What a scourge do they not put into the hands of their enemies to lash themselves with at a future period? What a *retorqueo argumentum* do they not afford their English rulers, should they at any future period protest against the cruelties of their severe step-dame, Madame Saxonia.—"We do not treat you worse or half so badly as you thought to treat the Scotch Catholics of your own race and creed in Nova Scotia, and which you would have effected if they permitted you, and had not threatened you with the length of that ticklesome, delicately constructed little instrument, a Scotch Bayonet, and made you run like fury, although you were the first to commence the attack, by insulting their religion, language and country, in the person of their high-minded and illustrious Bishop, a Scotchman, and whose spiritual jurisdiction you repudiated for no other cause but that he was a Scotchman; although you never refused to obey English Bishops either before or at the time of the Reformation, for the good reason, no doubt, that it might endanger the forfeiture of your goods and chattels—nay, of your very lives—on which, no blame to you, you set no trifling valuation. Yes, you were the first to enter the field of religious strife and dissention, and to display a feeling of—

Disdainful, disgusting, domineering away—
The first to bluster, boast, and run away!

Indeed, if Nature's first law—self-preservation—had no effect

on you, you must have read or heard to practical advantage, the trite old saying so oftentimes repeated on similar occasions and read in Butler's *Hudibras*—

“ He who fights and runs away,
Will live to fight another day—
But he who fights until he's slain
Will never live to fight again.”

All the Irish antagonists of the Scottish race in the Capital of Nova Scotia, on the authority of a Mr. “Veritas,” in an epistle to be seen in the *Acadian Recorder* of February 26, 1842, have grounded their arms and ran away, leaving a few veterans of the average number of fifty to contest in the field men of first rate pot-walloping, bottle-draining notoriety, if not of warlike celebrity, and of whom I am sure it could not be said in their old age—having failed to obtain the darling object of their ambition, the rescuing the mitre from the brow of a Scotch Bishop and placing it on the head of one of their own dear countrymen,—what the Poet said of the old race-horses who had born many a tankard from the racing plain, before old age had taken possession of their once swift limbs and stayed their course like lightning—

“ These fiery steeds who ran with speed,
And, running far the best,
Did win the prize, and now they lie,
Through old age forced to rest.”

Ireland, then, was unfortunate and wretched before the invasion of the English, and after the invasion of the English, before the Reformation. After the Reformation men were no longer persecuted on account of the shape or form of their clothes, the length or shortness of their beards, the peculiar intonation of their language, or for being mere Irish. The peculiar tenets of their faith, and their attachment to the ancient creed of their fathers afforded sufficient matter for the exercise of the most exquisite tortures of the moral and physical man that the demon of religious discord could suggest—the most hateful and baneful monster to the human race that could take possession of the heart of man, let that man be a Catholic or a Protestant, a Turk, a Jew, an Atheist, a Pagan, or a Deist, and the most inimicable to the principles of our holy religion and the doctrines of Him who said, “Love your enemies,” &c. and who most forcibly inculcated by word and example, from the pulpit of the cross, the practice of His doctrine, exclaiming, in behalf of those who crucified him, to his

Eternal Father, "O Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Were I only to give an epitome of the sorrows inflicted on the Irish people for the course of the last three hundred years, I should swell large volumes—I should rummage old records, statute books, state papers, official reports, charters, and title deeds—for on this occasion it may be truly said the law best discovers the enormities: were I to do so, I should dip my pen in human blood, and dapple the pages of my historical narrative with Christian gore. I could point out to you statutes passed to justify the violation of parental affection, filial duty, conjugal love, the prevention of education, the proscription of industry, the acquirement of wealth, &c. I could show you not only bills of discovery which insured the forfeiture of estates—acts of recusancy which punished with large fines those who would not frequent the Church of England—Gavel acts enabling the son to take possession of his father's property, on conforming to the Religion of the State, &c. I could point out to you racks, gibbets, and places of execution supplied with victims from the highest to the lowest grades of life—from the humble peasant to the mitred Prelate. I could shew you them, on the authority of the historians Leland and Spencer, creeping forth on their hands—their legs not being able to bear them—out of the corners of woods and glens, looking like anatomies of Death, speaking like ghosts crying out of their graves, feasting on water-cresses and shamrocks as if on the most delicious food; their miseries were so great as even to affect their enemies, ruthless as they were; to say nothing of the youths, who in thousands were captured on the authority of Petty, Lynch, Thurlow, Henery, Cromwell, &c. and sent to Jamaica to be sold as slaves, and other enormities which we ourselves have witnessed, too lengthened for a document of this description. And such was the fate of Ireland for, I might say, the last three hundred years; when the ark of the ancient faith of Ireland, after being so long tossed on the troubled waters of persecution, was towed into the haven of Liberty, and independence by the powerful arms and gigantic exertions of that great man, Ireland's pride and the glory of mankind, as well as the liberator of his country, Daniel O'Connell.

During this period let me remark that Irish Catholics were three times in power, and never persecuted. In the days of Queen Mary they received fugitive English Protestants with a *cead mille falthe* or a hundred thousand welcomes of Irish hospitality, and in Dublin alone opened thirty eight houses to entertain and support them. On the suppression of the

ancient faith by law the ancient *Beathalhees*, or houses of hospitality were suppressed, and the huts and cabins of the poor people—of their own accord and of their own free will—substituted in their places. In the hills and mountains they supported the ancient faith, and clung to its pastors, who in return consoled them in their afflictions, and animated them to perseverance in its profession, from the anticipated reward of a blessed immortality. Indeed the pastors and the flock gave, by acts as well as words, the true definition of a Christian congregation—*Pastor gregi suo addictus, et grex pastori suo addictus*—A Pastor attached to his flock, and the flock attached to their Pastor.

The Irish were glad to pay large sums, and the tithe of all their property, as they do to this day, to Ministers of an inimical creed, to be permitted to enjoy their own peace, and to have the free exercise of their own religion. How then must it not fret the true-born Irishman—attached to his ancient creed and country, and proud of his descent from a race of Christian heroes—to see men calling themselves Irishmen and Irish Catholics, forgetting not, in the praiseworthy spirit of Christian charity, the injuries they suffered in the persons of their forefathers, but in the indulgence of antichristian hate and malice : endeavoring to pawn themselves on the good people of Nova Scotia as the descendants of great men whose fathers were born free in the old country, (the reverse being the fact,) and insulting the hoary-headed Prelate of their own creed because, indeed, he does not come up to their ideas on the subject of episcopal jurisdiction and religious perfection, and deal out to their satisfaction a copious abundance of nightly Canticles, Vesper Hymns, and Evening Songs—terms innovative in themselves, and abhorrent to the ears of Catholic orthodoxy, and never heard of until we came into this new country.

When we see men insulting what our forefathers revered and cherished in the hills and mountains of Ireland, and not only despising the ancient usages and rites of hospitality, as practised by our ancestors, but persecuting their ancient faith, is it a wonder that we should endeavour to lower their pride, by reminding them of gone-by days, and pointing out to them the lash of the torture—to humiliate them a little in the presence of their dissenting brethren, whose deridings and scoffings, on their own acknowledgement, they dread so much to become the laughing stocks or butts of laughter to? (See Report of the Committee of St. Mary's, page 22.)

Let no one attribute to bigotry or intolerance this effusion of a heart teeming with bitterness at the despicable conduct of men who should have known better things and ambitioned higher honors than that of being the first schismatics from the Catholic Church in the Capital of Nova Scotia. The heart-scaldings and heart-burnings their wicked conduct has created will never be forgotten by the well affected members of the Catholic Church of this Province.

But some of them will say, "If we had an Irish Bishop we would love and respect him." If you had an English Bishop you would love and respect him as your ancestors did before, and you would not dare to disobey him, for fear would not let you. Was not Doctor Hughes, of Gibraltar, an Irishman? Did not your brother Junta—the Junta of Gibraltar, composed of Irish Catholics—drag him from the altar of the living God and lodge him in Gaol, making him exchange the vestment of a High Priest of the living God for the chains of the felon and ruthless violator of the laws of his country? Has not another brother Junta of yours insulted and persecuted Doctor Hughes of New York for combatting the adversaries of his creed and country on the subject of education?

Were I discussing this question with high-minded and enlightened Irishmen, I would shew them from the page of history that Doctor FRASER is of the same race as ourselves; I would point out the lives of Reutha and Reutherus, Kings of Scotland, who lived about one hundred and fifty years before the birth of Christ, sending for Irishmen to people their dominions. I would shew them how Fergus the son of Ferquhard, King of Ireland, was demerited as their King, because of our race and blood; and by the Gaelic language itself that we are descended from the same royal forefathers—the Hebrides, being so called from Heber the son of Gathelas, and the language Gaelic, a word corrupted from Gathelas the son of Cecrops, King of Athens, who was father of Gathelas the father of Heber and Milesius, from whom the ancient Irish claim their title of Milesians or Milesian Irish. I would tell them how he loved the Irish and of the high tone of panegyrick that he used in extolling them from the altar—publicly avowing that it is to the zeal and indefatigable exertions of Irish Priests that Scotchmen are indebted for the preservation of the ancient faith. In society he delights in pointing out the similarity of manners, language, and customs that exists between the two nations; and so convinced are all the Irish Priests—with one or two exceptions—and numbers of the people of this truth that they would gladly make ramparts of their dead

bodies, if necessary, to defend the life, or what is dearer to them, the honor and character of Bishop FRASER.

To those persons who assembled to hear the valedictory address of the leader of this crusade against the Bishop's authority, and whose ridiculous conduct on the occasion has furnished a subject of mirth and laughter to the most cynical of the inhabitants of Nova Scotia, I would say, if you had transgressed equally much against the laws of the land in the old country as you have here against the laws of God and of his Church, what do you think would befall you? In my humble opinion you would be obliged to hear a very comfortable discourse from a gentleman wearing a very big wig, terminating with the following words—which conclude with a very short but fervent prayer—"You will be brought from this to the place from whence you came, and from thence to the place called the gallows, where, your irons being struck off, you shall be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!" And if you had treated a Church of England Bishop with one half the insolence you have treated your own Bishop, I am much mistaken if you would not make reparation for the offence walking behind the tail of a cart, proclaiming in rather audible, altho' not very euphonious language, your sorrow and repentance for the act which brought your nudated back and the cat-with-nine-tails in such close connection. Would not a Bishop at home excommunicate you for one half of what you have done to Bishop FRASER. Repent then in time, and pray to God to forgive you and the iron-hearted monsters who seduced you to despise Jesus Christ in the person of his validly consecrated and lawfully ordained apostle.

To some of the members of the Committee on whose names I have dropped a melancholy tear—for I believe them to be good men though deluded—I would say, withdraw your names from that Committee; do you not see them surrounded by those of men who never frequent the sacraments—who despise the nuptial benediction of the Catholic Church, and who do not observe at the baptism of their children the prescribed usages and forms of the Roman ritual. One of these persons, a ringleader in this business, has particularly attracted the notice of the writer; he was formerly a poor lazy mechanic or Clerk, and is now a full bred gentleman at large, in consequence of bewitching a widow, or finding a rich widow bewitched, who married him. The first thought that must strike the mind of a stranger on beholding him is to guard his pockets, and if he had ever been in any of the large cities on the con-

continent of Europe, he will glance at his legs to see does he wear a red stocking—the characteristic badge of the executioner or hangman in these countries. To have your names associated with such men can add little to your honor or reputation, and a wicked, sacrilegious work of this kind must bring on you and your posterity the malediction of God. Come out then of this wicked society, retrace your footsteps to the path you have deserted, and induce as many as you can to follow your example. Shed salt tears of repentance for what you have done constantly by day and by night, exclaiming, in the language of the royal Psalmist, “Remember not, O Lord, our offences, neither take thou revenge of our sins,” and thus avert those judgments of Heaven in this new hemisphere, which in the old, before the invasion of the English, and after their invasion before the Reformation, and after the Reformation doomed us to be, as I have just demonstrated to you, the most wretched people on the face of the globe.

That the unfortunate people alluded to may profit by this advice in time and eternity is the sincere wish of their friend and

Yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

SIR,—

GIVE me leave to return you my most sincere and grateful acknowledgements for the generous and noble-hearted impulse that induced you to publish, in your truly independent and patriotic journal the letters of HIBERNICUS—as nothing but a love of his native country and of the ancient religion of his forefathers could have prompted him to take up his pen in defence of the sacred institutions of the Church, which he saw last year outraged in the conduct of the Gibraltar Junta Catholics to their venerable Bishop Hughes, whom they thought to deprive of his diocese by dragging him from the altar in the temple of the living God to the dungeon in the Den of Thieves, and this year attempted to be effected here

by an almost concealed conspiracy against the venerable Catholic Bishop of Nova Scotia, whom my unreflecting and misguided countrymen thought to deprive of his legitimate episcopal rights as Bishop of this Diocese.

It gives me particular delight to think that an opportunity was given me of exhibiting to public light the character of one of your countrymen, whose disinterested acts of benevolence, and splendid literary acquirements, render him an honor not only to human nature and his high profession, but to the land of his birth, your native country, in the highland mountains of Scotland.

A superficial reader may consider HIBERNICUS an enemy to old Ireland, but he is far from it. From the admission of certain facts he drew conclusions as if he were the enemy of Ireland, and which were the natural consequences to be deduced from the admission of such premises. Although the enemies of Ireland might seem to give little credit to the Catholics for their obedience to English Bishops from the words of HIBERNICUS who, speaking in their language, would attribute it to the iron rod of despotism, he now comes forward and says his countryman obeyed the English Bishops not from fear or the consequence of their promotion through court influence, but because appointed and confirmed by the Pope. Our forefathers obeyed Doctors George Brown and Hugh Curwin, who conformed at the time of the Reformation, because appointed by the Pope through court favor not more than they obeyed their successor, Doctor Mathieu D'Oviedo, a Spaniard by birth, appointed without the consent or approbation of the English court.

HIBERNICUS, in shewing that Scotland was an independent nation since the foundation of her monarchy, while Ireland lost hers through the base treachery of one of her adulterous but royal sons, wished to say no more than that, on principles of great national independence, the Irish here could not spurn a Scotch Bishop or attempt to deprive him of his episcopal rights on the principles of Christian charity, and an observance of the examples of the apostles, generally strangers in the country, they preached the faith, and of ecclesiastical discipline and the canons of the Church, such conduct is not only unjustifiable, but without precedency even in a single instance, to bear it out. The admission of it here in a particular case, as worthy of adoption and of imitation in all Ireland, would justify the English at home to exclaim, "We differ from the Irish in matters of religion, let us dread them should they get the upper hand of us and should we not still be able

to keep them down, that they should not treat us equally as bad, if not worse than they thought to treat the Scotch Catholics in Nova Scotia—Scotch by birth or of Scottish extraction—although professing the same creed in common with themselves, and not differing with them, as we do, as to their religious creed or the tenets of their faith, and thus inflict a deadly wound on the dearest interests of our suffering fellow-countrymen—our nearest and dearest friends and kinsfolk in the old country.”

HIBERNICUS loves and cherishes his native land, and hates and execrates such deeds as would bring disgrace either on it or his ancient religion. Would any Irishman with one drop of real Irish Catholic blood running in his veins justify the abominable treatment of the Gibraltar Junta Catholics to their Bishop last year? Not one could be found who would not execrate the infamous and villainous act. The unfortunate schismatics of Nova Scotia has been worse than that of the schismatical faction in Gibraltar, if we can place any reliance on the truth contained in these words—

“An open foe he is a curse,
But a concealed one is worse.”

The former thought by force to deprive the Bishop of his mitre, the latter endeavoured to do it by stealth: first to rob the Bishop of his character, dearer to him than life, and subsequently of his episcopal jurisdiction, by an easy additional process of persecution. Will any Irishman worthy of the name, justify such conduct or say it is worthy of Irishmen? Will they reprobate and condemn the man who has raised his voice with manly independence to execrate such conduct as unworthy of Irishmen and of Irish Roman Catholics? Will Irishmen be found to say that such a man should be gibbeted as to his character in the public journals, and held out as an object of detestation to his countrymen? If they say so, and if such are the sentiments of the wise, the learned, and the great in his own country—although he cherishes the clay, and the memory of the bones mouldering into dust in the land that gave him birth—he would exclaim, “I am no Irishman—I disown it as the land of my birth—the place of my nativity.”

The Schismatics are angry with HIBERNICUS, and determined to vent their rage and fury if not on his arguments, at least on his personal character. They have sworn hostilities to him, even to the death; and among the most implacable of his

enemies are to be found some of the poor folk or dependants on their rich relatives, who, with the menial subserviency usual to such characters, whenever the honor of their rich friends are called into question, follow out their designs to the last point to satisfy the least manifestation of their will and pleasure, and thus try to secure for themselves not only the honor of being admitted as members of the wealthy family, but also as their best friends and supporters in the day of peril and hostility. They boldly assert that they will eat the live flesh off his bones—that they will undermine the force of his arguments, not by arguments but by holding up to view his hitherto most wicked and abominable character! They endeavour to convince the poor Irish Catholics that HIBERNICUS called them all Schismatics, and that the words “Schismatics in the Capital of Nova Scotia,” signifies *all* the Catholics of Nova Scotia. This is the most extraordinary perversion of words of their sense and meaning I ever heard of. The faithful Irish Catholics, true to their Bishop and Pastors and to the honor of their native land, (and among them let me number the Sydney “Irish Catholic,” and the noble and high-minded Irish Catholics of the Counties of Pictou, Colchester, and Cumberland,) commend in the highest terms that language will admit of the conduct of HIBERNICUS, and declare him to be a man of honor—of strict integrity of character—alive equally to his interests of his ancient religion and country, and defy all the enemies to alter their sentiments on this head, and they turn with disgust from the person who would impute to him unworthy motives in the line of conduct he has chosen on this occasion to adopt.

Many Protestants of the highest rank in the neighbourhood of Pictou have asked HIBERNICUS was it possible that the Pope could remove the Bishop; and whether a remonstrance from them would have any weight with the Pope? HIBERNICUS answers them and tells them that it is morally impossible.—“The Pope must be governed by the canons and decrees of the Church,” says Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, in his sermon on the unity of the Church, “to prevent him of becoming, through the infirmities of human nature, a whimsical and capricious tyrant.” Now, on the authority of this great Prelate of the Catholic Church, the Pope himself cannot remove the Bishop without a cause—the violation of some of the canons of the Church or of its discipline. No such charge can be brought against Doctor FRASER, therefore, on the authority of Bossuet, he cannot be deposed even by the Pope himself. Not only that, but if Bishop FRASER wished for a coadjutor

Bishop, he would get the person of his own choice to assist him during his life-time.—Were he to have him appointed with future succession, he would have only to call on his clergy and six out of seven would vote for the object of his choice ; in fact, such is their opinion of him, they would leave it all to his own decision: Laymen would have nothing to do in the affair at all, not one of them would be consulted on the occasion. And if traders and mechanics wish to make Bishops of themselves they must go out of our church before they can do so, or exclaim with any degree of the plausibility of truth on their side—

“ What Church has got such able pastors,
And precious, powerful preaching masters,
Possessed with absolute dominion
O’er brethren, purses, and opinions—
And trusted with the double keys—
Of Heaven and their warehouses?”

The remonstrance to the Pope would be treated by him with the greatest respect and attention, and, no doubt would be replied to by him in a manner worthy his high station in the Catholic Church and of the generous and noble-hearted disinterestedness that prompted such an appeal to his high authority in such matters: I am sure that the Pope’s reply to the address would be accompanied with presents expressive of his good will, as he is wont to do on such occasions.

On good authority I can inform you that almost all the Schismatics have returned to the fold they had deserted, and are very great penitents.—I trust that God will forgive them and pardon them their late unfortunate misdoings. A few only hold out and exhibit symptoms of an incurable schismatical leprosy. Like the fox, who came unawares on the wolf as he was reproaching him to the sick lion for his ingratitude in not coming to see his sick majesty, and who apologised for his absence in terms most acceptable to his majesty the King of Beasts, but most terrific to the wolf—“ I was absent from necessity,” said Reynard; “ seeking a cure for your majesty, and some of the best physicians I have met with are of opinion that nothing can effect so speedy and efficacious a cure as a piece of the skin of a wolf taken hot off his back and applied to your majesty’s chest;”—nothing can cure, in the opinion of some of the most skilful physicians in the Capital of Nova Scotia, the distemper of these delirious and almost incurable maniacs but a piece of the flesh taken off the backbone of the reputation of HIBERNICUS, or a cup-full of the blood of his

character, well seasoned with the venom of asps and the poison of serpents, taken three mornings fasting; and if this does not effect a cure, their case is hopeless and without a remedy. An existence to such distempers, however, will be soon put an end to by the interference of the Court of Rome with the Court of England, or HIBERNICUS is much mistaken.

Let the Pastors keep the rich would-be-ecclesiastical cormorants in their place, and give them no authority in Church matters, and cling to the poor—recollecting that, like their Divine Master, they are sent to preach the gospel to the poor—and the God of the poor, and of the gospel of the poor will protect them and support them, and send them aid in seasonable time; while the poor will reflect that their religion is not a human institution, and the Holy Spirit that has selected the Bishop for the work of an Apostle, and descended upon him, will guide them in the way to eternal salvation in despite of all the powers of the Evil One, whether he chooses to make his appearance in the shape of the would-be indomitable and insurmountable aristocracy or their sycophantic lickspittles, in the form of poor relatives and dependants.

And now, before I conclude my last correspondence on this subject, let me renew my sentiments of gratitude for the favor you have done me in publishing my letters, and to return you my sincere and heartfelt acknowledgements for the favors and kindnesses experienced at your hands since I had the honor of your acquaintance, and to assure you that I never with more heartfelt emotion and enthusiastic devotion to my country subscribed myself your obedient and humble servant than when—I trust for the last time on this occasion—I write

Yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

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APPEAL OF "HIBERNICUS" TO THE IRISH CATHOLICS OF NOVA-SCOTIA.

THE following APPEAL of HIBERNICUS to his countrymen is intended to awaken them to the laudable object he has had in view in addressing to them so many letters and to convince them that he is no enemy to either their ancient Religion or Country, as some persons have been pleased to describe him, but that he can, with truth and justice, subscribe himself a true-born Irishman, faithful to his ancient creed and country, in one word—a real *Hibernicus*.

BELOVED COUNTRYMEN,—

IN making the following Appeal to you through the medium of the Public Press; let me entreat of you to accept it in the spirit in which it has been written, and—above all things—to lay aside all selfish notions and long-cherished national prejudices, which may prevent it of producing the good fruits for which it is intended. The chief object of it is to recal to your minds the love you bore to your ancient religion in the old country, to its clergy, its friends and benefactors of all religious denominations, and the hatred and contempt you manifested to its enemies—to those who would injure or speak ill of the Priesthood of your ancient and venerable hierarchy, or its treasures; the poor—in the words of St. Lawrence, the Levite, who, on the day of his martyrdom, when called upon to give up the treasures of the Church, he invited all the poor around him, the widows and the orphans, and exclaimed, "These are the treasures of the Church."

The writer of these lines remembers well the love you manifested on all occasions to the good old families in the old country who fostered and protected the poor—how you gave them the endearing name of the good old stock, and if any of them did a kindly act, how you used to express yourselves in his regard—"Kind father for him—his father was good, his mother was good, and all who went before him," &c. and should any of the members of these ancient families depart this life he has witnessed thousands of the people accompanying their remains to the grave, filling the air with bitter lamentations, and each bewailing his loss as that of the nearest and dearest relation. He also recollects the contempt you entertained for those families who persecuted the poor—who unroofed their hovels, and how you termed them "land sharks," and "land pirates;" and you abhorred the persecutors of the clergy of your church, and those persons who received private service money—commonly called "blood money"—for first decoying into illegal associations your unsuspecting countrymen, and then betraying them into the hands of their enemies, who executed them without mercy.

How do not the friends of Ireland weep over the conduct of your countrymen, who so lately as last year imprisoned their sainted Bishop Hughes, for not making Simoniacal exactions which the poor people could not pay, and this year to attempt to deprive of his episcopal jurisdiction one of the best of living men, the Catholic Bishop of this Diocese, for no other excuse but that he is a Scotchman by birth, speaking an idiom of our ancient language, and a descendant of the same ancient royal race as ourselves.

Were either English or Scotch Protestants guilty of such an act—and far from them in those days of civil and religious freedom and enlightenment the harboring such a thought—we would never hear the end of it; but, because it has been committed by Irishmen and their descendants, the poor Irish think they can conceal it from the wide world's gaze; and that because they make a feeble effort to hide it from public view—like the owl, who cannot see by day, when he gets his head into a dark corner imagine he is hidden from all the world—they consider the affair entirely cloaked and put under cover. Nay, not only that, but should any one speak of these transactions, they all (save and except the high-minded Catholic Irishmen of the Counties of Pictou, Colchester and Cumberland,) consider him the greatest enemy to their religion and country that ever existed; and should any man take up his pen and shew the consequences to be deduced from their reasonings

and mode of proceedings from historical facts and records, they denounce him as an object of their hatred and contempt. They will not admit that Ireland ever produced a bad man; and should you assert that the best of Scotchmen was superior in piety and humanity to Lord Norbury, of blood-stained memory—and whom Miss Edgeworth, in her celebrated novels, terms “the hanging Judge,”—to the Majors Sirr and Swan of the rebellion of '98—notoriety—to the O'Briens, the Heppinstalls, or M'Murragh's—or the Gibraltarists who last year imprisoned their Bishop—that moment they are all on what the French term the “*qui vive*,”—alive to the insult done their country, and determined to have vengeance on the ungenerous and unmanly assailant of their country and religion.

The very persons who should be the first to speak in defence of their Bishop—living in his neighbourhood and witnessing his episcopal and truly apostolical conduct—were as silent as stone stocks when they heard the Bishop maligned and abused; but no sooner was a word said against his assailants, and their conduct denounced as unworthy of Irishmen and Catholics, than they become furnished as with a thousand tongues to take vengeance on the impious person who dare arraign and condemn the conduct of their countrymen. It is the opinion of some thinking people here, that if some of these poor Irish people were born dumb, they would get the use of their speech were the preference given in their presence to any thing of Scotch production to that of Irish produce; and they are sure that as good a scene would be realized as that which we have read of as having happened in England, where two Irish ladies in society could not be induced to utter a word until a facetious fellow in the company whispered a friend that he would make the dumb ladies speak, which he immediately effected with a vengeance—to the no small amusement of the company—by publicly asserting, without fear of contradiction, that the English potatoes were far superior to Irish potatoes.

This class of poor, illiterate Irish—and I trust that this is the best apology for them—will not admit that Ireland produced a bad man in any shape or form, or that any country could produce a man as good as the worst of Irishmen, only deserve pity and contempt, but that men who have known their countrymen to swear away the lives of innocent persons, and who declared themselves so at the foot of the gallows, should aver that all Irishmen are as immaculate as new-born babes, and that in all Ireland, Nova Scotia, or in the British Colonies not a bad Irishman can be found—well aware that

those men who pocketed the "blood money" were sent out by the Government to the Colonies to save them from popular vengeance—render the integrity and purity of their own character seriously questionable—at least their opinions widely differ from that of Erin's immortal Bard—

" Alas! for my country! her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken which never would bend;
O'er the ruins her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her and death to defend.

Unprized are her sons till they've learnt to betray,
Undistinguish'd they live if they shame not their sires,
And the torch that would light them to dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires."

I admit that no country in the world ever produced braver, better, more charitable, or more hospitable men than Ireland, but I am also free to admit that no country ever produced worse or more treacherous characters both to their ancient creed and country than Ireland. To the first class belong the O'Connells, Sheils, Skullies, &c. of Munster, the O'Moors, O'Tooles, and O'Cavanaghs of Leinster, the O'Donnells, O'Neils, and M'Guire of Ulster, and the Blakes, O'Connors, and M'Dermotts of Connaught. To the second class belongs the entire Gibraltar Junta set of Catholics, and all the members, with a few exceptions, of the Committee of St. Mary's Parish, 1841, in the Capital of Nova Scotia. On reading over their names, I defy any man, Protestant or Catholic, rich or poor, who knew them in Ireland, to say that their fathers or grandfathers ranked as, or were admitted to be by all classes, Catholic gentlemen of ancient and respectable parentage. Catholic gentlemen of education would blush to be impeached with such conduct, and were they to hear them at home speaking of the indifference of the Bishop to the cause of Religion, or the covert attacks on the Vicar General, I would not be in their jackets for the price of the fattest ox the most expert tradesman in their honorable families deprived of his pelt—the hoofs and horns thrown into the bargain.

You have the highest dignitaries in Church and State of the other religious denominations at your doors—ask them what do they think of the conduct of your Committee men, and of your Catholic honorables to your Bishop, and they will tell you—for they are too noble-minded, too enlightened, and too elevated in rank and fortune to deceive you—that your conduct is abominable, shameful and disgraceful; and, be not

ignorant of it, they have already expressed themselves to that effect—and the writer of these lines could mention the name of one of the most illustrious of them who has so expressed himself.

You think, indeed, to procure the respect of your Protestant neighbours by expressing a contempt for the ancient usages of the Church, the Sacrament and Sacrifice of the Mass and all its antiquated ceremonies, and to let them know that, like them, all your passion for devotion consists in hearing eloquent sermons, listening to Evening Songs and Vesper Hymns, beautifully and delightfully chaunted. You wish to make them believe that you are extremely liberal, and, of course, enlightened, by despising abstinence on fast days, crossing yourselves before and after meals, and, should you say "Grace" carefully omitting to pray for the dead, and such other of -fashioned ceremonies of the old mother church. You think that by shewing disrespect to your Clergymen and everything Catholic, and shewing the greatest deference for Protestant Clergymen and Protestant opinions, that they will say "What a nice, well-bred gentleman that is. Is it not astonishing that such an elegant and fashionable man, of such polished and refined manners, could be a Catholic? Did you observe the elegant bow he made on coming into the room—his graceful smile as he presented cake to the ladies?" &c. but, be assured of it, the Protestants are not such fools as to set much value on such empty-headed productions. They know what Catholics are better than you, and they are well aware that the Emperors of the Brazils and Austria, the Kings of France, Naples, Sardinia, &c., and the first statesmen and diplomatists as well as the first classical and scientific scholars in the world are Catholics, and are ready to admit, in words similar to those of the learned Gibbon—speaking of the celebrated works of the well-known Alban Butler—"The sense and learning belong to the author, his prejudices are those of his profession," that their great learning and profound erudition belong to themselves—their religious prejudices to the impressions of an early and well attended-to religious education; and they know full well that if such great men were present, they would speak and act in quite a different manner, were the subject of the Church or its ministers introduced upon the tapis. Every Protestant knows that fellows who act as the Schismatics of the Capital of Scotia now do are nothing more than mere coxcombs—less nothings, worthy of contempt and nothing else. They would not give them the same credit for being Catholics that

certain Jews and Turks gave certain Europeans at Constantinople for being Christians.—The good Europeans wished to show their friends of the turban and long beards that they were not Mussulmen by drinking most profusely of wine, rum, and brandy, so strictly prohibited by the law of Mahomet; and, desirous to make a similar demonstration of their not being Jews to their Hebrew associates, eat pork with the most extraordinary avidity, and such was the execution performed on the pork, wine, rum and brandy, by these worthy and, no doubt, orthodox professors of the Christian faith, that both the Jews and Mahometans exclaimed, with one accord, "You are the best Christians we ever saw, or were acquainted with."

In fact to see these vacant countenanced fellows swaggering about the Chapel on a Sunday, you would imagine you saw so many birds of prey hovering around some dead carcass, or so many bumbailiffs watching round a Court-House in the old country on an Assize day: all, as it were, interested about the Church—all ready to censure and find fault with every thing that does not tickle their fancy—all ready at the wind of the word to pass resolutions against their pious, zealous Bishop, and most laborious pastor the Vicar General—their faithful laborer for years in the vineyard of Christ. In fact their conduct is so abominable that it is surprising how the Bishop and Vicar General would not prefer celebrating Mass in the open fields sooner than submit to the degradation of offering it in a house where such fellows have any control. It is astonishing that they do not put in force the interdicts sanctioned by the authority of Popes Gregory IX., Boniface VIII., and Gregory X., and deprive the people of public worship until the leaders would submit to the authority of the Church, and give them as a choice, either to do public penance in sackcloth and ashes, or hear a public sentence of excommunication from the Church denounced against them from the altar in the temple of the living God. Why not at once put down the system of Wardens and Electors which, on the authority of the present Pope—in his Brief addressed to Doctor Hughes, or Cardinal Raltar—derives its existence and continuation from the will of the Bishop? This *vinculum iniquitatis* must be broken; until then there will be no peace in the Catholic Church of Nova Scotia; and the sooner it is frittered to pieces by the strong arm of Episcopal authority the better for the public at large and for themselves in particular: for then, and then only, will they be disposed for the good of their souls or no Catholics at all—then will they go to the Church to say their prayers or not go at all.

If in country parts some worthless Catholics have the audacity to assume to themselves the prerogative of reproving the Priest for doing his duty in rescuing from the grasp of fanaticism and proselytism the little lambs of his fold, and condemn the verdict of the learned judge in his favor—who said that in doing so he only did his duty, and that if he had not acted as he did he should not have done his duty—and declare if he should condemn their conduct in spilling human blood, &c., that they will shut their pockets against him, and contribute nothing to his support, and, during his stay in the Parish, rob the Supreme Being of the great honor and homage to be derived from their presence at public worship: while others, no doubt praiseworthy imitators of their laudable example, will absent themselves in like manner should the Priest condemn their notions with respect to the ancient ceremonies of sprinkling Holy Water—of placing images over the altar—of clothing the children in surplices and purple sutans, as in Catholic Churches on the Continent—which they say should be dispensed with in this and other such like (as they are pleased to term them) Protestant countries: and if the Priest does not assist at the burial of their children, call in the minister of other churches, or deprive their nearest relatives of christian burial, unless the Priest consents to pronounce a lofty panegyric or funeral oration on the universally known unknown worth and numerous exalted, though hidden virtues of the deceased; while others who never spoke a word of English in their lives under the paternal roof, and whose Mamas and Pappas could not for the bare life of them, ask for a drink of water in that language, and who only made their debüt, or first acquaintance with it, in company with the first appearance of their back teeth, and who now consider themselves perfect masters of it—although they must confess they cannot get rid of a most vexatious bit of that euphonious accompaniment vulgarly termed “a touch of the brogue,”—are most anxious to have the Mass celebrated in English; these difficulties soon vanish on an explanation of these rights and ceremonies being given, and on making known the claims of the impugnors of them to the attention of an enlightened world—on the grounds of their universally admitted deep erudition on such subjects—they become objects of popular scorn and derision. One of the most scientific of them have been twice tried for the honors of a *minas habens*, or dunce’s cap, in his assumed profession, in the public Court-House in the very town where he lived and displayed such profound theological acumen, and where the black robes on either side

thundered at the bar with their usual eloquence ; terminating the affair like Dean Swift's last chapter in the " Tale of a Tub," in which everything was concluded and nothing concluded, everything decided and nothing decided—no verdict being given whether his diploma was of such a description as to entitle him to practice or not not to practice the *Æsculapean* art.

To view the conduct of these *vaut riens* you would imagine that the Priests were their slaves and accountable to the public for their conduct, and that, if they were obliged to satisfy them for their delinquencies, at least they should compensate their own loss from the vengeance taken by them on the clergymen, as the slaveholders do when any of their slaves commit a depredation on the neighbouring planters, indemnify themselves at the expense of many a hideous yell and frightful impression made on poor black negro man's back.

How long will the Catholic Clergy of Nova Scotia endure such insolence ? Why not apply to the Government for protection, and tell them that if these unlettered and untutored infidels, nicknaming themselves Catholics and Irishmen—real modern Marratts and Robespierres, with a rabble mob of regular Sans Culottes at their backs—are allowed to proceed with their conduct, and to upset the altars of the living God, that the next attack, in all probability (Papineau-like) will be on the authority of her British Majesty, and that they will endeavour to limit or direct the sway of her sceptre in these Colonies at their own discretion. Why not show the attestations to our loyalty contained in our Catechisms, and be assured of it that we will not call on our truly paternal Government for a fish and get a serpent, for bread and be presented with a stone ! The words which I think well calculated to insure the good wishes and favor of the Government are the following, read in the General Catechism universally in use in this Diocese, and to be found in the 17th lesson :—

Question.—What are the duties of subjects to the temporal powers ?

Answer.—To be subject to them, and to honor and obey them, not only for wrath but also for conscience sake, for so is the will of God—1 *Peter* ii. and *Romans* xiii.

Q.—Does the Scripture require any other duty of subjects ?

A.—Yes—to pray for Kings and all who are in high station, that we may lead peaceable and holy lives.—1 *Tim.* ii.

Q.—Is it sinful to resist or combine against the established authorities, or disrespect those who rule over us ?

A.—Yes: St. Paul says, "Let every soul be subject to higher powers; he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist purchaseth to themselves damnation."—*Romans*, xiii.

Your countrymen at home petitioned for and received Catholic Emancipation at the hands of the Government when their religion was not the least endangered, now, that it is endangered, why not send Addresses from every little town and settlement against these wolves in sheep's clothing, through his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor of the Province, and through him to the Home Department, and you will soon see what a change will take place, and these *pseudo* Catholics and *pseudo* Irishmen would soon respect you as much as they respect the ministers and members of the Church of England, and of the other religious denominations.

In the language of St. Peter, (1 Epis. chap. ii.) "Abstain from all carnal desires that war against the soul; do well and put to silence the ignorance of foolish men; honour all men—love the brotherhood—fear God, and honor the King;" and enable your pastors to say of you, should they be compelled to make an apology in your behalf to the Government—in words similar to those of St. Augustine, in his 138th letter to Marcellinus—"Let those who may say that the doctrine of Catholics is hostile to the Government produce an army of such inhabitants of Provinces, such husbands, such wives, such parents, such children, such masters, such servants, such judges—finally, such payers of debts and collectors of the revenue as the doctrine of Catholicity enjoins, and then let any persons dare to assert that it is inimical to the Government: rather let them not hesitate to acknowledge that it is, when practised of great advantage to the Government."

I am sure these fellows will tell you that HIBERNICUS is an enemy to his country and religion, and of course that they are friends to both—"Look at how he has described our wretched state at home, and the degrading laws we were obliged to submit to, &c.; but has Mr. O'Connell ever done so? Has he ever spoken of the doings of the Riding House, or Pitched Caps of '98, or of the victims under which the gallows of our country has groaned? Has he ever spoken of the wretched state of our peasantry at home—driven out on the high road to perish to make way for the fatted oxen?" Has he *not* done so? Not only in by-gone days, but during the course of last month he bewailed at the Corn Exchange, London, the hopeless state of his countrymen, who, driven from their native homes, were obliged to burrow holes in the churchyards to

shelter themselves, and that during the course of the week preceding that in which he thus expressed himself. Did Father O'Leary ever address the people on the danger of being seduced into rebellion by selfish and designing men, who wished to fatten on their blood? And will you say that Mr. O'Connell does not or Father O'Leary did not love their country? HIBERNICUS tells you that these men who have opposed the episcopal jurisdiction of their Bishop in the Capital of Nova Scotia are as great enemies and traitors to their church as the Jemmy O'Briens, Heppenstalls, and Murtagh M'Murraghs were to their country. He tells you that not one of them could boast their descent from an ancient and honorable family, or that any of them held the rank of Catholic gentleman in the old country. He also tells you that you know that fact, and that their conduct would disgrace an Orange Lodge of the worst description—that no Orangeman of rank would let himself down so low as to speak as they do of the Bishop, Vicar General, and Catholic Priests of this Diocese.

My Countrymen, you have happy homes here; you are not oppressed by severe local taxation, or rackrents, neither are you burdened with tithes, church cess, &c., and why then should you not have your altars free? The Protestants are your friends, and, so far from wishing to injure you, they protect you, and enable you to build your churches, &c. Your enemies are of the worst description—they are of your own household. Meet, then, and petition the Bishop and the Governor of the Colony against the inroad made on the liberties of the gospel you profess. Imitate the noble example of the Catholics of the Counties of Pictou, Colchester and Cumberland, and shew them that if Ireland has produced the worst of men, that she has also given birth to men the most loyal and true to their ancient faith and country.

Petition, then, in every direction, the Bishop to suppress the Society called "The Wardens and Electors of Saint Mary's Church, Halifax,"—the fruitful cause of so much of the evil we complain of. Shun the members of the Committee until they withdraw their names from it. Honor the illustrious Queen of the flourishing British Islands—to use the language of the present Pope in his Brief to Doctor Hughes, Gibraltar—and entreat the Almighty to spare her long to reign over us. Pray for the Pope himself, the acknowledged head of the Catholic Church and the successor of St. Peter; and do not forget to implore forgiveness if you have transgressed in any way against the obedience due to your pious and much injured

Bishop, and his assistants—whom, I trust, you will beseech the Lord long to preserve, and to save from the hands of his and their enemies. Then, and not till then, will you be entitled to bear the name of Irishmen and Irish Catholics, to enjoy the blessings temporal and spiritual of the government we live under and of our holy and blessed religion. And when you have given to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar, and to God what belongs to God, you will be enabled to say with truth and from the bottom of your hearts of your illustrious Queen, the Pope, the Bishop of this Diocese, and his many assistants—

Long may they live to share the bliss they give.
And when called hence to Heaven's eternal throne,
May choirs of angels waft them to the skies!

If I have been obliged to turn my pen into an instrument of torture to inflict condign punishment on the outlaws of my ancient religion and country, they have no one to blame but themselves: they have furnished me with a lash to effect the purpose. I have argued from their own concessions—from the data, as Mathematicians term it, that they have given me—and from the concessions of the premises drew conclusions as clearly and evidently demonstrated as any problem in Geometry could be; and I have argued from the admission of all their absurdities, as Schoolmen term it, and drawn conclusions reflecting little honor on my literary assailants, and should they now find themselves in rather an awkward situation on the horns of an angry argument before the world, let them attribute to themselves the truth contained in the following words—

“A rod in a school,
For the back of a fool,
Is always in season.”

The stern Brutus wept when he ordered his sons to be first whipped and then beheaded in his presence. The Lord Mayor Lynch, of Galway, shed tears when he pronounced sentence of death on his own son, who committed murder, when he assisted at his execution; and, believe me, the blood of HIBERNICUS thrilled with horror in his veins while inflicting a literary castigation on his countrymen.

Trusting that Ooliba will take warning from the chastisement of Oolla and avoid similar punishments, and that my—as yet—innocent countrymen will take a lesson from the castigation inflicted on the enemies to both our ancient creed and

dearly beloved fatherland, and learn to avoid evil and do good, are the sincere wishes, anxious hope, and long desired expectations of

Your truly faithful,

Sincerely devoted, and

Very obedient, humble

Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PAMPHLET ENTITLED
 "A REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF ST.
 MARY'S PARISH," HALIFAX, N. S.

* * * * *

In the year 1785 the first Catholic Church was erected, and a Clergyman of the Franciscan Order arrived at Halifax, who assumed the spiritual charge of the congregation. His ministry continued with increasing success until the year 1798, when the Reverend Gentleman retired from the religious superintendence of the Catholics of this city and returned to his native country—Ireland—where at his decease he bequeathed a considerable legacy to the College of Maynooth. In the interim, the Rev. Mr. Burke, a Priest from the Island of Newfoundland, visited Halifax, and temporally officiated. At this time, from causes at this distance not easily ascertained, some serious disturbances in the feelings of the congregation occurred, which, on being announced to the Bishop of Quebec, who claimed jurisdiction over Nova Scotia (by its old name Acadia,) that Prelate ordered the Rev. Dr. Edmund Burke to the mission of Halifax, with plenary powers as Vicar General of the Province.

The Vicar immediately convoked a meeting of the principal Inhabitants, and submitted to them certain constitutions, which, with the sanction of the Lord Bishop, and upon the model of similar and analagous systems in the Canadas, he was commanded to establish and enforce. These constitutions imparted to a certain body of the Parishioners, deriving its existence from the elective principle, certain specified powers relative to the financial and economic government of the Parish.

The purport of the same may be concisely stated as follows :

The indispensable presence of the Vicar General, or his representative, in the Parish at all Parochial Meetings or Convocations of the above Body (known by the name and title

of "Wardens and Electors." His signature in attestation of a sanction to all such acts and proceedings wherein they should be called upon to regulate and administer the temporalities of the mission, when not repugnant to the canons of the Church. The annual election by voice (by the members of the same body severally kneeling at the foot of the Priest presiding) of four Wardens—one of whom should be in charge for the current year—whose functions should consist in the collection of all rates and dues, constitutionally imposed, subject to the judgment of the administrator of the Parish for sepulture.—The annual subscriptions and the rents (at vendue) stipulated as payable for the use and occupation of the pews. The Warden then in charge was further confined in his expenditure to the sum of five pounds currency upon all matters of trivial and temporal necessity. Any requisition for an outlay of a higher or larger sum must be made to the general body at its meeting, duly constituted as before, who alone were the competent authorities for the purposes of general disbursement and appropriation of the public funds.

Under the authority vested in the Wardens and Electors by the Constitution adverted to, that Body continued from the period of its origin, through the whole spiritual administration of the late Dr. Edmund Burke over this Vicariate, to supply by the suffrages of its constituents the several vacancies as they occurred by death or removal from the Parish, until, during the episcopacy of Dr. Fraser, the Pewholders were admitted, by that Prelate's amendment of the constitution to their privilege in the exercise of the franchise.

One of their first acts after the improvement thus introduced by His Lordship, was a resolution accompanied by an humble address, both of which we subjoin, and to which we respectfully solicit attention; bearing as it does the signature of the Vicar General, as a sanction to its justice and its truth (vide Appendix A & B); but if further testimony were wanting to evince the anxiety of the congregation on the subject of its spiritual wants, a resolution was passed as early as the sixth of January, 1833, appropriating an ample sum for the maintenance of his Lordship and one Clergyman, and including a further offer of suitable provision for additional Clergymen to meet the "pressing wants" of the Parish; which latter requisition became the constant and reiterated subject of importunity to his Lordship (vide Appendix, C, D & K.)

The effect of these importunities and the constant readiness evinced by the Parish, at length prevailed upon his Lordship, at the instance of the Wardens to address the following

letter to the Most Reverend Dr. Murray, requesting his Grace's intervention in our behalf :

LETTER.

*Halifax, Nova Scotia, N. America,
July 20th, 1838.*

TO HIS GRACE THE MOST REV. DR. MURRAY.

MOST REVEREND SIR,—

Fully convinced that your Lordship will feel intense interest in every project calculated to promote the glory of God and the salvation of souls, I beg leave without preface or apology, to introduce to your Lordship's consideration the following important subject. I arrived here ten days ago from the eastern extremity of the Province, where necessity compels me to reside, and on my arrival was requested by the Catholic population of this town, six thousand in number, all Irish or Irish descent, to apply to your Lordship for two Clergymen from your Diocese, one as an assistant to the Reverend John Loughnan, the present incumbent, and the other to take charge of the education of youth in the Seminary. A Priest of unexceptionable character and possessed of considerable oratorical powers in explaining the principles of our holy religion, and enforcing its divine precepts would be of incalculable benefit in this place. By to-morrow's packet I remit a bill of £100 to Messrs. Wright & Co., Bankers, London, which will be at your disposal for the above purpose. I am, besides, authorised to state that the sum of three hundred pounds currency, as yearly salary, will be cheerfully given with comfortable lodgings in the Glebe House. Should your Lordship, however find it impossible to relieve us, may I so far presume on your goodness as to request your influence and kind interference with some other Bishop or Bishops in Ireland who may be both disposed and able, without any inconvenience, to remove the spiritual wants, and accomplish the earnest and pious wish of your countrymen here.

In anxious expectation of an answer as early as convenient,

I remain, my Lord,

Yours, uti Frater in Christo,

✠ WILLIAM FRASER, Ep. Tanen,
And Vicar Apostolic of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton.

The gentleman sought for arrived, and before even their entrance upon the duties of the various stations intended for them, and to which they had been invited, some untoward and serious misunderstanding occurred, which led to the threat of their immediate and sudden departure from the Province, by the vessel in which they arrived; an event only averted by the unanimous entreaties and supplications of the people, represented through the Wardens and Electors, and the documentary proof of which we subjoin from the Parochial Records—(vide Appendix E.)

His Lordship at this time having abruptly left us, without any adjustment of or measures taken to arrange these unseemly divisions, a condition so full of perplexity and confusion to our people, that a special memorial, by a gentleman of approved and exemplary character and as such known to the Bishop, was addressed to his Lordship, explicitly descriptive of our condition, and remonstrating for relief. We know not how we can better set forth the state of which we complained than by the insertion of the letter at full length which follows, passed at a meeting, sanctioned by the attendance of the Vicar General, as is testified by his signature to the same. (Vide Appendix F & G)

The gentleman (messenger) obtained the contemplated interview with his Lordship at Antigonish (distant from Halifax 150 miles), and led the Parish to the entertainment of a sanguine hope, that measures would be taken to secure the services of these gentlemen in the Parish with comfort to themselves and usefulness to the people.

* * * * *

During the Holy Week of the last Lent, the present generation of Catholics in Halifax witnessed for the first time, under the ministration of these Reverend Gentlemen the solemnization of those vesper observances so peculiarly suited in our ritual to the sanctity of the season, and the magnificent and soul-thrilling psalmody of the tenebræ, with their attendant ceremonials, were for the first time intoned beneath the vaults of St. Mary's; and we hesitate not to say that the Holy Week of the last year in this city will not fail to be remembered for a long space of time yet to come.

During this—as it ultimately proved to be—treacherous calm, the earnest attention of all was directed to carry out one of the dearest objects which they had proposed in urging the Bishop to send for two Clergymen, was the establishment

of a College. In it they were ably seconded by the Reverend Mr. O'Brien, who soon had the high gratification of seeing persons of all creeds availing themselves of the facilities afforded by such an institution. His most sanguine anticipations were realized, the number of students attending the classes soon amounting to nearly eighty. On the meeting of the Legislature in the year following, a munificent donation of three hundred pounds was made towards its support by an almost unanimous vote; and to insure a continuance of the bright prospects which were dawning on the Catholics of this country, an Act of Incorporation was passed, granting the power of conferring Degrees—thus placing the College on a footing of equality with that belonging to the established religion which had for many years existed in the Colony. The want of such an Institution had for years pressed on the minds of Catholics. No other sources whence instruction could be derived for their children being open to them but those which would tend to sap the foundation of their faith. To the eminent talents and unwearied exertions of the Reverend Principal, notwithstanding the repeated attempts to stay its onward career from the very moment of his putting foot on our soil, are the Catholics of this country indebted for the institution of St. Mary's. But, unfortunately, like almost every undertaking engaged in by the Catholics of this community, its usefulness is paralyzed, its very existence put in jeopardy, by the indifference evinced towards it by the Bishop, and the covert attacks of the Vicar General.

* * * * *

The insufficiency of the accommodation afforded by the Church of St. Mary's for seven thousand Parishioners, being but 80 by 60 feet, induced the people to provide against this crying inconveniency, by attempting to erect a second at the opposite end of the City of Halifax. His Lordship the Bishop commended the spirit of the people, and from the Altar gave his blessing to the work. * * * A site in a commodious and valuable division of the city was purchased by a Committee of Gentlemen in the Parish, selected by the Body, with the Very Reverend the Vicar General at their head. He, in conjunction with the members of the Committee, had selected the above ground for purchase, approved highly of its position and evinced every disposition at the time to sustain and encourage the laudable and Catholic objects of the People. In conformity to a requisition for a general meeting of the Parish, to sanction the purchase made by the committee, and to col-

lect the necessary funds for the erection of the church, the public meeting took place, and notwithstanding the previous approval by the Vicar General of the project, and the recommendation of the Bishop, he abruptly left the chair and the meeting in a scene of perplexity and discouragement. The people, notwithstanding, having the blessing of the Bishop publicly given from the Altar at High Mass, upon the undertaking, still struggled with the hope of providing farther accommodation for the religious wants of their fellows. * * * In a word, the ground obtained and agreed for has been demanded back by the proprietors, the amount of monies collected or subscribed remains without an object for their application, and the insufficiency of church accommodation is matter of constant complaint. * * *

The Reverend Mr. Dease, who will present these documents, finding his situation such (we repeat his own words which we presume he would find himself able to substantiate), "that it seriously impaired his usefulness as a Clergyman, by interrupting the charities and peaceful quiet of mind, so essential to one who had to minister at the altar," at length applied for his exeat. * * *

The exeat which Mr. Dease had sought was transmitted by the Bishop, and for aught it would seem to cost our Ecclesiastical authorities, either in care or in interest, a relapse into the state which the documents under their own signatures bear proof of might have occurred; but the people roused by a love of their faith—a zeal for its interests and for the future fortunes of their children—besought his Lordship, in terms of entreaty (by a document more humble in its spirit than the letter on a similar subject, sent from the Warden and Electors, with the approval of the Rev. Mr. Loughnan), to permit the further continuance of the Rev. Mr. Dease's ministry. The record of the proceedings on this occasion follow as No. 1 in the Appendix.

* * * * *

On the receipt of His Lordship's missive, and the failure of those hopes which the arrival of the Rev. Gentleman had so sanguinely inspired—discouraged by the ungenerous and repulsive spirit we had experienced from his Lordship, from whom by neither word, thought nor act, we deserved such a reply as was transmitted—an appeal to the Holy See, the Mother of the Churches presented itself. We had been taught

from our infancy that it was the centre of unity, and the seat of the Apostles, and that a reference for counsel and advice to its authorities was an evidence of filial submissiveness rather than deviation from discipline. We subjoin a record of the steps taken by the Parish, with the Resolutions and appended documents, which, in all humility and with the most unqualified deference to Ecclesiastical authority we forward.

The Rev. Mr. Deaso has since taken his leave of the Parish, and left for his native Diocese in Ireland, en route to the Holy City, where we, in the earnestness of our hearts, pray that an examination of the Premises, and an inspection of our religious state and condition, with the grounds of complaint, whether well or ill founded, may take place, and such relief or remedy in the matter may be afforded to the people, as in conscience and in equity they deserve.

In conclusion, as we, the subscribers have been publicly at the altar threatened with exclusion from the sacraments by the Very Rev. Mr. Loughnan, until the opinion of his Lordship the Bishop be received on this subject. We solemnly appeal for counsel and advice, and for correction, (if misinstructed in the right appreciation of the privilege, which sometimes becomes a duty in a Catholic, of referring to the Holy See in his doubts and his difficulties)—to that sacred head, the acknowledgement of whose authority indicates the absence of schism, and submission to whose voice, both in doctrine and discipline, is the most certain evidence of Catholic Communion.

MICHAEL TOBIN, sen., *Chairman.*

L. O'C. DOYLE, *Secretary.*

Thomas Kenny,	Michael Tobin, jr.	Edward Kenny,
Michael Bennet,	Michael Maloney,	Peter Furlong,
James Cochran,	John Quinn,	James C. Tobin,
James Wallace,	Thomas Ring,	William Dillon,
William Donovan,	Roger Cunningham,	Pat. Swaine,
Daniel Cronan,	Patrick Walsh,	Jerem. Conway,
William Barron,	John Nugent,	Thos. Fielding,
Manl. Defreytus,	William Skerry,	John Roche,
Thomas. S. Tobin,	Peter Morrissey,	Peter Grant,

Committee appointed by the Parish of St. Mary's,
Halifax, N. S., December 31, 1841.

* * * * * * *

APPENDIX.

HALIFAX, November 14, 1841.

In consequence of an announcement from the Altar, at the time of the solemn Mass for the Parish of St. Mary, in the City of Halifax, that the Rev. L. J. Dease had received his Exeat from the Right Rev. Dr. Fraser, the Vicar Apostolic of Nova Scotia and its dependencies—A meeting of the Parishioners was held on Sunday the 14th instant, after Vespers, in the Parochial School Room, the Hon. Michael Tobin, Senior, was unanimously called to the Chair; L. O'Connor Doyle, Esq., was appointed to act as Secretary.

The objects of the Meeting were fully and at length set forth by the Honorable Chairman, who forcibly depicted to the Meeting, the early difficulties which opposed the progress of our Faith in this Province, and the improving condition of our affairs, since the arrival of the Reverend Gentlemen, whose services the zeal and exertion of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, had procured for this Vicariate. A general feeling of regret at the untoward event of Mr. Dease's separation evincing itself, a resolution was moved to the effect following:

By the Honorable Michael Tobin, Junior.

That an Address be presented to His Lordship, humbly soliciting Him to reinstate the Rev. Mr. Dease, in the faculties requisite for a renewal of his Ministry in this Parish, if His Lordship should so please.

The following Address, in pursuance of the terms of the Resolution, was then unanimously passed:

HALIFAX, November, 18, 1841.

TO THE RIGHT REV. DOCTOR FRASER,

BISHOP OF TANEN, AND VICAR APOSTOLIC OF NOVA SCOTIA.

RIGHT REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,

We trespass on your Lordship's time at this season, to enclose a copy of the request we have forwarded to the Rev. Joseph Dease, to induce his further continuance in the service of this Parish, where, we unfeignedly assure your Lordship, a high sense of his usefulness is universally felt; and as we have prevailed upon him to consent to remain, subject to your Lordship's approval, we pray your Lordship will be pleased so

to order matters, by sanctioning such consent, as will give stability to the high and cheering hopes we entertain for the improving welfare of this important portion of your Vicariate.

Thoroughly impressed with the sense of all due and proper submissiveness to your Lordship's high prerogative, we solicit your acquiescence in the prayer of this Memorial, and remain with considerations of the highest respect,

Your obedient Servants,

(Signed by nearly one thousand Parishioners.)

A Special Messenger was despatched to Antigonish, with the foregoing address to the Bishop, on Tuesday 16th, who returned on 23d, with the Reply annexed.

HALIFAX, 20th November, 1841.

THE HONOURABLE MICHAEL TOBIN, JUNIOR,
HALIFAX.

HONORABLE DEAR SIR,

I avail myself of Mr. Doyle's return to Halifax, of informing that the Letter, containing the Petition for an additional Church in the Northern Suburbs, with its signatures, has been committed to the flames, with other important though now useless communications.

As I wish as much as possible to curtail all unnecessary correspondence, I take the liberty of addressing you individually on the subject of the last Petition, so numerous and respectably signed, for reinstating the Rev. Mr. Dease in his former capacity. His resignation was solely the act of his own will, and it was at his own earnest request I sent him his *Exeat* or Dismissorials: if he now feel disappointed, and repent of his rash and hasty resolutions, let him blame himself, not me. I delayed three posts in sending them, in the expectation of receiving in the interim counter orders, but to no effect. He has them now and he is at full liberty to return to his native soil. The *Exeat* will show that his retirement from my jurisdiction was voluntary on his part, and by no means compulsory on mine.

Any future application to me on the subject of the selection and appointment of clergymen to Parochial duties, or ecclesiastical offices within the limits of my spiritual jurisdiction, will meet with the unqualified and well merited contempt of

Your very obedient servant,

And sincere well-wisher,

✠ WILLIAM FRASER, Ep. Tanen, &c.

On the receipt of intelligence that the special messenger to whom the memorial to His Lordship Dr. Fraser was transmitted, had returned, a formal requisition was addressed to the legitimate authority, according to the Episcopal Constitution of the Parish, and a general meeting was, conformably thereto, held on Sunday 28th November, the Very Rev. the Vicar General in the Chair : when after having read and fully considered the Letter of his Lordship, Doctor Fraser, in reply to the memorial, the following Resolutions were put and passed unanimously:

On motion of the Hon. M. Tobin, jun., seconded by Mr. P. Furlong—

Resolved, That this Parish are unconscious of any cause given by them for the imputation of interfering with his Lordship "on the subject of the selection and appointment of Clergymen to Parochial duties or ecclesiastical offices within the limits of his spiritual jurisdiction," and they regard the mention of such matters in the reply of his Lordship, as unjustified by any word or expression in their letter to him, or by any previous act of theirs, and utterly undeserved by the spirit and disposition shewn by this Parish to preserve all due consideration for their Superior in the Hierarchy, and their undeviating respect for the authorities of a Church to which their hearts and affections are inalienably attached; and they hereby disavow every thought so repugnant to their conceptions of duty, and feel that they would justly subject themselves to the reproach of all good Catholics, were they capable of meriting at any time, or in any manner the unkind insinuations of his Lordship.

Passed unanimously.

On motion of Mr. James C. Tobin, seconded by Mr. James Wallace—

Resolved, That inasmuch as the Parish find they are unable to retain the services of the Rev. Mr. Dease, they deem it incumbent on them to express the deep regret they feel at the necessity of parting with one to whose extraordinary exertions they are indebted for the establishment of so many useful institutions conducive to the advancement of Catholicity in this City, and the education and instruction of children to which he had so zealously devoted himself.

Passed unanimously.

On motion of Mr. Michael Maloney, seconded by Mr. P. Morrissey—

Resolved, That an Address, expressive of the deep feelings of gratitude of the Parishioners, and their regret on his departure, be presented to the Rev. Mr. Dease.

Passed unanimously.

ADDRESS.

HALIFAX, November 28, 1841.

TO THE REV. L. J. DEASE.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

We the members of St. Mary's Parish, assembled, cannot permit you to leave these shores without some testimony of the spirit with which we hailed your arrival, and the painfulness and regret with which we now feel penetrated at the announcement of your departure. When, impelled by the solicitude of turning to a faithful account those resources which Providence, in the dispensations of its blessings has placed at our command—when we first besought his Grace the most Rev. Dr. Murray, to bestow his sympathies upon our condition, and to cast his care upon the requirements of this Parish—no other consideration but an earnest and undissembled regard for the spiritual interests of our children and ourselves constituted the motive of our conduct. We saw around us a community diversified by the various castes of creeds and country, exemplifying in their several relations of their intercourse with us, a spirit of kindness, good will, and christian charity—a characteristic of society in Nova Scotia, eminently and long prevalent; We felt that if we were ever the objects of a sinister or ungracious reflection, it was rather in the form of a slur upon our own apathy, and a stricture upon the luke-warmness we evinced in the legitimate furtherance of our own cause. The zeal and exertions made by others, for literary and religious improvements, became not only as stimulants to our zeal, but as reproaches upon our apathy; and a sense of duty to ourselves—to those who craved for the means of further instruction—and to that Church whose doctrines must solace us in this, and cheer us in our progress to a better world—directed our thoughts to the metropolis of Ireland, enlightened by the talents of its hierarchy, and consecrated by the sanctities of our Faith. The hope which the attention of that Reverend Dignitary to our appeal so sanguinely excited derived animation and strength from the arrival of your Reverend Colleague and yourself in this intended scene of your Ministry,—the prompt and early purposes evinced by your

organization of those institutions of our Church, so practically fitted for the inculcations of its tenets and lessons, which we now see in existence. The establishment, in the more solemn seasons of the year, of those practices and services of our Ritual which the pious wisdom of our ancestors loved to cherish and transmit for our edification;—the institutions for literary and academic knowledge, which, with the aid of a liberal Legislature, acting upon the increasing industry and zeal of its officers, has given such ample promise of benefit and eminent usefulness to our children—all concurred to compensate us for the solitudes and anxieties which had had so long waited upon the previous interval of our dependent and inert state. We felt as if we had been made sensible to the obligations of our own accountability, and as if we had begun humbly to aid in the working out of that self-improvement, so long and so culpably neglected. But permit us, Reverend sir, now to say, with unfeigned bitterness of feelings, in the language of sorrow, not the accents of anger, that our good aims and purposes seem doomed to discomfiture and defeat, and that we turn with unsuppressed depression of heart, to contemplate a relapse into a condition from which we fondly hoped to be emerging. However, as Catholics, warmly interested in the fortunes of St. Mary's, and sanguinely hopeful of yet more auspicious events than those that have hitherto attended our exertions; after deep and mature thought, we have been impelled by that undeviating attachment to our Faith, that inalienable love for our Church and its institutions, which ever has been found to characterise the various communities of the Catholic World, to seek other and more wholesome counsel; and though necessity has imposed upon us the duty of now expressing our farewell, whether a more benign aspect of our fortunes may present a renewal of your ministry—a consummation not unencouraged by the high and sanguine aspirations of a hope, which even a legitimate deference to authority does not exclude—yet we assure your Reverence that wherever your steps may be directed, our affections and esteem will ever accompany you; and that neither in the acts nor language of this Parish, at any time will you find cause to feel regret at your connexion with those whom you now leave, either as a gentleman or as a Priest of our holy Church.

R E P L Y.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

The Address now before me, emanating from so large and

so influential a portion of the inhabitants of the City of Halifax—containing so many sentiments of warm affection and earnest regret—dictated by the impulse of noble and generous hearts, and conveyed in so kind and complimentary a manner, is at once worthy of the high character for generosity and benevolence so universally earned, and so unanimously conceded to the natives and descendants of the Emerald Isle; and would prove a source of high gratification and of honest pride to any man, no matter how exalted his station. Grateful then, must I feel in thus becoming the object of your respect and esteem, while conscious of having done nothing to merit either, unless that which the duties of his sacred calling rendered so incumbent on the minister of the Gospel. It is only one proof more that efforts, however humble, will be appreciated by a people, the depth of whose religious feeling draws a veil over the defects of the minister, and renders them sensible only to the honest sincerity with which he discharges the duties of his office.

Your allusion to a period preceding that of my arrival in Nova Scotia, calls back to my mind the mingled feelings of painful regret and holy anticipations with which I first determined upon abandoning my native country. The proverbial attachment of Irishmen for the land of their fathers might be some extenuation if I then was the subject of a pang, which Irishmen will always feel; but I must say that the sundering those ties, natural and domestic, which resulted from my determination was rendered much less painful by the wants which I was called on to remedy, and the hopes which I dared to indulge. When, at the request of the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, and under the auspices of the sainted Prelate of Ireland, I resolved upon going "forth from my country and kindred to come to the land which the Lord had shewn me," I felt that however strange the land, strangers its people could not be. The letter of your Bishop, to whose prayer my coming was a response, said that I came to "correspond with the desires and advance the interests of my countrymen here," and while I do confess that I felt pride in being associated with those holy men, who in times ancient and modern went forth with all the energies of grace and all the light of learning, from the "Island of Saints," to do the work of the ministry, I felt a mingled happiness that this labor was to be for the benefit of my brethren and their descendants. I came, Gentlemen, and I found an Ireland—still the same devoted attachment to your faith—the same energetic firmness in carrying out the ameliorations which its ministers suggested—the same fervid

correspondence with the grace of Heaven, which have ever characterised your country, have been prominently exhibited by you. For those institutions to which my humble instrumentality may have contributed, you are indebted to yourselves;—to cherish and support them will be the best proof of the flattering estimate which you form of their humble projector. We certainly have achieved some good; and now, at the moment of separation, let us thank Heaven that if more has not been effected, and if our holy progress be even partially suspended, we cannot accuse ourselves. We may have reason to complain of the same things which opposed the apostle of nations before us; but let us hope that Providence in its own good time, will remedy the evil to which we have been obliged to submit.

Your reference to the kindly sympathies and enlightened liberality of our friends of other denominations, is, Gentlemen, grateful to me and honorable to you; and I am proud to add the testimony of personal experience to the truth of the character which you have given of them. Sincere in the profession of their own creed, they are tolerant of those of others, and show that however they may differ in dogmas, their charity is the same. Wherever it may please Heaven to fix the scene of my future labors, I shall never forget the fraternal spirit which in Halifax has realized the vision that fancy pictured to the Poet of our creed and country:

“ The various tints unite,
And form in Heaven's light,
One arch of peace.”

Education has ever been a leading object of Catholic exertion. Your enthusiasm in its support only proves that you are worthy of its blessings. Your College has realized for your population a greater share of public benefit than its most ardent supporters could have expected: and while my position and relations rendered me unable to contribute little more than my good wishes to its success, I am happy that your appreciation of its merits makes a worthy return to its Superior and my friend, whom I regret to leave behind. And now, Gentlemen, it only remains for me to say farewell. The poignancy of regret at parting must be increased by the deep impression of your many virtues; but the same cause shall tend to increase our joy should Heaven so ordain that we shall meet again. The hope of such an event, to which you kindly gave expression, it is not my province to favor. If, however, an overruling Providence shall desire such an event, and legiti-

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mate authority sanction it, no sacrifice of feeling or of personal interest on my part, shall be an obstacle to my re-union with friends, well beloved and ever to be remembered. For the present I depart for the head of all Churches. At the shrine of the Apostle I shall breathe a prayer for the eternal and temporal interests of Nova Scotia. Farewell.

(Signed)

L. J. DEASE, O. S. F.

On motion of the Hon. M. Tobin, senior, seconded by Mr. T. Kenny—

Resolved, That the Reverend Mr. Dease, on his arrival in Dublin, be requested to place himself in communication with his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, and the other Dignitaries of our Holy Religion in Ireland, and after a fair, candid, and full statement of our condition and necessities, be guided by their counsel and advice as to the most effectual mode of accomplishing the purpose of his visit to Rome, for the purpose of submitting to the Holy See the circumstances of this Parish—its requirements, its resources, its wants—and the expedients for our relief; and that such further consideration of our claims be humbly and dutifully solicited as will tend to replace the temporal and spiritual interests of our sacred faith in this country upon a basis of support and improvement commensurate with that love for our Church and desire for its security and extension which has ever characterised the Catholics of this Province.

The Chairman declining to put the above Resolution from delicacy to his Lordship the Bishop, and which the Meeting fully appreciated, it was offered by the Secretary and passed unanimously.

On motion of Mr. P. Furlong, seconded by the Honorable M. Tobin, jun.

Resolved, That in order to carry out the purport of the above Resolution, a Committee, consisting of thirty of the Parishioners, be appointed to draw up a Report of the state of this Parish, to be handed to the Rev. Mr. Dease.

Passed unanimously.

* * * * *

On motion of Mr. T. Kenny, seconded by Mr. Maloney—

Resolved, That Copies of the proceedings of this Meeting, with the Petition to, and Answer from the Bishop, and the Letters and Address to the Rev. Mr. Dease, and Report of

the Committee, be transmitted to his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishops of Quebec, Boston, Montreal, New-York, and Charleston, with a request that his Grace and their Lordships will be pleased to exert their influence with the Holy See to remedy the evils of which we complain.

Passed unanimously.

On motion of Mr. Thomas Ring, seconded by Mr. R. Cunningham—

Resolved, That a letter expressive of the obligations we owe to his Grace for the kind interest which he evinced in the selection of the Clergymen which his Lordship sent at our request to this Parish, and of unmingled regret that their situation here has been rendered so uncomfortable as to cause the withdrawal of one, and the possible retirement of the other, be addressed to his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin.

Passed unanimously.

LETTER.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

We, the members of St. Mary's Parish, in the City of Halifax, Nova Scotia, cannot permit the untoward event of the Rev. Mr. Dease's departure to pass without using the occasion it affords us to address your Grace. We earnestly beg your Grace to be assured that the zeal and promptitude with which our application for relief in our spiritual deficiencies was received and complied with in 1838, still remains engraven on our minds in characters too deep to be easily effaced. On this behalf we tender unfeignedly this feeble tribute of our feelings, and offer, in the earnestness of our hearts, this deeply felt assurance of our gratitude. We are compelled by the dictates of that Faith whose influences must govern us into forbearance and silence amidst hardships and the sense of injustice, to submit to the event which now dooms us to a separation from one of those gentlemen who were induced through your agency, undertaken at our instance, to participate in the responsibilities of this mission. The alleged grounds of dissatisfaction and complaint, with the various matters since the arrival of that Reverend Gentleman which have produced his present determination, will, we are assured, be fully explained; and as your Grace will not fail to perceive that in many cases there be much not immediately proper for laical comment, any reference to them would be here out of place. To the statement of our Parochial condition, which by

the earliest opportunity we shall transmit, your Grace's attention will be humbly invited. The subject will, we doubt not, secure to itself that attention which its seriousness requires. The object of the Rev. Mr. Dease's visit, whom we thus affectionately commend to your Grace for government and counsel, will, we know, be explicitly given to your Grace; and we conclude with assurances, that with the willingness and blessing of Heaven, we shall await in a spirit of patience and submissiveness, the result,

We have the honor to subscribe ourselves,

With every sentiment of respect,

Your Grace's humble servants,

(Signed)

MICHAEL TOBIN, SEN.,
Chairman.

(Signed)

E. O'CONNOR DOYLE,
Secretary.

A

The following extracts from the Parish Records, are referred to in the foregoing Report:

HALIFAX, April 8th, 1841.

At a Meeting of the Wardens and Electors, held this day, after Parish Mass:

Resolved, That the Rev. Mr. Laughnan and the Warden in charge be requested to address a letter to the Right Rev. Dr. Fraser, respectfully pointing out the necessity for additional Clergymen in this Parish, and expressing the readiness of the

Wardens and Electors to make respectable provision for such.
 Approved, J. LAUGHNAN.

B

Copy of a Letter addressed to the Right Rev. Dr. Fraser,
 in conformity with the Resolution passed by the Wardens and
 Electors, on the 8th instant :

HALIFAX, 10th April, 1838.

RIGHT REV. DEAR SIR,

We are now driven to the necessity of addressing you by the unanimous voice of the Wardens and Electors, at their meeting on Sunday last, 8th inst,—and we are glad to say, none more cordially urged the propriety of an appeal to your Lordship than the Rev. Mr. Laughnan. Every shilling of debt due to the Church has been liquidated, and the whole establishment is in perfect repair. The Revenue is good, and paid with punctuality.

The want of spiritual aid and instruction is in a great measure withheld from the people, by the impossibility of one Clergyman discharging all the various duties required by so numerous a congregation ; and 't is our opinion, that to the zeal of our present incumbent in his efforts to satisfy every call, may be attributed the late tedious illness which for some weeks deprived the Parish of his services, and we regret to add, his illness still continues, and that, for the last two Sundays, since the Rev. Mr. Geary retired, we have been without service. It is then our duty to make known our wants to your Lordship, and to entreat your best exertions to procure for us two Clergymen from the old country. We hear of their going from there to every part of the world, and cannot believe that any place is more in want than this part of your Lordship's Diocese. The number of youth, of both sexes, growing up here, destitute of proper instruction, must produce evils that, to a thinking mind, is capable of creating the most painful alarm. The means necessary to defray the expenses of introducing those gentlemen are at your Lordship's service. By a speedy attention to this request, we can truly say, you will be conferring a blessing upon thousands.

We have the honor to remain,

Your Lordships obedient servants,

(Signed) J. LAUGHNAN, P. P.

Edward Kenny, *Warden in Charge.*
 William Skerry,
 Peter Furlong, } *Wardens.*
 Daniel Creamer,

To the Right Rev. Dr. Fraser, Antigonish.

□

HALIFAX, July 8, 1888.

At a Meeting of the Wardens and Electors, held in the Small Chapel, after High Mass, present—the Right Rev. Dr. Fraser, the Rev. Mr. Laughnan in the Chair—

Resolved, That the Warden in Charge be authorised to purchase a Bill of Exchange for a £100 Sterling, to be handed to the Right Rev. Dr. Fraser, to be by him transmitted to Messrs Wright & Co., Bankers, London, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of two Clergymen from England, Ireland, or Scotland.

Approved, J. LAUGHNAN.

Resolved, That the following persons be a Committee to consult with the Bishop, as to the Salary likely to be paid the expected Clergymen, and the duties to be assigned them on arrival:—Rev. J. Laughnan, Hon. Michael Tobin, Senior, Laurence O'Connor Doyle, Esquire, Michael Tobin, Junior, and Edward Kenny. Approved, J. LAUGHNAN.

□

LONDON, 9th, August, 1888.

MESSRS. J. & M. TOBIN,

Gentlemen—We beg to acknowledge your favor of the 20th instant., enclosing a remittance, value One Hundred Pound., for the credit of the Account of the Right Reverend Dr. Fraser.

We remain, Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servants,

(Signed)

WRIGHT & Co.

£100 on Bank of British North America, 60 days sight.

P. S. Be so good as to inform his Lordship that we shall have much pleasure in conforming to his instructions, (as conveyed in your letter) as to the disposal of the above remittance.

E

HALIFAX, September, 25, 1839.

At a meeting of the Wardens and Electors, held in accordance with a Requisition signed by nearly all the body, to consider of matters deeply affecting the welfare of the Parish, it was moved by Mr. Creamer, and carried unanimously, that the Rev. Mr. O'Brien be requested to come before the Body, for the purpose of declaring the causes which have led to a determination on his part to leave the Parish. Mr. Michael Tobin, Junior, and Mr. William Skerry, were appointed to wait on the Rev. Gentleman, who immediately acceded to their wishes.

Approved, J. LAUGHNAN.

F

HALIFAX, October 14, 1839.

At a Meeting of the Wardens and Electors held this day in the Small Chapel, called by a requisition to the Warden in charge, it was moved and carried that a Remonstrance be sent to the Bishop, having for its object the retention of the Rev. Mr. O'Brien in this Parish.

Resolved, That a Committee of five, viz:—Hon. Michael Tobin, Daniel Creamer, Michael Tobin, Junior, Edward Kenny, and William Skerry, be appointed to carry the above into effect.

Resolved, That the above remonstrance be forwarded by a special Messenger to his Lordship without delay, and that the expenses of the journey be defrayed out of the Parish Funds.

Resolved, That Mr. Daniel Creamer be requested to convey the remonstrance to his Lordship.

Passed unanimously.

Approved, J. LAUGHNAN.

G

We, a Committee of the Wardens and Electors of St. Mary's Church, appointed at a Special Meeting of that Body, held yesterday in the small Chapel of the Glebe, beg most respectfully to approach your Lordship, on the present state of affairs in this Parish—

We have learnt that the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, with a due sense of spiritual authority, has written for your Lordship's

entire sanction and countenance for the institution which is about to be commenced, without which he cannot prudently proceed in the undertaking, nor even remain in the country.

Your Lordship is fully aware of the anxiety which pervaded this Parish, to procure the assistance of two Clergymen from Ireland, and the pleasure they experienced in the promptness with which your Lordship seconded their views. The selection made shows how well our wishes had been carried into effect by Dr. Murray.

Your Lordship was witness to the brilliant display of the talents and acquirements possessed both by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien and the Rev. Mr. Dease, on the first occasion which offered after their arrival. The long cherished hopes of the Parish were raised to the highest, our anticipations appearing about to be realized to the fullest extent, morning and afternoon our Church was crowded to excess, the happiness of the people was complete. Many who for years had not been present at Vespers, were now constant in their attendance, and all these effects have been produced by the zealous preaching and endearing demeanour of the two gentlemen, to whom reference has already been made.

Surely your Lordship will not now, when the cup of our joy is filled to the brim, permit it to be dashed from our lips,—your Lordship will not allow our delight and gladness to be turned into grief and heart scaldings. We have too firm a reliance on the goodness of your Lordship's heart to doubt its interfering instantly to avert the evil we have so much reason to apprehend. What would our dissenting Brethren say, after they have with such amazement witnessed the change which a few weeks has wrought in the congregation—would they not deride and scoff at us? Would we not become a laughing stock to them? In what manner could we address Dr. Murray? Could we thank him for having exerted himself to procure two gentlemen of high character and eminent talents, and three weeks after their arrival in this land to allow them to quit our shores?

Humbly and respectfully do we throw ourselves at your Lordship's feet, to entreat, to supplicate that your Lordship will not suffer the Rev. Mr. O'Brien to depart from us, but that you will be pleased to extend to him your confidence and your support, and that you will confirm him and the Rev. Mr. Dease most fully in their stations.

Deeply sensible of the vast importance of this matter to the well-being of Catholicity in this town, and dreading the scandal which may arise, the Wardens and Electors have deemed

it necessary to intrust this document to Mr. Daniel Creamer, who will present it to you, and to whom we beg to refer your Lordship for a confirmation of our statements. We beg also to enclose a copy of the proceedings of the meeting held yesterday. Praying a favorable consideration of our case we, beg to subscribe ourselves,

Your Lordship's most humble servants,

(Signed)

M. TOBIN, SEN.
M. TOBIN, JUN.
EDWD. KENNY,
WM. SKERRY,
DAN. CREAMER.

Approved, J. LAUGHNAN.

K

TO THE RIGHT REV. DOCTOR FRASER,
BISHOP OF TANEN.

RIGHT REV. SIR,

Having been appointed by the Wardens and Electors of this Parish a Committee to confer with you on the subject of procuring two Clergymen from Britain for this part of your Diocese, the great want of which your Lordship sees in the same light that we do. We beg leave to suggest the following as our ideas of the persons most likely to suit the wants and accomplish the wishes of your people here.

As a preliminary we place in your hands a Bill on London for £100 sterling, which you will please to remit to Messrs. Wright & Co., of that City, for the use of those gentlemen, to provide them with passages, &c. One of these gentlemen to be of experience, and well qualified as Pastor, to explain and expound the principles of our Holy Religion to the numerous and fast rising population, which is now far too extensive (comprehending more than six thousand souls) for the one gentleman to whom your Lordship has assigned the care of this Parish, notwithstanding his zeal, piety, and unwearied exertions, to give them that attention which his love of piety would lead him to wish for. The other, we would think, might be a younger man, who would not object to take charge a Seminary, from which a respectable portion of his salary would be derived. Our Parish School is well conducted as far as Writing, Reading, and Arithmetic, but as Parents wish their children to progress, they are forced to seek other places, not Catholic, for them.

We think a sum of Three Hundred Pounds Currency, per annum, would be freely given, with comfortable lodgings in our spacious Glebe House. We are aware that this compensation would not be an object for two gentlemen to leave their comforts, but when we know that in all ages of the Catholic Church, the zeal of her Clergy has prompted them to lay every consideration prostrate when an opportunity offered of extending the Kingdom of their Master, and as no part of this continent seems to be more destitute of spiritual help than this Parish of Halifax, the Capital of Nova Scotia, second to none in British North America for numbers and respectability, we entertain and cherish the fond hope that your Lordship's application to some of the many Bishops, whose names must be familiar to you, will not be made in vain. As the Packet with Her Majesty's Mail, will leave for England in a few days, we trust you will embrace the opportunity of writing by her for the purpose of meeting our wishes. Trusting the Almighty may bless and reward your labours,

We have the honor to remain,

Your Lordship's obedient, and

Humble Servants,

JOHN LAUGHNAN, P. P.

MICHAEL TOBIN, Sen.

L. O'CONNOR DOYLE,

MICHAEL TOBIN, Junior,

EDWARD KENNY,

(Signed)

} Committee.

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REVIEW OF THE PAMPHLET, ENTITLED,
 "A REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF
 THE COMMITTEE OF ST. MARY'S,"
 BY "HIBERNICUS."

THE following short review of the above-named Pamphlet is intended to shew that all its contents are totally opposed to the spirit of obedience that Catholics are bound to shew to episcopal authority, and which Catholics are bound to shew to their Bishops, and that, while much of its contents owes its existence to fiction, or to supposed evils no where existing but in the imagination, more will be found to be captious, calculated to deceive and lead people into serious error, and other portions of it contain nothing but downright falsehood; and this assertion I trust to bear out as briefly as possible by the following remarks.

Catholics are bound to hear their Bishop and Pastors as Christ himself, and not to despise them lest they despise Christ himself, (Matthew, 10 chap. Luke, 10 chap.) and, like good sheep, to know the voice of their shepherd and follow him, (St. John, 10 chap.) and obey him—St. Paul to the Hebrews, 13 chap., saying, "Obey your Prelate," &c. Now let me ask any thinking man do the following words, read in page 117 of the preceding extracts from the aforesaid Pamphlet, speaking of the Institution of St. Mary's, betoken the spirit of obedience and deference to episcopal authority contained in them—"But unfortunately, like almost every undertaking engaged in by the Catholics of this community, its usefulness is paralyzed—its very existence put in jeopardy by indifference evinced towards it by the Bishop, and the covert attacks of the Vicar General. Neither do these words, found in page 13 of the Report, &c. and 113 of Extracts, indicate much of the spirit of submission, "And, for aught we know, that it would seem to cost our ecclesiastical authorities either

in care or in interest, a relapse into the state which the documents under their own signatures bear proof of might have occurred." In page 14 of the Report, and 118 of Extracts, we find these words: "Discouraged by the ungenerous and repulsive spirit we had experienced from his Lordship," immediately followed by the following assertion—"An appeal to the Holy See, the Mother of the Churches presented itself," suspending their obedience to the Bishop until they hear from the centre of unity; while in page 15 of Report, and 112 of Extracts, we find it represented as a duty to do so in all doubts and difficulties, and to do so is a proof demonstrative of the certain evidence of Catholic Communion. In page 6 of the Appendix to Report, and 128 of Extracts, we find them to assume to themselves the full plenitude of Episcopal powers, and making Doctor Murray an instrument to procure the means for them of exercising that power by sending out Priests for them at their request. In pages vii. of Appen., 128 of Exts. we find them also complimenting themselves on all the good they had done, deferring to pay due obedience to the wisdom of their Bishop, and seeking elsewhere other and more wholesome counsel, and expressing a wish—in opposition to the well known determination of the Bishop to have a renewal of the Rev. gentleman's ministry—a hope which even a legitimate deference to authority does not exclude; when in pages xi, xii, and xiii. of Appendix, and 127-8 of Extracts, we find three Resolutions passed, soliciting counsel and advice through the Reverend gentleman, from the Irish Bishops, how to proceed at Rome to effect their rebellious purposes against the Bishop, invoking the Bishops of Montreal, New York, Boston, Quebec, &c., to aid them in their unhallowed work—while in the third Resolution they wish to throw dust in the people's eyes by making them believe that they and Doctor Murray possess episcopal jurisdiction in this Diocese—doctrines totally at variance with truth and the contents of his letter, as has already been made known to the public.

Let any one compare these expressions, found in the Report of St. Mary's Committee, 1841, with the duties due to a Bishop as laid down by Christ himself and his Apostles in the Book of Divine Writ, and see on what side a dereliction of duty and filial obedience lie, or to use language somewhat similar to the technicality or phraseology with which the Pamphlet abounds, compare consequences of conduct on the part of the people, with the principles of obedience laid down in the premises, and aught we know you will come to the untoward conclusion, that the people—not the Bishop—are put

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in jeopardy, and not only that the covert attacks on episcopal authority are totally paralyzed, but the want of obedience to it exposed to the utmost scorn and contempt of every thinking man, no matter of what religious persuasion. Not only do the above passages shew a total dereliction of duty to their pastor and Bishop—they are not only captious and calculated to seduce people into error—but they are impregnated with the grossest ingredients of error and malevolence, as we shall presently shew. In page 14 of Report, and 119 of Extracts, is inserted that “an appeal to the Holy See is an evidence of filial submissiveness rather than a deviation from discipline,” but history, as well the conduct of the Gibraltarites last year teaches us quite the reverse. Henry the Eighth, with a shew of filial submissiveness, applied to Clement the Seventh for a divorce from Catharine of Arragon, and for permission to wed Anne Bolsoyn, and when he was refused it, what became of his filial submissiveness? He shook off the authority of the Pope, and set himself up as head of the Church of England in his place; Bonaparte acted similarly on a similar occasion, and when his filial submissiveness was not accepted of at Rome, fearing, as he said himself, that there were still Ravalliacks and Clements in France, who, in their fanatical zeal might assassinate him as they did Henrys Third and Fourth, he contented himself in avowing the Papal authority, but led the Pontiff captive into France, where he detained him for the space of five years; and last year the Gibraltarites showed their filial submission and respect for the centre of unity by applying for the removal of Doctor Hughes, and when their petition was not attended to, buried him in a loathesome prison: Doctor Robert Manning, author of “The shortest way to end Disputes about Religion,” and many other well-known Catholic Works, says, “that the surest sign of a man renouncing the Catholic Religion is when he begins to quarrel with his prayer-book, his catechism, or his Priest.”

So much to show that a suspension of due obedience to the Bishop until an answer to an appeal from Rome be obtained is an evidence of filial submissiveness rather than a deviation from discipline: so much to their want of due submission to episcopal authority, and that their conduct has been captious, deceitful and false.

And now let us take a short view of the words of the pamphlet entitled, “A Report,” &c. and I ask are the words which give us to understand that the Bishop is totally indifferent to the interest of religion in his extensive Vicariate perfectly consistent with truth, and that he is totally averse to the Insti-

tution of Saint Mary's? The Bishop is universally admitted the most laborious Pastor in Nova Scotia, or in the universal Church—doing the duty of a large and populous Parish himself, without even the aid of a Curate; and were he an enemy to the College, he could soon upset it by withdrawing his patronage from it, and telling the members who voted so liberally for its support that it had no longer his sanction or approbation, and let it fall to the ground of its own accord. But does the person who has the greatest interest in the establishment say that the Bishop is opposed to it? or does he not, in his letter to the Bishop, term him the best friend the College ever had, has, or, in his opinion, ever will have? We are astonished for his own sake, and for the sake of his own personal honour, that he would allow any documents to be printed containing such falsehood without contradicting them. It must be that the Rev. gentleman is endowed with a two-faced physiognomy that he can change at discretion—one when writing to the Bishop—and another when speaking to the adherents of the Schismatical faction, and that he knows how not only to make use of a flower of Rhetoric occasionally but to convert himself into a real one: if not into a precious tulip, into another equally well known to men skilled in Botany and commonly called “Two faces under a hood.” It is also astonishing that in the petitioning the Irish Hierarchy, the Bishops of Boston, New York, Charleston, Quebec, and Montreal, they never thought of the Bishops of Scotland, or of Doctor M'Donald, of Prince Edward Island. I suppose they thought that the Scotch Bishops would be partial to each other, and the Irish Bishops, in such a case as this, could be the only impartial persons that could be found to adjudicate a question fairly between a Scotch Bishop and the refractory members of the Irish portion of his flock; or perhaps they thought that the Irish Bishops, *fas aut nefas*, would adjudicate in their favor. The latter inference is highly insulting to the Bench of Irish Bishops, and no doubt would be taken as such by them did they consider for a moment that it was supposed from the unworthy motives of anti-national hate and anti-Scotch prejudices they would give a verdict in favor of their own countrymen, at the risk of truth, justice and honor—or that they would resemble a certain Irishman who lived in the days of Doctor Burke, in depravity of thought—and who was notorious for his hatred to the Scotch people, and as such, was known to the Bishop, who, on the eve of St. Patrick, came on him unawares as he was charging a rather sizeable portable hog'shead with what, in the old country, is generally

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denominated "the native," (in this it is commonly known by the name of "rum,") and asked him what he was doing. He replied, "Am I not preparing to get drunk in honor of St. Patrick?" "But are you aware, Teague, that St. Patrick was a Scotchman?" "No, I am not," said Teague; "if I was I would not drink one drop of it in honor of his saintship if he was ten times as big a Saint as what he is, and although it is St. Patrick himself that is in it." On being assured that he was a Scotchman, he took the keg and all that was in it, and made pieces of it against the side of the wall. Must not the men who would suppose the minds of the Bishops of Ireland to be filled with prejudices so like unto these of this low character, be men of base and vulgar feelings? That they are, the very fact of their not applying to the Scotch Bishops, or Doctor McDonald, in Prince Edward Island, proves them to be so. If they applied there, they were sure their want of due submission to Episcopal authority would be discovered, and their deceitful, treacherous, and lying conduct made known to the entire world at large, and that their falsehood and deception would not obtain a momentary victory over truth, honor, and justice without the mask of hypocritical cant and pharisaical sanctimoniousness being taken off, and its hideous and revolting features exhibited to the disgust and abhorrence of all well disposed and thinking men.

The doctrine insinuated in page 14 of Report, and 118-19 of Extracts, is also false, captious, and calculated to lead into error—which saith, that we had been taught by our ancestors to apply to the centre of unity in all matters of doubt and emergency,—not one instance of such an application to the Court of Rome being recorded on the page of Irish ecclesiastical history.

Now as to grievances, so often complained of and for which a redress has been solicited through the mediation of the Irish Bishops, and the Bishops of Quebec, Montreal &c., they all come to this—that the Bishop did not retain the eminent services of Mr. Dease at the solicitation of the Parishioners, after the Rev. gentleman requested of the Bishop to dispense with him, by giving him his *Exeat*—to which the Bishop, in a truly spirited letter worthy his mighty mind and high talents, replied (to be seen in page 13 of the Report, and 121 of the Extracts.) It is very probable if the learned gentleman went down himself to the Bishop, in his zeal to serve the people, and made use of nothing like intimidation, with a petition, carrying a tail of nearly one thousand signatures, he promising that he would for the future obey his Parish Priest,

the Vicar General, and attend to the sick calls of the Parish, &c., and to become, as it were, a new man, that the Bishop would retain his services; but what grievances have the people to complain of in losing the services of a Priest always first at every place of amusement—at Regattas, Race Courses, and public balls and parties, and Levees at Government House, &c., and never, or scarcely ever, to be found where duty called him? We may be told that his appearance as he strutted through the streets added dignity to his religion, and that his endearing demeanor won the affections of the people, and that it was a cause of joy to the Catholics their Curate dashing through the streets in his easy car, making the Parade to shake and Dutch Town to tremble, and all the people to stare at the idea of his being a most excellent Priest, although his conduct resembled that of a consummate conceited fop, or rather that of a police captain in the old country; while all should avow, in admitting him to be a good Priest, the truth of the old Proverb, "*Tunica non facit monacum*—the cowl does not make the monk," and that St Francis—in prescribing coarse garments to be worn by the members of his Order, to give them a distinguished claim to the affections of the people, from their avowed respect and, externally expressed in the very shape and materials of their garments, regard for the virtue of humility—most egregiously erred, and that he should have recommended the rich, changeable and fashionable costumes of the day, and taken for the motto of his order, "It is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion." Indeed if his deportment was that of a good Priest, the Venerable Bede Rodriguez, St. Thomas à Kempis, Massillon, the author of *Memoriale vitee Sacerdotalis*, &c., must have not only written what was useless, but, even what is false and fabulous, and that they are no longer worthy the admiration and observance of the greatest masters of Christian perfection that the Catholic Church ever did or does now possess. It seems, then, that there were more reasons than one to interrupt "the charities and peaceful quiet of mind so essential to one who had to administer at the altar." The encomiums heaped on the Reverend gentleman in the "Report" are nothing more than so many censures passed on the venerable Bishop Burke, and his predecessor, Doctor Jones, for not founding these institutions which in Catholic countries are found to aid so much the propagation of Catholic faith, and which in Ireland generally owe their existence to the zeal of some well-disposed schoolmaster and a few pious persons of the Parish, who, with the patronage of

the Pastor, collect contributions for that purpose. Indeed the Rev. gentleman page x. of Appendix, and 125 of Extracts, admits that it is to themselves they are indebted for the existence of these institutions through his humble instrumentality. Indeed we were sorry to hear that Dick Somebody, the Coalporter, or Jack What-do-you-call him, the truck merchant, accused the Rev. Gentleman of touching, light-fingeredly, some of the cash, and that instead of going to buy books, &c. it went to support the dignity of the Church in another way—to procure a magnificent phaeton for the founder of these religious desideratums in the Parish; and notwithstanding the able defence he made of his own character from the pulpit, still the baneful malecontents of this wicked fable flew in every direction on the wings of the wind, while truth on crutches came slowly limping after in contradiction of the odious statement. The tracts, spoken of in the same page, coming from the Catholic Institute to scatter among the Catholics of the Wilderness, were well received, when given for nothing, but when they subscribed their money and got neither tracts nor cash in return, it has caused much slander and unseemly conversation.

In page 10 of Report, and 116 of Extracts we find an account of the soul-thrilling psalmody of Holy Week, for the first time chaunted under the roof of St. Mary's. We, who have lived in the largest diocese of Ireland, have never seen these ceremonies performed in the chapels of the towns where the Bishops lived, and we have heard old Priests and Bishops say they never saw them performed before they went to study to the Continent, and never afterwards during their entire lives. If these gentlemen had nothing but the glory of God in view, in performing these ministrations, and in preaching a sermon two hours and three quarters long, according to some—three hours and three quarters, according to others—while many will insist on it that it was not a second of a minute less than five hours—I trust they will have a rich reward; but if they performed the rites of the Church to exhibit them as a show to gratify public curiosity, and to make the people believe that they were superior in sanctity to all their predecessors, I would exclaim, in the language of Holy Writ, "Woe to you, hypocrites, for you shall receive your recompense, and the Lord who seeth in the dark shall reward you." As a Roman Catholic I admire pomp and splendor in the performance of religious worship—I think no music too exquisite for the purpose—no vestments or plate too rich for the occasion—I like to see the Churches rearing their heads as so

many spacious and immense monuments of ancient and modern greatness, ornamented with masterpieces of the fine arts, whether in the sculptured seemingly-to-breathe marble or all but animated canvass; and although I would be the first to condemn the Deistical Martignon, in his *Melmoth*, where he treats with indecent levity our pomp of religious worship—"I have seen them," says he, "on their high festivals, prelates, and abbots and priests in all their pomp of office appearing to the Laity like descended Gods, blazing in gems and gold, amid the lustre of tapers and the floating splendour of an irradiated atmosphere—alive with light and all soft and delicate harmonies and delicious odours; till, as they disappear, amid the clouds of incense, so gracefully tossed from the gilded censors, the intoxicated eye dreamt it saw them ascending to paradise;"—still I would prefer hearing the Priests of my Church extolled for their constant attention to the tribunal of penance, and for the discharge of the laborious duties of their ministry, in language similar to that uttered by Counsellor Sheil, when speaking of the zeal and indefatigable exertions of Father Murphy, late Parish Priest of Carrofin, in the County of Clare—"I now," said he, "come to Father Murphy, of Carrofin. Where does he reside? In an humble abode, situated at the foot of a mountain, and in the midst of dreariness and waste. He dwells in the midst of his Parishioners, and is their benefactor, their friend, their father. It is not only in the actual ministry of the sacrament of religion that he stands as an object of affection among them.—I saw him indeed at his altar surrounded by thousands, and felt myself the influence of his enthusiastic devotion. He addressed the people in the midst of a rude edifice, and in language which I did not understand; but I could perceive what a command he has over the minds of his followers. But it is not merely as the celebrator of the rites of divine worship that he is dear to his flock: he is their companion, the mitigator of their calamities, the soother of their afflictions, the trustee of their hearts, the repository of their secrets, the guardian of their interests, and the sentinel of their death-beds. A peasant is dying.—In the midst of the winter's night a knock is heard at the door of the priest, and he is told that his parishioner requires his spiritual assistance—the wind is howling, the snow descends upon the hills, and the storm beating in his face—yet he goes forth—hurries to the hovel of the expiring wretch, and taking his station beside the mass of pestilence of which the bed of straw is composed, bends to receive the last whisper which unloads the heart of its guilt, though the lips of the sinner should be tainted

with disease, and he should exhale mortality in his breath. Gentlemen, this is not the language of artificial declamation—this is not the mere extravagance of rhetorical phrase. Every word of this is the truth—the notorious, palpable, and unquestionable truth. You know it—every one of you know it to be true. And now, let me ask you, can you wonder for a moment that the people should be attached to their Clergy, and follow their ordinances as if they were the injunctions of God? Indeed the Holy Week of the year 1841 in the Church of St. Mary's will not be forgotten by many a person who was compelled from the denseness of the crowd to remain until the termination of the ceremonies, particularly if they had more reasons than one to absent themselves, and those of rather an urgent and cogent necessity or description.

In page 8 of Report, and 116 of Extracts, we find an account given of the descent of these worthy ecclesiastics on the shores of Nova Scotia, and of their determination to take a speedy flight, after enjoying a costly cruise of One Hundred Pounds at the expense of the Church of Nova Scotia, which they would have effected if the people had not persuaded them to stay for the sake of three, four or five hundred per annum—hem!—we mean for the good of the Church!

The cause of their determination to leave our shores was, that the Bishop did not appreciate their splendid talents sufficiently, and that they were not allowed to do as they thought fit: to upset the ancient landmarks of Catholicism and to make new rules and regulations to suit their own notions, &c.

In page xxi. of Appendix to Report, and 133 of Extracts, we have a great account of the brilliant display of splendid talents made by these two ecclesiastical heroes in the presence of the Bishop. But did the Bishop admit them to possess these superior talents? On the contrary the Report says he was much disappointed on the occasion, and that he expressed his astonishment at their very humble acquirements. Indeed when we read of the great display of talents made by these gentlemen we cannot but think of a very useful character, in his own way, who used to make his appearance at fairs and markets in the old country with a large placard attached to the front of his hat with these words inscribed on it—"The great, high-minded, most powerful and illustrious Rat-catcher from Poland," and exclaim, with regard to our literary friends, "The most talented, scientific, learned and enlightened pair of Dunces from Ireland." Lord Castlereagh was in the habit of saying that there were two kinds of education—one from books and the other from society—and that he preferred the

latter. Now how could these men have acquired the latter, supposing them in possession of the former?—one of them, in homely phrase, having never been distant half-a-mile from a sod of turf, before he sailed for Nova Scotia, and the other went to Spain when the potatoes were setting, performing a very short course of studies, as must be supposed from the fact that he was home before they blossomed.

But nothing could astonish us more than the attacks made on the Vicar General—the most laborious, vigilant, and attentive pastor now to be found in the Church of Nova Scotia—always ready at a call to attend the sick and to console the afflicted—for years the laborious Priest of the Parish—in a word, the poor man's Priest. They who would attack his character or impeach it with apathy or indifference to the cause of religion might be well termed, in the language of Saint Cyprian, "fit instruments in the hands of the devil for the most infamous of purposes." Protestants and Catholics admit him to be a most excellent character. It is the opinion of many that the celebrated Judge Haliburton designated this most zealous and laborious pastor under the assumed name of "Father John O'Shaughnessy," in his well-known and universally admired literary production entitled *The Clockmaker*, where, in the 24th number, he introduces Mr. Slick, thus speaking:—"About the hottest time of the dispute I was at Halifax, and who should I meet but Father John O'Shaughnessy, a Catholic Priest. I had met him afore in Cape Breton, and had sold him a clock. Well, he was a leggin' it off hot foot. "Possible!" says I, "Father John, is that you? Why, what on airth is the matter of you?—what makes you in such an everlastin' hurry—drivin' away like one ravin' distracted mad?" "A sick visit," says he—"poor Pat Lannigan—him that you mind to Bradore Lake—well he's near about at the pint of death." "I guess not," said I, "for I jist heerd tell he was dead." Well, that brought him up all standin' and he bouts ship in a jiffy, and walks a little way with me, and we got a talkin' about this very subject. On his prolonging the conversation somewhat out of the way, "Father John," says I—"I can't stop," says he; "I must see that poor critter's family—they must be in great trouble—and a sick visit is afore controversy in my creed." This panegyrick pronounced by a learned judge, and one of the most literary characters of the day—whom the late Lord Mayor of Dublin terms the keenest discernor of human nature now living—must be most acceptable and pleasing to all the true friends of religion—to the Bishop—the well-affected clergy of

the Diocese, and to the Vicar General himself, and most galling and afflicting to his enemies—the *soi-disant* honorables and great gentlemen of the day.

Were the Vicar General at home in the old country it would be the joy and glory of his flock to see him raised to the highest honors of the Church, and they would publicly proclaim that he only received his deserts. This same class who now prefer the greatest stranger—a man whom they never saw—to their laborious and pious pastor, who may well be termed the poor man's priest, would exalt and rejoice at his prosperity in Ireland or in any part—save and except Gibraltar—of the old country. What a change does not climate and the acquisition of a little wealth make in the minds of Irishmen! How true the English proverb, "Tie one Irishmen to a spit and you will get another to roast him!"

Were such a man as the Vicar General of Nova Scotia in the old country, and such fellows as the would-be aristocracy of Nova Scotia to attempt to insult him, the poor creatures living in the woods of Mr. Moore's *Captain Rock*, on potatoes and point would rush out of their wretched huts or cabins and make the paving stones fly in their faces, or have revenge on them.—How changed is not that class on coming to this country—how different from what they are at home! Were the Vicar General to conduct himself at home as he does here, he would not only be beloved and respected by the high-up Protestants as he is here, but he would be almost literally adored by the Catholic Lords and Nobles of the land; and were he to depart this life, weeping orphans and their almost distracted (at such a loss) friends would accompany his remains to the grave in thousands, and, in the language of Shakespeare, "raise a monument of widow's tears to his memory." But as it is, the friends of the Vicar General, (and he has thousands of friends in this Colony—many of them judges of the land, as well as others the first in rank, family and fortune in the country,) fling the gauntlet of defiance at his enemies and dare them to their beards to bring a single charge—even a trivial one—against the well-known character and unblemished reputation of the Vicar General. We not only defy them to do so, but even that most extraordinary personage who, at the election of a new Pope, is said to represent his Satanic Majesty and who is termed *Advocatus Diaboli*—the Devil's lawyer—and who brings all imaginable crimes against the Pope elect, from which he must be fully acquitted before his nomination takes place: we not only defy the Devil's Advocate, but the Devil himself, in the shape of a poor lawyer in

Halifax, and all his adherents, whether laymen or ecclesiastics, in the great city, and in the vicinity of its suburbs, with Legion or a host of Evil Spirits at their back; and of this truth I trust the Bishop and Catholic Clergy of Nova Scotia will give a proof practical as well as demonstrative before long.

"But we have nothing to say against the Vicar General except that he does not use his influence to make the Bishop live in Halifax. This is all we have against him. We must confess he is always willing and ready to do his duty on the spot—that he is sober, modest, and a most excellent character.—And why not make the Bishop live at Halifax? This grieves us, and this one thing alone."

But why should the Bishop live in the Capital of Nova Scotia, when he can scarcely get a Priest to accept of the vacant Curacy—many having declined. Is not the jail very near the chapel? and are not Scotchmen very few in the Capital of Nova Scotia? and who knows but the good mob, with the potatoe-faced aristocracy at their head, like their friends in Gibraltar, might have the Bishop some fine morning in jail, before the Governor or the Protestants of the town would be aware of it—but who, no doubt, would immediately liberate him.

If you have nothing now to say against the Vicar General you must have very lately pulled in your horns, for I find you, in your letter to the Archbishop of Dublin—page xiv. of the Appendix to your Report, and 128 of Extracts—returning him thanks for his attendance to *your* applications for relief, in your spiritual deficiencies—which it was not in his power to grant, and which he did not grant to *your* application, as to be seen in the letter signed "D. Murray," in page 67 of the "Letters of Hibernicus," preceding this Review—and there complaining of hardships and injustice in being deprived of the eminent services of a man who of his own accord, called for his *Exeat*, and then thought—to be humoured like a child—to get it back, as if it were a rattle or a toy, when he called for it. The letter concludes by saying—"With the willingness and blessing of Heaven we shall await in a spirit of patience and submissiveness the result." Now I want to know whether the Vicar General, who did all the duty of a Parish Priest and Curate, or the Curate, who did neither the duty of Curate or Parish Priest—and who did nothing but batten in ease and doze dull care away—had the greater right to complain of hardships?—or which of the two underwent the real hardships—the Vicar General who did all the duty and did not

complain, or the Curate who did not undergo any duty and bitterly complained as if he did?

Of the hardships of the people, they are truly great. I am sure of it that one half of them would not express as much sorrow for his departure as the poor woman in Ireland did for her drunken husband when she saw him descending to the grave—"Paddy, my dear, I would not wish your death for the best pair of brogues (strong shoes) I ever put on my feet;" and, what is worse, "Hope" does not tell "a flattering tale that joy will soon return." Like "patience on a monument smiling at grief," they must remain until the end of time expecting the return of this good shepherd to the fold he has of his own accord and free will deserted.

I see no person that has a right to complain of injustice save and except the Vicar General, who did all the duty, while the Curate, who did nothing, got all, and still gets the entire merit of it. Well, indeed, might he exclaim with poor old Virgil, on a certain Poetaster claiming the honor of composing what it never lay in the poor fellow's power to do—

*"Sic vos non vobis indicatis aves
Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves
Sic vos non vobis melificates apes
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves"*—

As the birds do not build nests for themselves, or the oxen plough for themselves: as the bees do not collect honey for themselves, or the sheep bear fleeces for themselves, neither do you—illustrious and laborious pastor of Halifax—earn laurels for yourself: an ecclesiastical drone endeavours to rob you of the honor of them. But as well might the little wren—who hid himself in the eagle's feathers when it was agreed upon by the feathered race that whatsoever bird should fly the highest should be the king of birds, and who, when the eagle had declared he had ascended to the highest point of altitude in his power, shot out from under his wings and, soaring aloft over him, exclaimed "I am the king of all birds!"—claim to himself that honor as any almost inefficient clergyman to claim a superiority over the Vicar General in the discharge of clerical duties.

As to the insinuations thrown out by these words, "Many cases not immediately proper for laical comment," all we shall say is, that the father of lies and deception must have taken possession of the man or men that wrote it. While the words "with the willingness and blessing of heaven we will await in a spirit of patience and submissiveness the result," convince

us that the men who penned them are downright Atheists, and that they do not believe that there is a God.—Men who never go to confession or communion, who never received the sacrament of Matrimony or got their children baptized according to the rites of the Roman ritual, to speak in a manner that would seem to make the world believe that they were overburdened with religion and that they should immediately die with grief or rather of spiritual exhaustion, and become outrageous with religious phrenzy if their “spiritual deficiencies” were not relieved in a seasonable time.

The infidel Marat, during the French Révolution, ascended the pulpit in the Church of St. Rochè, at Paris, and cried out if there was a God to strike him dead on the spot; but when he saw the knife with which he was stabbed in the hand of a woman, Jane Cordelet, who soon despatched him, he shrieked and yelled for mercy, and conjured her to spare his life. These infidels, although I am sure in their hearts, with the fool mentioned in Holy Writ, they say “there is no God,” would act with similar cowardice, and, Marat-like, if they could put all the Priests and Bishops in the world to death, to answer their own base and selfish purposes. People who make use of such language as the letter to his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin concludes with would, at least, act the part of Edward Cantwell in the play called *The Hypocrite*, and warn their flock to place no confidence in them on the day of judgment, but to amend their lives in time and by no means to think to stick in their skirts on that day, for most assuredly on that day they would wear spencers, (in this country called round-about or jackets) which have no skirts. They have done all they could to make the people rebel against their lawful pastors, and to substitute persons of their own choice in their place.

Time, and time only, will unfold the workings of this nefarious affair, and that very soon, no doubt; and the page of the history of the Church of Nova Scotia will furnish many an important lesson of instruction to thousands not yet born: “that it is foolish folly to meddle with things holy.” Priests are edged tools not to be meddled with—“Touch not the Lord’s anointed,”—and that there can be no bitterer curse than that used in a part of the Province of Ulster, north of Ireland—“May you never die until you are brought to disgrace by a Priest.”

In page 4 of Report, and 113-14 of Extracts, we find an account of the origin, powers, installation, inauguration and mode of convocation of the body known by the name and title

of "The Wardens and Electors," and should have the most profound respect and veneration for the high and important offices they have been called upon to discharge in the house of God, did not the present Pope Gregory in his Brief to Dr. Hughes, Gibraltar, dated Rome, 12th August, 1841, thus express himself:—"Now as to what concerns their office we wish no one to be ignorant that it altogether depends upon the authority of the Bishop, and that nothing can ever be done by Church Wardens except what shall have been committed to them by the Bishop to do."

In page 11 of Report, and 117 of Extracts, we find the Church contracted in width and length with as much ease as they added nearly fifteen years to the Bishop's life, and pinned him in perfect health, although 150 miles distant, to a bed of sickness.

In page 12 of the Pamphlet, we find mention of the Bishop making a visitation of only six days in the Parish. In the old country a Bishop scarcely ever stops more than three days on his visitation in the largest Parishes, and we never heard the people complain; nay, we oftentimes saw them going on their knees in the mud to ask their blessing, as they went along, and they as good people, if not better, than the great folks who complain of the Bishop's very short stay—in our eyes very long stay—in the Capital of Nova Scotia.

In pages 12 of Report, and 117-18 of Extracts, we find the Bishop giving his blessing to the building of the new chapel, but the fact of his giving a donation of fifty pounds omitted. I would call the attention of all my readers in a particular manner to this avowal admitted in the Pamphlet, because the enemies of the Bishop have denied this fact, and endeavoured to convince the poor, ignorant and illiterate Irish that they were the friends to Religion, and the Bishop the enemy to it, being opposed to the building of Catholic Chapels—one of the greatest falsehoods ever told, and which no people would believe but the very lowest and most depraved of the worst class of Irishmen.

In page 4 of the Report, and 113 of Extracts, we find mention made of the first Parish Priest (Dr. Jones,) of the Capital of Nova Scotia, but not a word said about the singular manner in which he occasionally addressed his flock, whom he frequently accosted in these words—"You refuse of three wars."—A mode of salutation equally as novel but much less endearing than that of Dean Swift, in the Church of Laracor, when his entire congregation consisted of the clerk whom he used thus in a most endearing manner to address—"My Dear

Roger!" This worthy ecclesiastick did not wish to leave his bones among them, and although he left a large sum for the education of Irish Catholic youth for the Priesthood, he never left a farthing for the benefit of the Catholic Church of Nova Scotia. The Rev. Mr. Burke, his successor, soon felt the effects of breathing the atmosphere so oftentimes exhaled by these warlike heroes, "the refuse of three wars," and was soon obliged to decamp in consequence of some serious disturbance in the feelings of the congregation.

When Doctor DePlessis appointed the late Bishop Burke to be Parish Priest of Halifax—and we have it from those who oftentimes heard him relate it—he said to him, "The Devil is in Halifax—you must go drive him out of it!"—which he effectually did, for he did not again make his appearance there until after his death. During the interval that intervened between his death and the appointment of the present Vicar General he has made some incursions, but did not take up a permanent residence there until within the last three years. Who will drive him out of it now, and prevent him from ever returning thereto is a matter of serious inquiry. All we hope for is that when he is banished he may never come back, and that he may be sent, never to revisit us again, to the place mentioned by the Poet, whither he had been hurled by the arm of Omnipotency—

"With hideous ruin,
Down to bottomless perdition—
There to dwell in penal fire and adamantine chains.
Who dare defy the Omnipotent to arms?"

NOTA BENE.

THE first of the foregoing series of Letters was commenced on the 19th day of December, 1841; and the last, which forms an Appeal to the Irish inhabitants of Nova Scotia, respecting the conduct of the Schismatics of Halifax was ready for the Press on the first of April following. The Review of the "Report of St. Mary's Committee" was also ready for publication on the 15th April, 1842; and the entire should have long since made its appearance in a more permanent form than the ephemeral existence which the columns of a newspaper can give, had HIBERNICUS met with the coöperation which he confidently expected, in certain quarters where he applied for means to carry his intentions into effect. Although he addressed many letters, during the course of last spring, to several individuals who ought to have considered their own honor and interest personally at stake in this matter, all his applications have remained unanswered to the present hour, with one solitary exception: that of the letter addressed to the Rev. Mr. M'Leod, Broad Cove, who, in the kindest manner, remitted one pound as his subscription towards the intended publication of the Letters and Review in a pamphlet form.

It appears that those gentlemen who have signalized themselves for their indifference to the publication of the letters of HIBERNICUS, would most anxiously, if in their power, keep the horrid attempt to murder Bishop FRASER's character in the dark, least their own indolence on the occasion (in omitting to advocate his cause, or to make his wrongs known,) should be exposed to the eye of public scorn; and deservedly meet with popular indignation and contempt. In their conduct to HIBERNICUS they much resemble the dog in the manger, who would neither eat the hay himself nor suffer the ox to eat — they did not choose (being perhaps convinced that they were

no witches at the pen,) to take any part in this business themselves, therefore nobody else should. They considered it better that their Bishop should be sacrificed in his character, dearer to him than his existence, by the hands of the Schismatics of Halifax, without the least struggle to save him, than that an exertion, of which they well knew they were not themselves capable, should be made by HIBERNICUS. Some of them appear to have been dastardly enough to entertain the opinion, that no struggle was better (no matter how righteous soever was the cause in which they were engaged,) than one which might, by possibility, prove unsuccessful; and that they were, therefore, justified in looking on, with their arms folded and their pockets tightly buttoned, while the schismatical jockeys were walking over the race-course, without daring to make any attempt at startling their high-bred horses, least, if they failed in ejecting them from their saddles, and cracking their necks, they might run the chance of having their own collar-bones broken. Or, rather, their whole care in this business was for the inviolability of the aforesaid tightly buttoned-up pockets, and they preferred the dishonor and degradation of their Prelate and themselves to parting with a little of the precious treasure deposited therein—a view of the subject which is confirmed by Lord Byron, when he tells us—

“Kill a man’s family and he may brook it,
But keep your hand out of his breeches pocket.”

Others of them would give as their excuse, that they could not believe it possible that such a thing as the nomination of a coadjutor Bishop by the *plebs* of Halifax could take place, without the advice, consent, or approbation of the Bishop, Vicar General and Clergy of the Diocese, and that this was the reason that they rested quietly upon their oars. Others of them by their conduct appear to resemble certain cats mentioned in the Primer, of whom it is said, “that the cat loves fish, but will not wet its paws to get them:” in like manner, although they love Doctor Fraser exceedingly, and would even die for him, they would not lose a six-pence in his behalf—resembling in that respect the faithful mastiff who would die for his master, but were he to attempt to take a bone out of his mouth, would tear him to pieces. Brutus justified his killing Cæsar by alleging that he did it, “Not that he loved Cæsar less but that he loved Rome more.” These gentlemen may justify their standing idly by and seeing the Bishop’s character murdered by saying that they did so, “Not that they loved the Bishop less but that they loved Mammon more.”

To those good gentlemen who were so kind as to measure the corn of HIRERNICUS by their own bushel, and say that he wanted to make money, or what they classically termed (to show their acquaintance with the elegant modern polite literature of the day,) a Maria Monk affair of the publication of his letters, all he says is—" *Honi soit qui mai y pense*—Evil to him who evil thinks," or shame on the dogs that so expressed themselves. He will give all the profits which may accrue from their publication, to any of the above alluded-to sapient *saltraps* for a "*bawbie*," which in this country may be estimated to stand for a groat, or four pence, and a thousand compliments, or *remerciments*, into the bargain: a sufficient recompense in itself for any of their services, if one can judge of the value which they will set on them from the well known respect they entertain for the person of the author.

They may perhaps take another mode of defence for their pussalinity, and argue thus:—"Why should we defend Doctor Fraser's character? It required no defence, and to attempt one would be to admit that it did, therefore we made none: and this putting pounds, shillings and pence out of the question, as well as the toil of writing and composing long articles, (a task of which no one will do us the injustice to believe us capable,) is a sufficient reason, and a conclusive argument why we did not attempt to defend or assist any other person in the defence of his reputation, when so unjustly assailed. As to the insult offered to Bishop Fraser, in trying to eject him from his See, and the handsome compliment paid to thirty thousand Scotchmen, and descendants of Scotchmen, by intimating to them that, because they are Scotch, they can never enjoy episcopal honors in Nova Scotia, and that they must be treated with the same ignominy that the blacks are in the slave States, we have nothing to do with it. We never expect to be Bishops ourselves, being conscious that though it should rain down mitres from Heaven, not one of them will be found to fit our heads, and are, therefore, determined to imitate the good Vicar of Bray, and to say, with regard to our little Parishes, (which we will for the future term 'Vicariages of Bray,' 'No matter what King or Bishop shall rule, we will always be ready to turn cat in pan, provided we be permitted to enjoy the emoluments and titles of the Vicariates of Bray.' But what, in fine, could we do if we were ever so well inclined? The Schismatics of Halifax overpowered us completely, and we became dumfounded." To this frivolous objection HIRERNICUS would be willing to make as frivolous an answer—well worthy of it:

"Do what they do in France—
Kick off your shoes and dance!"

Why did you not hold meetings, make speeches, and pass Resolutions in favor of your Bishop? Fill up entire columns of the newspapers with the lengthy and frothy ebullitions of your bottled eloquence, which no doubt would sparkle as it burst forth from your lips like champagne just uncorked, and shoot in torrents to the ceiling with myriads of beautiful and many-colored glittering sparkles, of varied tincture, and of the most resplendent effulgence. When your long speeches would appear in the public prints, no one would for an instant suspect that they were not made by yourselves, or that they were not extemporaneous effusions, although they smelled ever so strongly of the lamp and had been frequently delivered before a looking glass, or in the presence of a multitude of cabbage stumps in your gardens, in order to enable you to suit the action to the word and the word to the action more gracefully: so that you might gather confidence to deliver your labored harangues, if not to an audience of cabbage-stumps, to a people of admirable simplicity and patriarchal lives and morals, although most delicately sensitive to every thing that concerns their national honor and independence. And, indeed, the man should have a head formed on a cabbage-stump who could not acquit himself with credit on this occasion, when addressing, in the remote parts of the country, the descendants of the ancient Highland clans of Scotland—Scotchmen by birth, and Scotchmen by descent. Why did you not inform the Scottish people that they were going to be treated like blacks, and to be stigmatized as unworthy episcopal honors because they were Scotch, and because they had preserved the ancient Catholic Religion through the long and gloomy night of trial and persecution? Why not accost Doctor Murray, through the medium of the public prints, in language the most dignified and courteous, and worthy the high character of that exemplary Prelate, and ask him "How would he like that the Butchers, Coopers, Smugglers, Fishmongers, Rag-merchants, and broken-merchants of Dublin, should apply to Dr. Fraser to procure the appointment of a coadjutor Bishop for that See, without his knowledge or consent, and by the influence of Doctor Fraser with the Court of Rome, succeed in getting such appointment made? Or how would not his feelings be lacerated if Doctor Fraser was to consecrate such coadjutor Bishop, without using the form of courtesy of acquainting the venerable Archbishop of his purpose?" Could you not then remind that exemplary prelate that in the insult offered to

Doctor Fraser all the Bishops of the earth were insulted, for they were all made liable to be similarly treated? Could he not be told that the words inscribed by Adam Blackwood on the tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots, were equally applicable to the case of your injured Bishop: "*Eodem nefario judicio, et Maria Scotorum Regina morte naturali, et omnes superstites reges plebii facti morte civili muletantur*—By the same infamous judgment both Mary Queen of Scotland is punished with death, and all kings living are made liable to a civil death." By the same unjust degradation, both the Bishop of Halifax is deprived of his sacred and inalienable rights, and all the Bishops of the Church are made liable to the same deprivation? Why not ask Doctor Murray did he wish to have his name handed down to posterity associated with that of James, Earl of Murray, the natural brother of Queen Mary, as one of the bitterest enemies of Scottish honor and independence? The one by preventing a Scotch Bishop from finishing his course in N. Scotia in peace, where more than half the Catholics are Scotch, their numbers being upwards of 30,000, (while the French Catholics reckon seventeen thousand, the Indians two thousand, and the Irish Catholics no more than ten thousand,) without intruding an Irish Bishop upon him, not only unasked and uncalled for but forced upon him without his knowledge or approbation. The other the enemy to Scotland and its ancient monarchy, by procuring the murder of the representative of monarchy itself, the beautiful, amiable and proverbially accomplished Mary, Queen of Scots? Why did you not respectfully, but firmly, request him, if he did not wish to be so reputed, to pause in the course which he was pursuing, and before he consummated such a deed of cruelty and injustice to inquire into the character, conduct, and motives of those who were urging him on, recalling to his mind the words of the Poet—

"Aspiring to be Gods if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels men rebel."

Why did you not blazon forth the doings of the Butchers of Halifax, and their descendants before the whole hierarchy of Ireland, England and Scotland, and before the Court of Rome itself, to prevent that most sacred body, the College of Cardinals and the very sovereign Pontiff himself, the successor of St. Peter, from becoming objects of odium and detestation in a Protestant Colony, the inhabitants of which look upon them, no doubt unjustly, as willing abettors in that deed of cruelty and injustice, and thereby have the prejudices of their early education in the highest degree confirmed and fixed.

HIBERNICUS is now compelled by a sense of honor, and the respect which he feels for Ireland, and for the bones of Irishmen now mouldering in the dust, to send one of these pamphlets to each of the Bishops of Ireland, England, and Scotland, as well as a certain number to Rome, in order to do all in his power to stay the onward career of the Schismatics of Halifax, and to make their unhallowed proceedings known in every quarter. He regrets much that he could not, for want of pecuniary means, have issued them six months ago, when, but for a deficiency in the sinews of war, they might have been printed and circulated to some good effect. That he has taken the affair deeply to heart will be admitted when he tells the public that he has now in the Press another volume, in octavo, consisting of 250 pages, at least, which he has entitled

HYPOCRISY UNMASKED,
Or the foul plot of the Irish Schismatical Anti-Scotch
Episcopacy-hating faction; *alias*

The Halgonian Gibraltar Junta in Halifax, A. D. 1842;
with a lengthened Address to the Roman Catholics of Nova
Scotia, Scotchmen by birth and Scotchmen by descent,
which is intended to see the light, immediately after the appearance of the Letters of the "Irish Catholic" of Sydney, C. B., which have also been committed to his care for publication.

Many blunders and typographical errors have crept into these sheets, from the haste obliged to be used in supplying the press with such a mass of matter in so short a space of time, as well as from the circumstance of the residence of the author at a distance from the place of publication and the numerous onerous duties attendant upon the various avocations of his profession, which have deprived him of the proper facilities for correcting the proofs.—He pledges himself, however, that such errors shall be avoided in the forthcoming work.

To his Protestant friends HIBERNICUS begs leave to return his sincerest thanks for their patronage towards him on this occasion, without which he could not attempt to publish these Letters, and he earnestly requests of them to continue to aid him in his efforts to put down one of the most odious conspiracies ever formed, and of which we might say, apostrophising the day on which it was first developed in the words of the French historian, Perfix, when he speaks of the fearful day of St. Bartholomew—"The most atrocious act which ever has disgraced, does or will disgrace the annals of time."

Although Hibernicus professes himself to be an Irishman, in the fullest sense of the word, and a Roman Catholic from motives of conviction which appear to him as clear as self-evident propositions in Geometry, he solemnly declares he does not know, nor has he ever known what it was to entertain a single sentiment of what is called bigotry or intolerance towards any class of religionists who choose to differ from him; but that he holds it to be, not only in theory but in practice, the inalienable, as it should be the indisputable, right of all Christians to worship their Creator in the manner they deem most acceptable to him. If he deemed it possible that he was infected with the smallest particle of bigotry, he would cast it from him in the words of the immortal Bard of his country, as that highly gifted man expresses himself in his poem on "Intolerance:"

"Enough for me, whose heart has learned to scorn
Bigots alike in Rome or England born,
Who loathes the venom wheresoe'er it springs—
From Popes or Lawyers, Pastry-Cooks or Kings:
Enough for me to laugh and weep by turns,
As mirth provokes or indignation burns,
As Stanley vapors or as France succeeds,
As Melbourne prosers or as Ireland bleeds."

P. S. As it is probable that many of the enlightened Prelates of Ireland, England, and Scotland, may wish to communicate with Dr. Fraser on the treatment, apparently so unkind and sad, which he has received from the Court of Rome—in the intrusion upon him, without his advice or consent being asked, and even without the courtesy of informing him of the step which was about being taken, a stranger for a Coadjutor, a measure which has in reality been effected through the malevolence and misrepresentation of a knot of upstarts, the lowest order of Irishmen, who are now located in Halifax, and who have richly earned the title of the Halifax Gibraltar Junta—we beg leave to subjoin the address of that venerable Prelate—

Right Rev. Doctor FRASER,
Bishop of Halifax,
Antigonishe,
County of Sydney,
Nova Scotia.

We trust we do not intrude ourselves too much on the indulgence of a kind and generous public in requesting of them to contribute their mite in the way of subscriptions for the forthcoming work of Hibernicus, entitled "Hypocrisy Unmasked,"

&c., which has for its object the honor and independence of the Scottish nation, with equal, impartial and unbiassed justice in all matters appertaining either to Church or State to men of all countries, colors and religions. The following gentlemen are requested to collect subscriptions in their respective neighbourhoods and Townships:—

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Samuel Carten, Esq., (of whom it may be truly said that on a late occasion he was, like Milton's *Ariel*, "Among the faithless, faithful only found")

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It is requested that the Subscriptions be forwarded as soon as possible to Roderick McDonald, Esq., Editor of the *Pictou Observer*.

Pictou, N. S. December 15, 1842.